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THE NEW SPIRIT IN HISTORY.

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THE appointment of Lord Acton to the Chair of Modern History at Cambridge is an event deserving more than the passing notice which it received in the newspapers. It seems to me, for several reasons, to be among the most important events that have for a long time occurred in English academical life. One of those reasons was indicated by Lord Acton himself in beginning his Inaugural Lecture. Forty years ago, he told us, he vainly sought admission as an undergraduate at Cambridge. Three colleges refused his application. Then, the religion in which he had been born and bred, and from which he has never swerved, excluded him even from the more liberal of the two great Universities. Now, he is chosen by the Prime Minister of the day to fill one of the most important professorships there, and the choice is received with universal satisfaction. Trinity hastens to do honor to him, and to herself, by enrolling him among her Honorary Fellows. And his Inaugural Lecture is attended by all that is most distinguished in the University, and most representative of its varied culture. It is not easy to imagine a more signal token of the passing away of that old sectarian spirit which found expression in religious tests; of the nationalization of our great seats of learning,

not in word only, but in deed and in truth.

But there is another reason why Lord Acton's appointment is of special importance. He is, beyond all question, our most learned representative of the modern spirit in history—the scientific spirit, we may call it. Hence, Lord Rosebery's choice of him for the vacant professorship is of much significance. Lord Lyndhurst's criterion, when appointing a judge, is said to have been, "The great thing is that the man should be a gentleman, and if he happens to know a little law so much the better." So, former Prime Ministers seem to have thought any man of letters eligible for the Modern History Chair at Oxford or Cambridge, and a certain amount of popularity achieved in the domain of historical romance was regarded as a special qualification for it. Profound knowledge of the subject for the teaching of which the chair was founded was not supposed to be necessary. Thus, to confine myself to two examples furnished by my own University in my own time, Kingsley's historical reading had certainly been of the most superficial kind when Lord Palmerston's choice fell upon him in 1860. Nor does there seem reason for believing that it subsequently became very profound. That widely esteemed

novelist and divine was succeeded by the author of *Ecce Homo*, from whom the praise cannot be withheld of sedulously devoting himself thenceforth to the studies which he was so unexpectedly called upon to direct; and his book on Stein is a sufficient token of the respectable measure of success which rewarded his persevering exertions. But although Sir John Seeley did much to justify his appointment, his warmest admirers would not affirm that he had merited it. Far otherwise is it with Lord Acton. His laborious life has been devoted to historical research, pursued in true scientific methods. His praise is in all the great Continental seats of learning as one of the few English *savants* whose erudition entitles him to a place side by side with Niebuhr and Ranke, with Mommsen and Treitschke.

The four names which I have just written may serve to remind us how much has been done in the age in which we live to make the study of history scientific. Now it will not be amiss to consider briefly what that means. Some years ago, when casting about for a definition of the word science, I found none quite to my liking. And so I ventured upon a definition of my own: "The knowledge of facts as underlain by principles." The two questions with which the historian is confronted are, What and Why? In our age, both of them are dealt with far more thoroughly and systematically than at any former time. Consider, for example, the great historians of Greece and Rome. I am very far indeed from undervaluing them. I think that, in some respects, they are unequalled by any writers of later ages. The note of virility is upon them in a pre eminent degree; they are treasures of great thoughts and heroic deeds—ministers, in Milton's words, of that "complete and generous education which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war." And their literary merit is as great as their ethical. I know not where to find a rival to Tacitus in concentrated power of diction, or to Livy in picturesqueness of phrase, or to Xenophon in pure simplicity of

style, or to Thucydides in tragic force. But few of them are rigid analysts of the facts they relate; and none of them proceed from facts to laws. They have no true philosophy of causation. Even in Thucydides, the foremost of them, there is very little of the really scientific element. He is a great critic, a great thinker, a great artist. Nor does he omit the inquiry into causes. The nature of institutions, the aims of parties, the conflict of interests, the play of passions, the eloquence of statesmen, the strategy of warriors, all receive appreciative recognition from him. But he makes little account of physical and economic considerations. He does not discern what great factors in the course of events are geographical configuration, climatic influences, the condition of the arts and sciences, of morals and of trade. Still less does he apprehend that there is an inner necessity which largely shapes that course, and that this necessity has its origin in national character.

I suppose it is hardly too much to say that Montesquieu and Vico were the first to seek the true laws of political phenomena. Indeed, to Montesquieu we owe a definition of those laws which it would be hard to better: "The necessary relations issuing from the nature of things." Perhaps Leibnitz was the earliest thinker who really grasped the idea of universal causation in the annals of mankind. But it is to a later philosopher of less account than he, although of more account than is now generally understood, that we owe the first clear appreciation of that unity of history regarding which Lord Acton discoursed in his Inaugural Lecture. Herder's conception of the career of our race as one consistent epic was a vast advance toward its really scientific study. The time would fail me to speak of the writers who have followed in his footsteps. I will merely observe that here, too, we may trace—as in what intellectual province may we not?—the influence of Hegel. Doubtless he gave a strong impetus to the new historic spirit, although personally he was led to sacrifice facts to fancies, to subordinate truths to theories. But, as Lord Acton observed, the "new era in history" cannot be said to have defi-

nately begun until the second quarter of this century. It was a time of prodigious activity in the natural sciences. Evidently, their vast progress was largely due to the excellence of their method. And there was a widely felt impulse to transfer, as far as might be, that method to the moral sciences, and particularly to history. Soon, the last remains of "the atmosphere of accredited mendacity" which hung over the Middle Ages cleared away. The superannuated traditions of historical rationalism, dear to the eighteenth century, disappeared. "Every history," Emerson observed, "should be written in a wisdom which divined the range of our affinities and looked at facts as symbols. I am ashamed to see what shallow village talk our so-called history is." It is a most profound saying: one of the flashes of genuine inspiration which light up from time to time the quaint pages of the American thinker. And it serves admirably to indicate a dominant characteristic of the new spirit in history.

It is notable that this new spirit in history is largely the outcome of that vast French Revolution which was, in some sort, an insurrection against history, which aimed at effacing the past, as far as possible, and at making all things new. Duclos judged that a certain fermentation of general reason ("une certaine fermentation de raison universelle qui tend à se développer") was a distinctive note of his century. And so it was. The French Revolution, in which that fermentation issued, introduced the reign of general ideas. History has largely become a scientific study of the forces that rule humanity. A dispersed way of looking at things is no longer possible to an intelligent student. Lessing writes in *Nathan der Weise* of the many-sidedness of things and of the difficulty of realizing their connection:

In der Welt

Ein jedes Ding so manche Seiten hat
Von denen oft sich gar nicht denken lässt
Wie sie zusammenpassen.

But the historian now accounts it his task to show how things hang together. It is his business behind the actors in this universal drama to dis-

cern the causes—the geographical, economic, and ethnographical causes, as well as the psychical, political, and ethical causes; and to understand the institutions in which those causes have embodied themselves. Every one knows how vastly the employment of this large discourse of reason has affected our view of every chapter in the annals of our race. What a flood of light does Fustel de Coulange's book, *La Cité Antique*, cast upon the religious and domestic and political institutions of Greece and Rome, or, in a word, upon the civilization of that antique world! How transformed are our conceptions of the economic and social organization of Germany at that most critical period from 1450 to 1500 by Herr Jannsen's researches! What a vast debt do we not owe to the great work of historical generalization in which Taine exhibits to us the true condition of the old order in France, the causes of its overthrow, and the real nature of the institutions which the Revolution has substituted for it! I take these three instances at random. They are the first that present themselves to my mind. I need hardly observe how numerous are the writers who have labored so abundantly in this field—writers among whom are eminently seen Otfried Müller and Niebuhr, Ranke and Mommsen, Lecky and Creighton, Alexis de Tocqueville and Albert Sorel—"belles âmes," we may say, in the words of Montaigne: "âmes universelles, ouvertes, prestes à tout."

We have reached, then, what Lord Acton calls "the epoch of full-grown history." And this epoch, like all others, presents its own special difficulties. Not the least of these arises from the vastness of the materials now available to the student of modern history. And when I say "modern history," I mean, with Lord Acton, "that which begins four hundred years ago, which is marked off by an evident and intelligible line from the time immediately preceding, and displays, in its course, specific and distinctive characteristics of its own." In seeking to understand the events of these last four centuries, we are overwhelmed by the abundance of the revelations already made to us from the world's archives,

and daily growing in bulk. "Toward 1830 the documentary studies began on a large scale." They have been continued to this day on a scale continually growing larger. And we are still only "at the beginning of the documentary age." "The Vatican archives alone," to quote from the report of Lord Acton's Lecture, "now made accessible to the world, filled 3239 cases when they were sent to France, and they are not the richest. . . . Every country in succession has now allowed the exploration of its records, and there is more fear of drowning than of thirst. The result has been that a lifetime spent in the largest collection of printed books would not suffice to train a real master of modern history. After he had turned from literature to sources, from Burnet to Pocock, from Macaulay to Madame Campana, from Thiers to the interminable correspondence of the Bonapartes, he would still feel instant need of inquiry at Venice or Naples, in the Ossuna Library or at the Hermitage."

It cannot be doubted that one result of so vast an accumulation of the materials of history will be to introduce division of labor and co-operation into this sphere of intellectual activity. Nor will that be wholly matter for regret. It very often happens that a man is admirably fitted for the work of critically investigating documents, and equipped but slenderly or not at all with the literary skill needed for constructively employing them. Nor let it be supposed that this work of investigation is easy. The critical faculty is certainly rarer than the literary faculty. A document may be authentic and yet not true. What more authentic than an Act of Parliament? Yet, by blindly pinning his faith to Acts of Parliament, Mr. Froude was led into some of his worst and most fundamental errors. In an essay, written so long ago as 1855, on *The Best Means of Teaching English History*, he first published to the world his great discovery, that in the English statutes "both tutor and pupil will have before them the contemporary judgment of the sober minds of England, pronounced with a clearness of insight, and often with a majesty of language,

the influence of which no private imaginings of their own will long be able to resist." Friedmann justly remarks: "If preambles to Acts of Parliament were to be accepted as trustworthy evidence as to the facts they recite, English history would be a very strange tale, even stranger than it appears in Mr. Froude's pages." Again, the authenticity of reports by diplomatic agents is no guarantee of the truth of all the matter therein related. We must distinguish between vague general statements written home by ambassadors, who in bygone days served as a sort of Reuter's agency, and particular evidence, given by them as eye-witnesses, or on specific grounds which they adduce. Moreover, the idiosyncrasy of an author must be carefully scrutinized before we can determine what weight is to be attached to his writings. Paolo Sarpi, for example, in his account of the ways of the Jesuits, appears to me not so much a witness as a moral essayist. What we should like would be to subject our authorities to the test of cross-examination. We cannot do that. All we can do is to apply to them the critical process admirably described by Lord Acton:

The critic is one who, when he lights on an interesting statement, begins by suspicion. He remains in suspense until he has subjected his authority to three operations. First, he asks whether he has read the passage as the author wrote it. For the transcriber, and the editor, and the official or officious censor on the top of the editor, have played strange tricks, and have much to answer for. And if they are not to blame, it may turn out that the author wrote his book twice over, that you can discover the first jet, the progressive variations, things added, and things struck out. Next is the question where the writer got his information. If from a previous writer it can be ascertained, and the inquiry has to be repeated. If from unpublished papers they must be traced, and when the fountain head is reached, or the track disappears, the question of veracity arises. The responsible writer's character, his position, antecedents, and probable motives have to be examined into; and this is what, in a different and adapted sense of the word, may be called the higher criticism, in comparison with the servile and often mechanical work of pursuing statements to their root. For a historian has to be treated as a witness, and not believed until his sincerity is ascertained. The maxim that a man must be assumed to be honest until the contrary is proved, was not made for him. The

main thing to learn is not the art of accumulating material, but the sublimer art of investigating it, of discerning truth from falsehood, and certainty from doubt. It is by solidity of criticism, more than by the plenitude of erudition, that the study of history strengthens, and straightens, and extends the mind. And the accession of the critic in the place of the indefatigable compiler amounts to a transfer of government in the historic realm.

Such is the test to which authorities must be subjected, as the historian applies himself to gathering facts sufficiently numerous and sufficiently sure for forming a chain of evidence. And here I may remark that while no facts in the lives of men are alien from him, the best and surest testimony concerning the condition of a people, in any age, is that which is given unconsciously. History, after all, is, in a true sense, a department of psychology. The phenomena which it chronicles are of real value as indicating things that do not appear: the passions, sentiments, convictions, and aspirations of mankind. Hence it is, if I may quote some words from a speech of mine at the recent Anniversary Dinner of the Literary Fund, that "if we would see what the life of a nation at any particular period is, we must go to its literature. There is the mirror 'in dem die Zeiten sich bespiegeln.' Every generation, before it passes away, reflects itself there." And this, I suppose, is why Aristotle was led to speak of poetry as more philosophical and more worthy of serious attention than history—*φιλοσοφώτερον καὶ σπουδαιότερον ποιητικὴς ἱστορίας ἐστίν*. Similarly, one of the first of modern historians insists that literary history is the principal instrument of history, the reason being, as Taine elsewhere excellently says, that literature is the outcome of the dominant faculties of a nation—"les facultés maîtresses." Literature gives us life which has passed through the fire of thought. We probably know the age of Pericles better than any other epoch in all history, so completely has its very soul been brought before us by the incomparable group of great writers who adorned it. I am of Mr. Froude's opinion that you will see best what Europe was in the period immediately preceding the Lutheran Reformation if you look at it through the

eyes of Erasmus, although, as I shall have occasion to observe hereafter, it will be well not to trust Mr. Froude's account of what Erasmus saw. The true character and work of the leaders of the French Revolution are indelibly impressed upon their literature, valueless in itself, but from this point of view of exceeding importance: a literature of violence, of fanaticism, of hate, the very vocabulary picturing the conflict of ideas, as to religion is opposed nature, to superstition reason, to prejudice progress, to tyrants liberty.

But let us suppose that the historian has judiciously collected from the various sources open to him a quantity of facts sufficient to constitute a chain of evidence, and has tested them by the critical process which Lord Acton so well described. His next step is to marshal those facts in their logical order, and so to indicate, more or less directly, the conclusions to which they point. Here is the difference between the critic (*ὁ κριτικός*) and the judge (*ὁ κριτής*). Now, the judicial mind is absolutely necessary to any historian worthy of the name. That vast arsenal of facts which history supplies furnishes weapons for all parties. It was Talleyrand, I think, who remarked—at all events, the remark is not unworthy of him—"Il n'y a rien qui s'arrange aussi facilement que les faits." With the same testimony before one, it is usually possible to construct two conflicting histories, as the daily experience of our Law Courts sufficiently shows. Fortunately for juries, the last word is not with counsel on either side, but with the judge, whose duty it is, without passion or prejudice, to sum up the evidence in the interest of neither party, but of truth. And such serene impartiality is the duty of the historian. Precisely in proportion as he is a partisan does he fall below the ideal of his high calling. Joseph de Maistre said: "Je défends aux myopes d'écrire l'histoire;" and the saying is admirable, strange as it sounds in his mouth. Assuredly, too many historians are open to the charge of dealing with the past in the interests of the present. They remake it for their own purposes—unconsciously in many cases. They accommodate it to their

hopes and fears, their likings and dislikings. Their political, philosophical, or religious views shape, in advance, their conclusions. Lord Acton, in his Lecture, told a characteristic story of Ranke. When a strenuous divine, who, like him, had written on the Reformation, hailed him as a comrade, Ranke repelled his advances. "You," he said, "are in the first place a Christian, I am in the first place a historian. There is a great gulf between us." I do not think it would be possible better to indicate how entirely detached the historian should be from party ends—should be, or at all events should strive to be. Absolute impartiality, I suppose, no man possesses. We cannot altogether divest ourselves—however hard we try—of our spiritual characteristics, our instinctive aversions, our primary intellectual passions. It is by men, as Schiller laments, not by beings of a higher order, that history is written :

O Schade

Dass Menschen nur, nicht Wesen höherer Art,
Die Weltgeschichte schreiben !

But, at all events, we may claim, in this new age, to have arrived at a clear apprehension of the judicial character of the historian. Lord Acton observed that a "distinctive note of the generation of writers who dug so deep a trench between history as known to our grandfathers and as it appears to us is their dogma of impartiality." It is much to have elevated it into a dogma. And perhaps what has more than anything else contributed to bring that about is the perception that not the absolute but the relative rules in history.

I should like to dwell upon this for a moment. The judgments which the historian gives are judgments of right and wrong. The same great laws and principles of ethics which dominate the individual life of humanity dominate also the collective life of humanity. Napoleon was wont to urge that there are two moralities—one for private, and one for public affairs—the morality of every-day life, ruled by considerations of justice and injustice, and the morality of statesmen and of warriors, ruled by considerations of failure and success. And these two morali-

ties, he thought, are contrary the one to the other—"la petite morale est ennemi de la grande." But no ; it is not so. There are not two moralities. In public life, as in private, the most important words are right and wrong. The moral law is the fundamental fact not only of individual existence, but of the social order. It is the sun of righteousness, illuminating the world of rational being. I think it is the recognition of this truth which gives such dignity to the pages of the greatest of ancient historians. Justice, honor, gratitude, religious convictions, are held by Thucydides to be the principles properly guiding the relations of state with state, as of man with man. And there was nothing more valuable in Lord Acton's Lecture than the portion of it in which he insists upon this doctrine. "I exhort you," he said, with an earnestness which took us captive, as we listened to him—"I exhort you never to debase the moral currency, or to lower the standard of rectitude, but to try others by the final maxim that governs your own lives, and to allow no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which history has the power to inflict on wrong. If," he added, "in our uncertainty we must often err, it may be sometimes better to risk excess in rigor than in indulgence, for then, at least, we do no injury by loss of principle."

To all this I heartily subscribe. The stern motto of the *Edinburgh Review* applies literally to the historian : "Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur." But, on the other hand, we must remember the caution of Wordsworth :

He only judges right who weighs, compares,
And in the sternest sentence which his voice
Pronounces, e'er remembers charity.

We must ever bear in mind how strangely good and evil are intermingled in this confused drama of human existence ; how "full of the notes of frailty" are even the noblest chapters in the great volume of the world's annals. Hence the historian needs a certain suppleness of intellect, a certain gift of universal sympathy. He should see with "larger other eyes" than ordinary men. It is never, as was once fondly imagined, all error on that side, all

truth on this. Consider, for example, what I personally account the greatest fact in the career of our race: "ce fait fécond, unique, grandiose, qui s'appelle Christianisme," to quote the words of Renan. Well, I suppose that only irreligious fanaticism will deny how vastly Christianity has raised the moral level of humanity. But, on the other hand, I do not see how any philosophical student can deny that, in some respects, it arrested the merely intellectual development of humanity. Again, even in things evil there is often a soul of goodness. The two great movements in that portion of history which we have called modern, are the Lutheran Reformation and the French Revolution. We know Goethe's judgment of them.

Franzthum drängt in diesen verworrenen
Tagen wie ehemals
Lutherthum es gethan ruhige Bildung zurück.

This seems to me unquestionably true. Beyond doubt, the Lutheran Reformation and the French Revolution threw back the pacific culture so dear to Goethe. But Goethe, we may rest assured, never for a moment supposed that this is the whole truth about those vast and many-sided movements. And such a view is quite impossible to us, who are in a much better position than Goethe was for understanding them, thanks to the laborious researches of a multitude of scholars, among whom Jannsen and Taine are the best known, and are perhaps the best worth knowing. I remember well how, when Taine's great undertaking, *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*, was somewhat far advanced, a cry of horror went up from contemporary Jacobins. "Il détruit la légende," they wailed. No doubt, such is the net result of his monumental work, a masterpiece of indefatigable, impartial, and luminous analysis, although encumbered with a superfluous accumulation of sterile details. Jannsen has done the like for the Lutheran Reformation, putting it before us in its raw and repulsive reality. No man who does not choose to dwell in what Matthew Arnold called "his own private darkness" can now think of the year 1521 or of the year 1789 as the date of the beginning of a new era of grace and truth. The im-

mediate fruit of the French Revolution, as of the Lutheran Reformation, was anarchy, vandalism, popular enslavement, the negation of the rights of conscience, and the dissolution of morals. But, assuredly, each was what I may call a logical crisis in the world's history; each was an uprising, essentially just in its inception, against a state of things grown intolerable, and not to be ended by pacific means. Yes, and latent in each was a true idea, the vindication of which was necessary to the progress of mankind. Surely we must say of each of these vast movements, in the words of Lord Acton, that its "indestructible soul is the equal right of every man to be unhindered by men in the fulfilment of his duty to God."

So much as to the scientific spirit in history. But history is not only a science. It is also an art. To be a great historian one must be a great artist. That incommunicable attribute of genius, creative or poetic power, is necessary to any one who would make the past live before us. This has been admirably expressed by Taine in a passage of his *Essay on Livy*: "Dans l'historien il y a le critique qui vérifie les faits, l'érudit qui les recueille, le philosophe qui les explique; mais tous ces personnages restent cachés derrière le poète qui raconte." I suppose that in the present day we are not likely to lose sight of this truth. Our danger rather is to forget that without learning, accuracy, critical power, good sense, candor, no literary gifts, however brilliant, will enable any one to write anything worthy of the name of history. The man who does not possess these endowments is absolutely disqualified for the work of the historian. Thus was it with the late Mr. Froude. I take it that he may properly be ranked among the greatest masters of word-painting in the English language. There are passages in his writings—for example, his account of the judicial murder of Sir Thomas More, or of the destruction of the French and Spanish floating batteries before Gibraltar—which have seldom been surpassed in splendor of diction and dramatic power. But here all the praise that can be honestly bestowed upon him ends. He was

incapable of critically investigating facts. Nay, he was incapable, congenitally incapable, I believe, even of correctly stating them. A less judicial mind probably never existed. There is hardly a page of his which is not deformed by passion, prejudice, and paradox. He is everywhere an advocate, and an utterly unscrupulous advocate. His predecessor in the Chair of Modern History at Oxford once said: "When we have read Mr. Froude's account of any matter, we know, at all events, one way in which it did *not* happen." I think this was too strongly said. According to St. Thomas Aquinas, the father of lies himself sometimes tells the truth: "Interdum diabolus veritatem loquitur." I would put the matter somewhat differently. It has happened to me, in the course of my own poor historical studies, to go over much of the ground trodden by Mr. Froude. And the conclusion to which I was long ago led is that it is never safe to accept any statement upon Mr. Froude's mere word. It is, however, only lately that my eyes were opened to the full extent of what is euphemistically called his inaccuracy. In the autumn of last year his book on Erasmus reached me. On turning over its fascinating pages I was much taken aback by some of the things attributed to the great humanist in the "abbreviated translations" of his letters. I chanced at the time to be myself deep in Erasmus, an author whom I have for some years carefully and closely studied; and the folios of the Leyden edition of his works lay before me. I proceeded to compare Mr. Froude's "abbreviated translations" with the original, and, I confess, the result transcended my expectations. I found, in well-nigh every page, distortions, more or less gross—sometimes very gross—of Erasmus's meaning; things attributed to him directly contrary to what he really wrote; things of which the Latin presents no trace at all.* What is the explanation of this irra-

tional devotion to "the thing that is not"? In the *Catechism of the Council of Trent*, mendacity is described as "a disease of the mind generally incurable." I believe that with some persons this disease is congenital, just as kleptomania is with others. Probably most of us have personally known sufferers from pseudomania. To take an example from fiction, the Rev. Charles Honeyman, in Thackeray's novel, appears to have been thus afflicted. "Charles," said Fred. Bayham, "you had, even from your youth up, a villainous habit: it's my belief you'd rather lie than not." I once heard of a pseudomaniac who excused himself on the ground that he did not care to plagiarize from fact. I do not know whether Mr. Froude would have adopted that apology. But certain it is that, like a well-known school of ecclesiastical historians, with whose temper he had much in common, however alien from their beliefs, he preferred to have facts of his own making. Indeed, he confesses as much, with curiously candid cynicism, in what we must, I suppose, regard as his *Apologia pro Historia Sua, his Divorce of Catherine of Aragon*. "I do not pretend to impartiality. . . . In a book written with such convictions, the mythical element cannot be wholly wanting."

The question is often asked, "What, after all, can history teach us?" Assuredly, the sort of historical romance which writers of the school of Mr. Froude give us as history can teach us little. It serves chiefly to confirm our prejudices, to confuse our judgments, to congeal our hearts. But history, which is really such, can teach us many lessons of great practical value. And I do not know that they have been better indicated by any one than by a writer of our own times, who in spirit and tone presents a most instructive contrast to the late Oxford Professor. It is a relief to turn from Mr. Froude's pages, always brilliant, indeed, but nearly always blundering and blustering, bitter and brutal, to the impartial accuracy, the magisterial serenity, the sustained self-command which breathe through the writings of Mr. Lecky—writings manifesting a skill in truly discerning and in logically marshalling

* Some characteristic specimens of these performances of Mr. Froude will be found in an article on Erasmus in the *Quarterly Review* of last January. They are only specimens. To have enumerated all Mr. Froude's errors would have taken up the whole article.

facts, a power of ratiocination, a severity of taste, a purity of style, that make them a model of what history ought to be. I would refer my readers, who would know this admirable writer's views on the political value of history, to the weighty Lecture in which he has unfolded them. Here I will merely quote one sentence from it which exhibits, as I judge, the conclusion of the whole matter. "He who has learned to understand the true character and tendencies of many preceding ages is not likely to go very far wrong in estimating his own." And the reason why this is so, I may add, was clearly indicated two thousand years ago by Thucydides. He addresses his *History of the Peloponnesian War* to those who "are desirous to have a true view of what has happened and of the like or similar things which in accordance with human nature (*κατὰ τὸ ἀνθρώπειον*) will probably hereafter happen."

History is the record of change. But there is one thing that does not substantially change, and that is what Thucydides calls *τὸ ἀνθρώπειον*, and Tennyson "the basis of the soul." And this is precisely the reason why the muse of history is also the spirit of prophecy. Even the far-off times of Thucydides himself are rich in lessons for us in this nineteenth century. Indeed, there are few pages in any writer more worthy of serious study by statesmen of our day than those wherein he traces the demoralizing influence of that party spirit which was so soon to lay his country in the dust. And here I may remark how curious a parallel is suggested, by the recently discovered work of Aristotle, between the story of the fall of the illustrious Hellenic republic and our own recent political career. The constitutional history of Athens extends over less than two centuries. Beginning with Solon, and reaching its greatest splendor under Pericles, it terminates, twenty-four years after his death, in the irremediable disaster of Ægospotamos. We know, with much fulness of detail, the course of Athenian politics during those twenty-four years—one radical change after another in the constitution (eight took place in the nine years between 412 and 403), one faction leader out-

bidding another for popular support, but all really indifferent to everything save the acquisition or retention of place and power, and meanwhile "the consummation coming past escape." Such is the brief epitome which the world's greatest political thinker puts before us: and surely it may well suggest to us most anxious questionings. But, of course, the history of our own times is peculiarly pregnant with direct teaching to ourselves. The experiments made by other countries in political problems confronting us are object-lessons visible to all save those who have closed the eyes of their understanding, than which, as Butler notes, nothing is easier. Let me point to two such. And in doing so I will employ the words of a thinker whose breadth of judgment and independence of mind give him a special claim upon the attention of the party which calls itself Liberal, and which at one time was wont with reason to recognize in him its chief oracle. A sophism now much in favor with many members of that party is the identification of civil and religious liberty with the unchecked domination of majorities told by the head. It is a sophism which the most elementary acquaintance with the facts of history should suffice to refute. "Experience proves," writes Mill, in one of his *Essays*—and assuredly it does prove—"that the depositaries of power who are mere delegates of the people—that is, of a majority—are quite as ready (when they think they can count on popular support) as any organ of oligarchy to assume arbitrary power, and encroach unduly on the liberty of private life." Again, one of the demands most frequently made by those who pique themselves on being "advanced" Liberals is that members of the House of Commons should receive salaries from the public funds. Mill strenuously resisted the proposal, in his book *On Representative Government*, as tending inevitably to the deep degradation of the Legislature. Mill's *Representative Government* was written in 1861; and the history of the civilized world during the thirty-four years which have since passed away has most emphatically corroborated the opinion expressed in it

on this matter. In every country where the payment of Parliamentary representatives has been introduced, "the business of a member of Parliament" has become "an object of desire to adventurers of a low class"—a profession "carried on, like other professions, with a view chiefly to its pecuniary returns, and under the demoralizing influences of an occupation essentially precarious."

But, of course, the question whether history possesses any practical value depends upon another—whether we are endowed with any real power to shape the course of events. History exhibits the play of forces, the operation of laws, which, from generation to generation, are the selfsame. But of what kind are those forces, those laws? Are they all merely physical, like the forces of matter, the laws binding nature fast in fate? That brings us to the issue which divides the two great schools of thought in history as elsewhere. It is an issue turning mainly on human personality: whether man is nothing more than "a willy-nilly current of sensations" or is really possessed of true causality. It would be out of place here to enter upon a metaphysical discussion. To me, the Determinist view of the collective as of the individual life of humanity—the view which makes of it mere physiology and mechanism—seems clearly false. I so account it for this reason—to give no other—that it is flatly opposed to the testimony of consciousness. But, unquestionably, it veils or distorts a truth. What is called fatality no doubt plays a large part in the affairs of man. "Things are what they are. Their consequences will be what they will be." Yes; there is a necessity issuing from the nature of things. The action of economical and physical causes is incessant. There is a physiological side to human history. But the action of moral causes, of the ideas, volitions, virtues, vices, whether of individual men or of nations of men, is incessant also. There is a psychological side to human history. And it is the more important side. Hence I claim to include history among those moral sciences which have the free actions of men—relatively, not absolutely free—

for their subject-matter; nay, to reckon it a province of psychology. We are told that behind the phenomena we must discern the law, behind contingency necessity, behind will nature. True, but to concede, or rather to maintain, this—for assuredly we must maintain it—is not to convert history into a kind of social physics, to make of it, as the Germans say, "eine reine Naturgeschichte." Man is not bound fast in fate. The very condition of his progress is to emancipate himself from the law of physical fatality. The Roman poet has formulated it in one line: "Et mihi res non mere bus subjungere conor." Human history, viewed as a whole, seems to me the record of the gradual triumph of the forces of conscience and reason over the blind forces of inanimate nature and the animal forces of instinct and temperament in man. That civilization consists solely in the knowledge and observance of the laws of physical nature I consider the stupidest of sophisms. The elements of civilization are chiefly moral. The main progress of mankind—all other progress is subordinate to it—lies in the development of the ethical idea which, existing in our nature as a form of the mind, an element of human personality, has ever more and more unfolded itself in history as the vivifying principle of those ordinances and institutions whereby we live as civilized men; as the justification of the common might, which without it would be mere brute force. Hegel's dictum is profoundly true, that the philosophy of history is the philosophy of spirit, which traces the evolution of reason, manifesting itself as the State.

The greatest lesson written on human history appears to me to be this of progress, consisting, above and before all things, not in our ever-advancing insight into the laws of physical nature or the laws of comfort, but in our deeper apprehension, as the ages roll on, of the sacredness and worth of man as an ethical being endowed with volition, choice, responsibility. There are those who warn us from time to time of much in our existing civilization to sadden and distress, and to give rise to gloomy forebodings. I do not deny that their minatory denunciations

are too well warranted. How can we deny it when, as we look around us, we see on all sides the worship of Mammon, and matter, and mechanism, the enfeeblement of good customs, the hatred of real superiorities, the disposition to drift hopelessly before currents of popular caprice, to throw responsibility upon events, to acquiesce in established facts regardless of their ethical significance, and to justify everything by paradoxes? Yes, they have too ample warrant, these censors of the age. Still, if we look to the past, if we survey human history as a whole, or even those recent centuries of it which we call modern, must we not assuredly believe that

In the unreasoning progress of the world
A wiser spirit is at work for us,
A better eye than theirs?

In particular, I find myself fully agreeing with Lord Acton that "achieved liberty is the one ethical result that rests upon the converging and combined conditions of advancing civilization;" that "progress, in the direction of organized freedom, is the characteristic fact of modern history, and its tribute to the theory of Providence."

I see ruling in history—its study would be wholly destitute of significance or value to me if I did not—a moral order, a reason of things, an ideal. I am convinced that it is the privilege of every man, by conforming himself to that order, that reason, that ideal, to forward, according to his measure, the progress of the world; to be a fellow-worker in the fulfilment of that unending purpose which runs through the ages; a helper in the accomplishment of that "far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves."* And in this conviction I find an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, amid the crimes, the scandals, the defeats of good causes, the triumphs of false principles, of which history is full: I find an invincible assurance of our true greatness, though, indeed, we be "such stuff as dreams are made of."

We men, who in the morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish—be it so!
Enough if something from our hands have
power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, through faith's
transcendent dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.

—Nineteenth Century.

THE ETHICAL SOLUTION OF OUR SOCIAL PROBLEM.

BY CHARLES FORD.

THERE is no truth more distinctly and generally admitted in these days than that the one means of securing physical well-being consists, not in any religious belief or worship—however obligatory these may be on other grounds—but in faithful obedience to physical laws. Yet men have taken many ages to reach this truth—even to discover the principle, to say nothing of fulfilling its requirements. So long as mankind remained ignorant of science, they naturally attempted to escape physical ills and to secure physical benefits by observing religious rites, hoping in this way to appease the unseen powers whom they imagined controlled these issues. But as such means proved unreliable and knowledge grew, it became evident that the results de-

sired were entirely independent of religion, and wholly dependent on compliance with physical laws. This fact threw no reflection on religion. It simply showed that men had mistaken its sphere, and sought that through religious channels which can be secured only through physical ones.

It is precisely the same with social as with physical well-being. The one is

* I am reminded here of some admirable words of Herder: "Also haben wir nicht zu zweifeln, dass jede gute Thätigkeit des menschlichen Verstandes nothwendig einmal die Humanität befördern müsse und befördern werde. . . . Es waltet eine weise Güte im Schicksale der Menschen; daher es keine schönere Würde, kein dauerhafteres und reineres Glück gibt, als im Rathe derselben zu wirken."—*Ideen zur Geschichte der Menschheit*, book xv. 4-5.

as dependent on moral, as the other on physical laws, and is equally unaffected by any religious observance. Christianity, it is true, presents the highest standard and the strongest inspiration of personal morality; but it formulates no system of social morality applicable to all times, and affords no guarantee for its establishment. As society is physically based on laws of health, so it is socially based on moral laws; and nothing helps it, in either case, except by promoting obedience to their requirements.

Politics, one need hardly point out, is equally powerless with religion to ensure social well-being, except as an embodiment of ethical forces. Apart from this, it has often injured instead of benefiting society. This, no more than in the case of religion, casts any reflection on it. It simply shows that neither politics nor religion contributes the pivot on which social welfare turns; that the one is only an instrument, and the other an inspiring motive toward it; that their specific purpose differs from that of morality, with which they are not necessarily identified; and that it is on moral or ethical forces, thus specifically distinct from both politics and religion, that social progress actually depends.

If this be so—if society is socially as dependent on the fulfilment of moral laws as it is physically dependent on the fulfilment of physical laws—it is evident that nothing but a complete realization of practical morality—come whence it may—can suffice as the one and only condition on which true social stability and progress can be assured. Ethics, in fact, by demanding and securing obedience to moral laws, constitutes the *one* solvent of our social problem, just as *aqua regia* is the one solvent of gold, and hydrofluoric acid of glass. If the *mass* of men—for this is the point—are ever to be substantially and permanently elevated, it can only be through a universal and exact compliance with ethical laws. But then it would be done easily. What now looks so impossible would be natural and simple, because it would be done in the one only natural way, just as gold, so impervious to any other liquid, disappears at once in nitro-

hydrochloric acid, and glass, so absolutely insoluble otherwise, melts instantly in hydrofluoric. What is now a *problem*, and must always remain so, so long as the one means of solving it is neglected, or only imperfectly applied, ceases to be such when this means becomes adequately operative.

But in order that ethics may become thus practically effective for social ends, it must be loosened from its academical grave-clothes, and set free to take its true place among other sciences. Morality must no longer be confined to personal obligation, but be recognized equally as the rule of social well-being—as completely as gravitation is felt to be the law of safety, or sanitation of health. "I claim for ethics," says Professor Muirhead, "that it is a science in the same sense as any one of the physical or mental sciences." "What is characteristic of our time in this regard is not the rise of a new study, but the new significance that has come to be attached to an old one. The practical importance of the science of ethics, as offering valuable aid toward the solution of problems that vex our daily life, has come to be more fully recognized."*

Our social problem, stated in brief, consists in harmonizing the needs of subsistence with the demands of culture. So long as the populace make no demand for their due share in social benefits, the pressure of this problem is not felt. But this demand is sure to arise at a certain stage in human progress, and this stage has certainly been reached in England, America, and many parts of Europe. The question therefore is a pressing practical one—how can the entire mass of men, those especially who have to labor for subsistence, duly share the social and intellectual, as well as material benefits, to which as men they are justly entitled? How can they be so raised and qualified as to be able to share them? Our position is that this, with all that it involves—the end of war, slavery, crime, and industrial conflict—will only be accomplished through an *ethical* system of human life, as different from the present one as can well be imag-

* *Elements of Ethics*, pp. 11, 25.

ined ; and we shall endeavor to show this in detail, comprising our remarks under the three following heads : (1) The Impossible Political Solution ; (2) The Impossible Religious Solution ; (3) The Possible Ethical Solution.

I.—THE IMPOSSIBLE POLITICAL SOLUTION.

Politics, simply as a device or bargain, has always been the first resource of mankind for remedying social mischief and adjusting social rights, just as religion, as a creed or rite, has been their first resource for defence against physical ills. Into neither has the moral or scientific element entered, except by slow degrees ; and so long as it has been absent, both have been completely powerless. Politics, as a piece of social machinery, unguided and uncontrolled by moral law, can only be a temporary palliative, if it be not a positive evil. As an instrument, it is obvious that it may be used equally for or against men's true interests, according to the hand that directs it and the spirit that pervades it. And the traditional force and sacredness of law only augment its mischief when it is on the wrong side. Law alone may stifle, it cannot settle strife ; it may silence, but cannot remove discontent. Everything in politics depends on the kind and measure of ethical truth it embodies ; otherwise, instead of alleviating social difficulties, it becomes a fruitful source of them.

In order that politics may truly serve social ends, both its principles and methods must be truly ethical. This is why, of the two chief political schools, the aristocratic, the principle of which, government by the few, is unethical, has never afforded any permanent relief in social crises. In these, recourse has always been had to the democratic principle, government by the people, which is truly ethical, and which can alone be relied on for promoting the real interests of the entire community. But if politics is to serve society, its methods must be ethical as well as its principles. Even the democratic principle becomes open to grave abuse when its methods are not morally safeguarded. When democracy, instead of being the faithful expression

of the popular will, is simply a stalking horse for the promotion of the visionary ideas of unscrupulous politicians, it becomes entirely demoralized, and may work as much mischief as the rigid theories of aristocracy itself.

The three chief hindrances to the application of ethics to politics are : aristocratic pretensions, philanthropic organization, and socialistic schemes. The first—embodied prominently to-day in the prerogative of the House of Lords—is a very ancient obstacle to ethical progress, and the social injury it has worked is, as Dominie Sampson would have said, "prodigious." The plea that aristocratic opposition to the popular will operates as a necessary restraint rests entirely on the lack of education and culture which that opposition has encouraged. This duly supplied, as it is now getting to be, the plea altogether vanishes. Men's eyes are also gradually opening to the fact that philanthropic organization is not entirely the blessing it seems ; that it removes the consequences rather than the causes of social misery, which it may even tend to perpetuate, and thus diverts men's minds from the real cure—moral and social reform of individuals and institutions. A new hindrance to political progress has of late arisen, in what claims to be society's sole hope and refuge—State socialism. This is inconsistent with ethical teaching, because it shunts the responsibility of government from the people, through its elected representatives, to an irresponsible, fictitious entity, called "the State," relying exclusively on political machinery, apart from the characters of men and institutions. Our Social Problem will certainly never be solved by any such cut and dried methods ; by mere political screw-driving, just another turn of the socialist winch, and the thing is done. Not very long since, Mr. Tom Mann told a public meeting that "it was within the power of the people of Great Britain in a few short hours to make so great a change that poverty as they knew it to-day should be banished from the land forever." To this, Mr. E. O. Greening justly replied, that "it would be a calamity if our people were deluded by State socialistic ideas of curing

poverty instantaneously by mere legislation. The poverty was not simply of condition, it was mental. If all the wealth of Lombard Street were distributed among the most wretched poor of Whitechapel that (Saturday) night, a large proportion of it would have found its way ere Monday into the big brewer's banking account.* The true cure for poverty was to make it possible for the poor to work out their own redemption."

The great mistake of ultra-socialism is that, instead of adjusting, it proposes to obliterate the two chief social factors, individuality and inequality. That these may be, at times, sources of injustice and hindrances to progressive legislation, is no ground whatever for attempting to expunge them. As elements in the constitution of society, they are as capable of advancing as of retarding its interests—of benefiting as of injuring wage earners, of reforming as of maintaining individual abuses, according to their ethical or non-ethical treatment. These prime factors of society are indeed so bound up with the social fabric that, in proposing to discard them, socialism is attempting the impossible. Do away with individual responsibility—shift obligation on to an irresponsible body, called "the State"—and all sense of duty and all incentive to effort would alike be gone. Wipe out inequality in station, and the great impulse to improvement, and the chief deterrent to evil, would be both taken away. In a word, ethical relation and condition, summed up in *character*, fundamentally governs and qualifies all political elements and methods. It is not the laws of political economy that constitute the real difficulty in solving our social problem, but the violation, on the part of individuals or communities, of moral laws. As Mr. Delves, president of the last Trades' Union Congress, truly said, "We have more to fear from drinking and gambling than from all the capitalists of the country." Happily, as

* Here is an actual illustration. An Illinois banker marked the money he paid out to wage earners on Saturday night, and on the Monday night, of the 700 dollars thus paid, 300 dollars had come back from the saloons of the town.

the *Daily News* remarked, "The high character and lofty moral standard so conspicuous among the leaders of the working classes are favorable and encouraging symptoms of which the nation has good reason to be proud." True as this may be, in the main, there is another side that must not be lost sight of. All capitalists and labor leaders do not deserve this eulogium; and that the working classes are deeply infected with a belief in socialistic theories, in total ignorance of their moral and political inconsistencies, was made but too evident by their endorsement at the late Congress by a large majority. The absolute impracticability of such ideas, however, practically reduces such a vote to an ignorant and blind protest against injustice. This injustice it is the business of ethics and ethical politicians to remove; and when the working classes once see that society is in earnest in dealing with social problems, they will no longer rely on visionary schemes to abate the evils and wrongs under which they suffer.

II.—THE IMPOSSIBLE RELIGIOUS SOLUTION.

Politics having virtually failed to solve our social problem, it has become customary with religious writers to assert that Christianity is the true solvent of it. Such is undoubtedly the claim of the Christian Church—one specially put forth by the Church of England. But this is certainly a misconception, arising in part from overlooking the nature of the problem, and from confusing the power to inspire a movement with the provision for carrying it out. This will become clear by inquiring, What has Christianity done? and how has it done it? Christianity has conferred on society inestimable blessings which it would be inexcusable to overlook. But are they not sometimes misconceived and exaggerated? Do we not expect from it what it cannot do, and was never intended to do? So far as the past is concerned, Christianity, as represented by churches, has unquestionably often winked at social wrongs, upheld slavery, supported the liquor traffic, and favored class distinctions and political injustice. The sacred authority of the Bible and the pul-

pit have actually been suborned to justify the grossest social tyranny. What Christianity has really done for society has been to secure a constituency of the best and wealthiest persons, together with a large middle trading class, and having obtained for this constituency the blessings of peace, liberty, and justice, it has placed it as a buffer between the aristocracy and the proletariat. Further, by encouraging benevolence and hopes of amelioration, Christianity has checked revolutionary sentiments. But it has not actually lifted the populace socially by securing the necessary reforms. If it be replied this is a question of character, what, we ask, ought to touch that like Christianity? But the fact that Christianity does not usually raise character, apart from favorable conditions, shows that moral deformities call for other than religious remedies, for such as affect heredity and environment. Underneath our Christian respectability there are curses it hides but cannot destroy. Our social wrecks drop into dishonored graves, while the sleek tradesman, who pays his five guineas a year to religious charities, as his quota of social obligation, passes by on the other side.

That Christianity simply cannot solve our social problem may be also inferred from the manner in which it has conferred social blessings. When we come to inquire how this has been done, we find that it has not been through its specific religious teaching, but through its ethical principles. It has been because the moral level of Christianity is so much higher than that of other religions that it has wrought these beneficial changes. This is evident from the fact that these reforms have mostly taken place during the present century. As a religious system, Christianity has been before the world eighteen centuries, but, for the greater part of that time, it did comparatively little for man's social advancement, often, indeed, retarded it—oppressing instead of blessing men. It may be quite true that, as Dr. Washington Gladden says, "the Christian law, rightly interpreted, contains the solution of the social problem," but it does not follow that it is Christianity's province to work

out this solution. If so, it is curious that it has taken eighteen centuries almost to discover this Christian law, and that, during the last century, when religious tenets were discussed and expounded *ad nauseam*, nothing whatever was done to effect the social emancipation of mankind; while war, slavery, drink, and lust held their mad carnival unchecked. What shall we say to-day of the moral effect of traditional and Church Christianity, when, even in the highest places of culture, unmentionable iniquities are being practised? This late discovery of the ethical quality of Christianity, instead of showing that it is the source of the ethical movement of our time, and the destined solvent of social problems, rather goes to show that it is the independent advance of society in ethical, as in other science, that has drawn men's attention to the ethical principles of Christianity, and to the power which, in connection with religious beliefs and practice, they may indirectly exert in securing the highest ends of social life.

There are many other considerations which show that Christianity as a system—Christianity *per se*—cannot solve our social problem; as, for instance, its failure to secure the highest individual type of character; its identification of morality with a special creed; its "other-worldliness," and its sectarianism.

A large part of our social difficulties is at once removed when individuals of influence attain a high degree of moral character. But Christianity cannot be said to have been conspicuously successful in this respect. "Public and private morality in England to-day" may be, as Mr. Benjamin Kidd says, "higher than at any time in the past," without being of a very exalted type. Proofs of this, indeed, are to be found on every hand. The following extract from the life of an earnest American evangelical worker, though written some years ago, is not without point to-day. Referring to the prisons and hospitals he visited, he says: "But, after all, the inefficiency of religion doesn't strike me so much in such places as in what I see every day, and what I realize constantly of our New

England religion. It is affecting so sadly little any of our practical business relations, so seldom making a merchant exactly honest, so seldom inspiring men with genial kindness and charity toward one another [what examples one could furnish of this]; no, never hardly entering the least in a politician's duties, or influencing his operations. There is so much of the dogma—Calvin piety—and so little which makes men better men, I am almost hopeless sometimes, and I fully believe that New England piety, if it doesn't change very considerably soon, will, in the course of two or three generations, run out.* This want of a distinctively higher type of character, as the necessary product of Christian belief, has sadly impaired Christianity as a social force.

Identification of morality with a particular religious creed is another hindrance in this direction. Some of the older evangelical writers have actually held that morality was impossible apart from their "views of truth." One such writer gravely assures us that a man may be "personally chaste and sober, amiable, humble, veracious, faithful, and withal humane and generous," and yet, if lacking what this writer terms "godliness"—i.e., a particular creed—these qualities "are destitute of the very first principles of true morality." Is not this tendency to refuse to recognize the value of morality apart from its association with our own cherished beliefs still extant, and often a great practical hindrance to the close union, for moral ends, of those holding and those rejecting the Christian creeds—a hindrance which cannot fail to operate disastrously on the ethical progress of society? To acknowledge moral worth and the power of moral forces detracts nothing from the truth or authority of Christianity in its distinctive sphere. One might almost as well claim for Christianity the right to teach astronomy or physics, as expect it to solve the social problem of to-day,

* *Life of Charles Loring Brace, founder of the New York Children's Aid Society.* He was a fearless truth-seeker. "I have no more fear," he said, "of free-thinking than I have of charity." Many similar statements to the above, of later date, might be added.

declaring, with the above-quoted writer, that there is no such thing as "a science of ethics," no morality independent of theology—i.e., his theology.

"Other-worldliness"—especially when, as it often is, excessive—further hampers Christianity in its attempt to deal with social questions. As a religious system, Christianity must be primarily concerned with a future, rather than with the present life, and with individual preparation for it. No student of Scripture can fail to see that this is its main burden. As a consequence, our duty to God naturally takes precedence of our duty to man. Ethically considered, however, nothing can be more false or pernicious than any rivalry or severance between the two. These duties may lie in different levels, that to God loftier and more sacred, yet not more obligatory or essential to true character, than our duty to man. Practically, the two stand, where, indeed, Christ places them, side by side—having distinction, but not inequality. To put this point in a concrete form, what could it signify to one "fit for heaven" whether efforts in the direction of sanitation, or proper housing of the poor, were being made? If he spoke in the way Christians have often argued, or acted, he would say, "No; such efforts are nowhere 'taught in Scripture.' What Christianity teaches is that you should make everybody 'fit for heaven,' like I am, and then the sooner they get there the better." Yet, from another point of view, these ethical and scientific methods might be the very thing needed to so elevate and purify the homes and lives of men as to make it possible for them to listen to and receive the Christian message.

The sectarianism which seems inseparable from religious systems and is certainly full blown in Christian lands, is also a manifest barrier to any concerted endeavor arising in the Churches toward solving our Social Problem. This, of all things, requires comprehension and unanimity, a universal and combined effort to impeach greed, to brand injustice, and to appeal with one voice to the legislature to bring the power of law to bear on the common good. Instead of which, each Church

is organizing its own "Social Union" or "movement," while what is termed a "Labor Church" has been formed, outside all other Churches, to specially represent the religious or ethical side of social questions. The establishment of separate social organizations outside the Churches is not only itself a confession that Christianity, in its own proper character, cannot meet the social demands of the time, but tends to defeat that end by its want of unity of aim and the exclusion of those who cannot accept Church standards. Most of these "social movements" are, in fact, forms of benevolence, on a wide scale, carried on chiefly for the benefit of members of the particular Church or sect maintaining them, and do not pretend seriously to attack, through political action, the curses of the times. These can never be destroyed by anything short of a national policy. The check to labor reform, due to the division between the Radicals led by John Burns, and the Socialists under Keir Hardie and the Independent Labor Party, is a striking illustration of the mischief of sectarianism, from which the Churches might take a lesson. The only social ideal Christianity can consistently promise to work out alone is that millennium of converted humanity, faintly adumbrated in some parts of Scripture, and which our Christian forefathers actually believed in. Were it indeed possible to conceive of a world, in which *every one* actually lived and acted always in accordance with the spirit and principles of Jesus Christ, Christianity might indeed claim to have solved our Social Problem; but this is a consummation which, however devoutly to be wished, can hardly be said to be within the range of practical possibility.

III.—THE POSSIBLE ETHICAL SOLUTION.

If the foregoing positions be sound, it follows naturally that an ethical solution of our Social Problem is alone possible. This only can ensure that obedience to moral laws on which social well-being depends. But to effect this, ethics must be lifted from its present academical limitations, take its rightful place as a necessary factor in

education, and be applied practically to the every-day affairs of life. In short, it must have an equal place assigned to it with other sciences, as one of the greatest safeguards and preservatives of society. Three progressive changes necessary to solve our social problem may be justly anticipated as the result of such general ethical cultivation.

1. *A higher type of public character.* That Christianity does not, as already suggested, produce the highest type even of private character is only too apparent. One could easily give instances of this. And there can be no doubt that, even as regards personal virtue, healthy moral training and environment are far more potent than religious teaching, especially where moral obligation is not clearly defined and emphasized. But this is still more manifest as regards *public* character, on which social virtue so much depends. This is confessedly conventional. Christianity has done absolutely nothing to raise the tone of it, except in a few isolated instances. Many men who are excellent persons in private fail utterly in public life. And it is clear that Christianity will never of itself raise the type of public character, because this depends on knowledge and training, which ethics alone can give. Acceptance of Christianity, in fact, never has lifted men generally to the true ethical standard of action, irrespective of contemporary thought and custom; but, on the contrary, mankind have frequently lowered the standard of Christian morality to the level of prevailing sentiment. Social evils—*e.g.*, war, slavery, and drink—have not only been tolerated but openly supported by Christians, and are in a measure still supported by them, at any rate, war and drink are. And it is only when an ethical view of such question is reached—not through religious "conversion," but through an educational process, due to the growth of public opinion—that the moral truth of the matter is perceived, and the real teaching of Christianity vindicated. All this goes to show that, just as in science and athletics, so in moral character, education and training in the principles in question are absolutely

necessary to create a new type. Thinking about, or believing in, athletics will never make a man an athlete; and so is it with the type of character needed for social progress. That Christian teachers and Churches do not demand such a character as a condition of Christian profession is easily explained. How could they demand that which, for the mass of men, depends on conditions that do not exist—but which must exist before the "Kingdom of God" can come? The conventional type of character may do to get to heaven with, but it will never make a paradise of earth.

2. *Unity in Social Reform.* It is astonishing what an amount of force is now wasted through the want of any kind of unity or co-operation between philanthropic and reforming agencies. Established in complete independence of each other, they often, even when their objects are similar, appear to fight simply for their own hand, never venturing to act in concert. This tendency to focus effort on one point exclusively clearly puts an organization at considerable disadvantage. In the case of temperance, for instance, one of our most practical social reforms, there are a hundred things that encourage drinking indirectly—great brewing and distilling companies and interests, vintage industries, and so forth—none of which are touched by a society aiming only at making converts to abstinence. Ethical teaching would unquestionably introduce a greater unity into social reform, and at the same time a greater comprehensiveness, so that efforts at present casually directed now to one point and now to another, might be simultaneously brought to bear on all forms and degrees of the evil aimed at. The need of this unity and concentration of organization, so as to ensure the most comprehensive range, and yet the most effective attack at each point, is equally manifest in every kind of reforming agency. Ethical training would teach men how they need to meet the social enemies of mankind—drink, impurity, sweating, gambling, poverty, etc.—at *all* points, as they have never yet done, if they would bring off society victor in the dire struggle with its foes.

3. *Law ranged wholly on the moral side.* On nothing would ethical culture exert a more salutary influence than on legislation and legal decisions. This is confessedly a chaos of tradition and arbitrary rule, and a hotbed of professionalism, full of the direst temptations to men of ability to sacrifice morality to personal gain or fame. What will advance their own interests and standing or the fads of their constituents or clients far more influences members of Parliament, solicitors, and barristers, than the real needs of society and the true ends of justice. How much tradition and custom still sway the appropriation of a nation's revenues, and the dealings with the public purse! What pensions are still bestowed on the rich in spite of the needs and hardships of the poor! Ethical principles duly taught would assuredly change all this, by bringing law over, both in principle and practice, to the moral side. Nothing more completely enshrines the custom or drift of the time, whatever it be, than law; so that were society constitutionally ethical instead of conventional, this could not fail to be prominently marked in legislation and legal action. One can hardly put a limit to the extent in which law courts, as well as Acts of Parliament, might redeem society—create a higher moral tone and practice—were their objects and methods invariably dictated, not by self-interest or policy, but by a truly ethical instinct. As Mr. William Black justly says in one of his novels, "You can make men moral by the action of Parliament. For what is morality but the perfect adjustment of the human organism to the actual conditions of life, the observance by the human being of those unchangeable, inexorable laws of the universe, to break which is death, physical or spiritual, as the case may be? . . . There is not an Education Bill, or a University Tests Bill, or an Industrial Dwellings Bill, you pass which has not its effect, for good or ill, on the relations between the people of a country and those eternal laws of right which are ever demanding fulfilment."

Of the vast social changes consequent on general ethical cultivation—raising

the type of character, unifying, social reform, and securing law exclusively on the side of morality—we can at present form no idea. We may look at these changes both on the side of sentiment and economy, and in either case we are struck with the amazing revolution which a faithful application of ethical principles could not fail to induce. At present, life and money, as well as character, are staked and wrecked, with appalling results in sickness, suffering, death, and ruin, two-thirds of which, at least, could be absolutely obliterated if men obeyed the moral conditions of social welfare. We never can be too strongly impressed with the fact that all preventible suffering, disease, crime, and loss is so much social dead-weight, dragging humanity downward, and keeping it down; and that no benevolent efforts can ever effectually decrease this incubus, which falls especially on those least able to sustain it. We can never efface the moral and social degradation arising from injustice and ignorance by charities or mercantile devices. There has been no greater curse to society than the halo thrown around benevolence by a mistaken piety. Half the money spent in indolent *largesses*, industriously applied to practical reforms, would have made the world another place. A merchant does not atone for the crime of imperilling ships and men by sagacious insurances; does not recover the courage, strength, and hope which *society* loses. It may be thought a great thing for the Government to have got back Jabez Balfour at a cost of £7000; but had ethical principles prevailed—which there is some talk now of applying to commercial companies—the “Liberator” would never have existed, and the misery, loss, and ruin it has caused—over £657,502 lost, 62 deaths, and 7 maniacs—would never have been known. The economic side of morality is far too slightly apprehended. An eminent literary man, in a private letter, remarks that ethical teaching will not be listened to when it touches the purse. Men resent it because it closes the gambling den, drink-shop, and immoral resort, forgetting the millions which—from this point of view alone

—it would save by securing society against wasteful and pernicious outlay—culpable misuse of money, which simply *sinks* men, and renders healthy and elevated life morally and socially impossible.

One specially valuable feature of ethics is that it demands and creates that excellence in *secular* things on which the well-being of society practically depends. It is on the moral tone of our books, pictures, amusements, commerce, and habits, not on the number or grandeur of our religious observances, that human welfare turns. If all books were pure, all conversation healthy, all amusements elevating, all commerce honest, all law just, and all friendships sincere, the world would be different indeed. Is this impossible? No; but only ethical cultivation can secure it. Christianity has virtually failed to purify and elevate secular things. It has either stood aloof from them, or selfishly used them; has encouraged the heresy that the whole life cannot be lifted, and that nothing can be done for morality until individuals are all formally Christians and through their becoming so.* There is no sort of ground for this idea that a high level of social morality cannot be reached until individuals are approximately perfect. The two things are related, but not in the close and arbitrary way Christian teaching has represented. *Social* morality is not nearly so unattainable an ideal as the personal excellence taught by Christ and the New Testament, for this reason, among others, that it lies more in the sphere of the concrete, and is far more a question of machinery and combined action than the latter, and may be aided and maintained by those far from morally perfect in the ideal Christian sense. To argue that everything will come right socially, when *individuals* are all they should be, and that we must wait for this, is the very “midsummer madness” of Utopianism.

The question then remains: What

* There is much improvement in this respect of late, especially among Nonconformists; but the tardy recognition of the true place of secular things shows how terribly Christianity has been misconceived by its followers.

practical steps can be taken for the cultivation and application of ethics necessary to solve our Social Problem? We must confine ourselves to two points: (1) More friendly co operation between religious and ethical ideas and teachers; (2) The formation of an association for applying ethics to practical life.

(1) That ethical cultivation may become general, and exercise its due force on human life, in the same way that physical science has affected it, there must be a deeper sympathy between religious and moral principles and their respective advocates, than has ever yet existed. There is no sort of ground for the suspicion and distrust with which ethical ideas and teachers are now commonly treated by the clergy and religious people, simply because they are isolated from the Churches and creeds. That the advocates of ethics do not accept orthodox theology is no sound reason for looking askance upon them, and giving them the clerical "cold shoulder"—and *how cold* that is we will not venture to say. This attitude of suspicion and jealousy on the part of the Christian Church arises undoubtedly from the belief that ethical reform is its own work, that the moral changes which the Church sees are coming ought to be its exclusive fruit. A leading Bishop has plainly stated that ethics is not "likely to do what it is the business of the Christian Church to do." And the Archbishop of Canterbury is evidently of the same opinion. But whether we look at facts or arguments, we easily see that this clerical plea is without foundation, that the Church of England, at any rate, in girding at ethical ideas and teachers, is acting in the truly "dog-in-the-manger" spirit, complaining of others for doing what it cannot and does not do itself. Where, for instance, is the logic of the following assertion, quoted from the Primate's Visitation Charge for 1890, entitled *Christ and His Times*? "All these social difficulties . . . are secular and economic questions . . . and therefore Church questions of deepest moment." . . . "It is only when working for the sake of mankind, and not for her own sake, that the Church

fulfils her appointed function." After hazarding these dangerous statements, the Archbishop practically acknowledges the Church's inability to perform this task single-handed, when he says, "Social problems are not to be solved by rule, nor committed to well-meaningness excited by religion; but . . . religion required them to be dealt with *scientifically and constructively*." What could more truly express the need of ethics, as a distinct force and agent, in settling social difficulties, than these italicized words? Clearly Christian and ethical teachers are doing the same work in different spheres, and for society's sake, they ought to act in concert, and not charge each other—a fault the latter are certainly free from—with poaching in each other's preserves.

(2) But that ethics may be duly applied to our Social Problem, some kind of public association, different from any that exists, is undoubtedly called for. In all cases of radical social change, organization is imperative. This is needed both to encourage ethical education and to initiate practical action. There is no sort of comparison between the attention paid to ethics in education and their acknowledged practical importance. Mr. J. D. McClure, M.A., LL.M., head master of Mill Hill school, says (in a letter from which the writer is kindly permitted to quote), "Ethics are not compulsory for any degree. There is a 'Moral Science Tripos' at Cambridge; very few men graduate in that subject." This neglect of ethics contrasts strikingly with Mr. McClure's opinion of its value expressed in another part of the same letter, "It is not easy," he says, "to overestimate the importance of ethical teaching. I have already stated my opinion—for what it may be worth—that ethics and politics should form part of the education of the citizen, and that 'a moral revival is the necessary precursor of any religious revival worth the name.'" Besides stimulating education, a public association would bring ethics to bear directly on the every-day questions of practical life. The existing ethical societies are either too academic or too purely social—ethical Churches in fact

—to apply ethical principles practically to social problems. There are a thousand ways, local as well as general, which we have no space to describe, in which an ethical association would be able to purify the moral atmosphere and engender a new type and status of life, that would form a basis for greater changes.* If, as Dr. Washington Gladden says, "The State is to be Christianized, Government is to be Christianized, . . . our notion of what government ought to be is to be Christianized;" . . . if "the sentiments, theories, customs, institutions, laws, and governments of the people are to be penetrated with the Christian spirit, founded on Christian principles, and ruled by Christian law," it will need far more than any exclusively religious forces, far more than even those of Christianity, to accomplish this. It will demand the co-operation of every force and every truth that God has ever made known, or ever will make known, to mankind, and certainly not least that of ethics. The "ethical revival," which evangelical writers themselves admit, is "the need of the hour" (*Evangelical Magazine*, May, 1894), will certainly never be brought about unless ethical teaching obtains a far larger share in education than at present, and exercises its legitimate influence on the course and conduct of public life.

* The objects of such an association, to the details of which the writer has given some thought, would include: (1) Binding together persons specially pledged to advocate all moral objects; (2) Diffusing information on, and emphasizing the importance of, all moral questions; (3) Promoting co-operation among reforming agencies, and removing obstacles to the union, for moral ends, of persons of different creeds and opinions; (4) Influencing legislation in favor of morals, and directing it to moral objects.

Of the many incidental ways in which the spread of ethical culture would help to solve our Social Problem, we have neither space nor call to speak. It is enough if we have shown that this solution must be primarily and essentially *ethical*. It is for each one, as well as for the community, to so cultivate the ethical spirit and temper, as to contribute their respective quota of moral influence to the life within their reach, and thus help onward the great reconstruction of the future. Happily, this is a work in which every one, even the least, may share. The tiniest hand may sometimes liberate the mightiest forces; and if we do our part, we may do more, by the moral training of ourselves and families, to solve the "problems that vex our daily life," in the wider sphere of commerce and the State, than we think. Why—we cannot help asking as we look back and around—has human development demanded such awful sacrifices of life and happiness; such protracted delay; such bitter disappointments? Because ethical principles alone, that could be reached only, whether by nations or individuals, through prolonged moral discipline, can furnish the true basis of society. All other bases than that of *ethicism*, if one may coin a word, bases that violate ethics—despotism, feudalism, monasticism, bastard industrialism, and ultra-socialism—are delusions, and have proved such by the holocaust of death and suffering with which they have desolated society. But in no other way but through these "valleys of the shadow of death," could men learn that the true social foundation is an ethical one; that it is on morality alone—individual and national—that society can be permanently built.—*Westminster Review*.

SOME THOUGHTS ON LANDSCAPE.

BY NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

THE faculty of appreciating beauty in landscape is not bestowed indiscriminately upon every one. There are those who will derive exquisite pleasure from observing the trend of a cornfield to the horizon, from the titillations of its cloud-born light and shadow, from the obeisance of here a blade and there a blade to each subtle breeze that seeks a home; and there are others who can face the glory of glowing strands hard by a summer sea, who can imbibe the rich color of the Tropics, who can view the vast plain losing itself in the distance—without emotion, and with no thought of aught beyond the prosaic side of Nature. For the individual to correctly appreciate the beautiful in landscape he must possess a power of translation, which, travelling beyond mere observation, grasps not merely the rural view, but its artistic and poetical equivalent in sensation; he must discover *character* in each tree, each hill, each field; nor forget that out of parts is made the whole, with its dominant tone of scenic harmony. The slope of a hill, the reach of a river, may help to interpret the feeling of a landscape to the refined; a ruined church, a solitary figure, may give the clew to a word-painter's vision of the countryside; and to the man of travel *en sympathie* with natural scenery there is doubtless a typical landscape for every country of his cosmopolitan experience.

Yet, withal, it is not every man's pleasure—this browsing on the woods and fields, this following with the eye the curves and dips of hill and valley. It is rare to meet with a man who appreciates rural scenery, wrote one of our great novelists; but the times have changed since he grasped a pen, and tons upon tons of brick and mortar have risen and grown smoky. And with the factory-chimney and the squalid flat there has come to many a longing for green fields; if not the reality of their calm, their verdure, at least their poetical expression as the

journalist and the painter may bring them to their thirsty eyes. Hence the descriptive paragraph that speaks of spring, of autumn, of flowers, and birds; by this the eager crowd in front of the picture-gallery's presentment of woods, of brooks and placid cows. The times have changed since our novelist wrote with facile pen; life urges life to fiercer efforts, and the age has become more than ever an age on wheels. Our high pressure, our covetous greed of the minute, have placed the bicycle upon the road in its thousands; and out of evil there has in this way come good, for it is to the green country that the fevered youth of the nation race, with rustling rubber and sharp-sounding bell. As they rush through the air and flash past village and field, there is borne in upon them the educational germ of a love for landscape; they see, and they cannot help noting, the contrast between smoke-grimed cities and "fresh woods and pastures new." And they miss scarcely unpleasantly the roar of the multitude in a woodland silence, especially if it be for so short a period as to give no opportunity for the development of that bovine dulness which rural peace is so apt to engender in the man not fully understood of its shy attractiveness. With so many on wheels, so much coming and going to the great cities of the land—again it is but natural that painters are kept busily engaged with pen and brush. And the success of these latter in literature and art will depend upon their due appreciation and technical handling of that which constitutes character and beauty in landscape.

To estimate the value of this assertion, consider the components of that form of Nature which they are called upon to reproduce. It may possess color, form, distance, light, shadow, atmosphere; together with a varying potentiality for suggestion, dependent either in part or whole upon the receptive and imaginative power of the artist who surveys it. As an example

in concrete form, from which to develop into a fuller light the aforesaid qualities of landscape, take the plain. Its broad extent will at once require from both word and brush a description of the details of its apparent simplicity; and, granted that the appearance of a *plane* is thus conjured into existence, it may yet be without that balance of color and atmosphere which guides the reader or spectator to the horizon and on and beyond into the dreamy realms of imagination. The solitary and withered tree, the bird brooding on outstretched pinions above its level surface, may have been omitted, or not sufficiently accentuated, and thus the effect of a sad and dreary hue—otherwise faithfully rendered—destroyed. Or the expression of the whole scene may have been dolefully perverted by an execution that, informed of naught but monotony, effaces every meaning light and shadow in a voiceless atmosphere.

The expression of the plain, therefore, is not so simple as might have been anticipated, and should compel the attention of the landscape gardener to those signs and tokens of character which are to be found in the lowest as well as the most complex types of scenery. *His* art will lie in forming a correct estimate of the value of the realities—in wood, field, water, color, form, and distance—with which he has to deal; and in his appreciation, manipulation, and manufacture of the rustic suggestions that they offer, or may be induced to offer. He may be a professional gardener, a landed proprietor, a member of a corporation, or a cottager; he may be of affluent means, or he may be poor; but in any case it lies within his power to improve the attractions of our English landscape, though it should be but by the planting of a tree or the training of a honeysuckle. We do not yet awhile require the horticultural edict of a Charlemagne; nevertheless the English landscape is ready to receive a yet fuller measure of beauty from willing hands.

Jean Jacques Rousseau gives a charming description in his *Julie* of a garden, wherein Nature is not permitted by Madame Wolmar to run absolutely

wild, yet is the art which maintains her within due bounds so skilfully concealed that Monsieur Saint-Preux is lost in astonishment at the means by which it has been effected, that there should exist only a few paces distant from a large household all the appearance of a "desert isle." The peace, the beauty, of this oasis, with its trees and bubbling springs, is an engima to him, till the benevolent Monsieur Wolmar, with the aid of Madame his wife, exposes the principles which have produced it, and which find a clear exposition in Pope's lines:

"To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend;
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let Nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare."

So lovingly does Rousseau linger over the imaginary scene, at such length does he expatiate upon the details of its production, that the reader is perforce led to the conclusion that Rousseau himself would never have agreed that Nature is, "when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most." The which, if it were true when applied to English landscape, would appear to cut the ground from under the improver's feet. That it does not do so, is due to the fact of man's presence on the scene—man, who when confronted with Nature develops a utilitarian bent that alters the surface of a country from its original complexion. Thus it has come about that in England the natural scenery that is left to us has always something of the artificial in it, which may or may not be in harmony with the canons of refined taste. By this arrives the landscape-gardener's opportunities: he may cloak the artificial with the natural, as when he conceals a wall with ivy; he may improve the natural by the artificial, as when he develops from a stream the full bosom of a lake. And his art will admit of such a rough classification as can be suggested by the words, Destruction and Creation. Between a spectator and a view—a vista, imagine an obstacle, whether a clump of trees or a few feet of earth; and the view may be entirely effaced, or its effect marred into insignificance. Evidently, the

destructive influence of the axe or the spade may here be exercised with most agreeable results, and yet scarcely a park in England, and at the present hour, but might have its scenery thus ameliorated. Elsewhere, the individual judgment could as readily determine the propriety of calling into existence a copse, a hedge, or some mound of grass-clad earth, that, in drawing a veil over the prosaic or ugly, would yet offer no bar to the flight of an imagination desirous of viewing in its course only that which is agreeable and beautiful.

But a more technical knowledge is required to enlarge the scope of a naturally contracted landscape, whose limited horizon is brought painfully close to the observer by, it may be, a color effect, a hill-side, or a building. A higher region of art is reached here, and one that will again require a concrete example or more in illustration of its application. Should it be desirable to remove the horizon to a greater distance away from the spectator, it can be done in appearance, with the aid of a law that rules color. In the immediate vicinity of the spectator's standpoint, let trees and shrubs of dark foliage be planted—beyond these, those of lighter tint; and by this arrangement of color the distant effect will be increased. But reverse this order of planting, and the converse will hold good. This is very evident to the eye in an avenue, which in its initiatory planting may thus be increased or diminished in length. And the distance of an horizon may be still further regulated by a cunning adjustment and creation of terraces and hedges. The eye gazing across many boundaries, sundry enclosures, becomes agreeably deceived in its reckoning, gathers in a sensation of space, and for every acre will see two. Or, imagine a heavy-colored wood of pines sweeping down in dense array to one side of a park. They bring with them a gloom, a massive solidity, that in some cases may be too powerful for the eye to bear with comfort. A little coaxing, in the shape of a thin fringe of verdant larch, of independent-tinted oak, and their gloom or stolidity vanishes amid a pleasant contrast of color

and form. It may be objected that it is not every one's soil which suits the larch or the oak, and the objection will doubtless stand good in arboreal law. But there are ways of avoiding the law without coming into collision with it. And if the larch or the oak with their convenient foliage will not take kindly to the position designed for them, what simpler than to search the neighborhood for those trees with suitable foliage and character which show by their free growth that the soil of the locality suits them? This is done every day by the planters of new orchards, who are guided to a wise selection of their fruit-trees by a local prevalence of the crab-apple, the sloe, or, it may be, the wild cherry; and it is a sidelight upon the choice of trees for landscape adornment that should never be carelessly ignored.

But to turn again from the particular to the general in landscape. The eye having grasped fully the potentialities for beauty which lie in its length and breadth, and having been duly informed by reflection that it is necessary to avoid that naked form of scenery which, by disclosing all to view, leaves naught to the imagination, should next turn its attention to the development of those "lines of beauty" which are to be found in all land that is not a dead level. This will not of necessity entail an army of navvies with spade and pick. The removal of a little silt from the trough of a valley, the prolongation and heightening of the curve of a hillside by a plantation or shrubbery, will in many cases effect an improvement out of all proportion to the expense involved in carrying it out. And where a brook babbles in and out of dell and dale, a dam here and there may bring the pond or miniature lake to the refreshment of the eye. Strips of white cloth picketed out beforehand in the form of these sheets of water will enable the effect which they will introduce into the landscape to be judged of before they are determined upon; and a similar attention to the erection of rods upon the summit of slopes will enable the height of the trees or shrubs required to improve their curves to be accurately gauge. In creating level

land there is a vast fund of improvement to be drawn upon in the careful selection, planting, and grouping of certain trees, to be presently specified. The erection of artificial and shrub-covered mounds to break the monotony of the surface generally fails of its object, and fails because its human origin is in nine cases out of ten but too apparent. Their intention is so evident that such beauty as may thereby be created proclaims a laborious effort, argues a weak or inartistic execution, which is always offensive to taste. They are improvements (?) that should be rarely entered upon except when they perform their proper functions as blinds to some feature that *must not* be seen. The clew to the nature of the trees to be utilized in breaking up a vast expanse can be readily interpreted by considering for the moment the character pertaining to every *field*, even though it be a flat one. The principal factors of this character are: soil, barren or clothed with vegetation; and soil-color, inherent or acquired from plant life. A stiff clay, a poor and moisture-soddened herbage, will suggest melancholy; but a warm loam, or a rich pasture! The "feeling" of level ground must be developed, therefore, by a sympathetic foliage; or there must be an artistic mitigation of the crude features that pertain to rock or "heavy" land. This can only be done by accurately observing and defining the inherent individuality of tree and shrub—an individuality which depends for its very existence upon a sympathetic soil. Are there no chords of harmony to be drawn from the majestic strength and steadiness of the oak? Is the grace of the silver birch, the larch, a myth? Is the gloom of the yew and the cypress of the same calibre of grief as the melancholy of the weeping willow? Is the mellifluous lime, with its cheerful servants of the hive, to be confounded with the gay and semi-transparent foliage of the walnut bathed in welcome sunshine?

And on, and beyond, are there not lofty, medium, and low trees? Will not the English elm, ash, Polish poplar, and larch belong to the first category; the maple, pine, and birch to

the second; the mountain ash, evergreen oak, and laburnum, to the third? Surely! there is scope for the improvement of a monotonous landscape with such arboreal aid to hand; even were there no pleasing effects to be obtained by a judicious employment of the sundry forms and breadths of trees such as the slender Lombardy poplar, the broad Spanish chestnut, and the quivering aspen. That this gamut of form and color is susceptible to the variations introduced by the passage of the seasons—*cela va sans dire*. But the changes rung upon it by this agency need never of necessity fall below the level of the harmonious. In the evergreen tree, or the evergreen shrub, is to be found the solvent of an adaptation that absorbs the barren and the dissonant; and the yellow and crimson glories of autumn, abased by the wintry blast into sad decay, should draw the curtain from before a green life bedded in white snows.

The far-reaching effect produced upon a landscape by the colorific transformation of the seasons is the most striking commentary upon the value of color in detail and in mass, when considered in relation to the same. A solitary scarlet poppy placed against a background of close-clipped box or green lawn—and its color burns with a brilliancy out of all proportion to its extent! In good sooth, it becomes a very lamp, capable of lighting into life even the formality of a Dutch garden. The dark box, the emerald lawn, betake to themselves a fresh vitality of color; and so on, and so through the various tints of verdure that lie within its vicinity—the blue green, the grey green, the yellow green. The English landscape, with its sober hues, will continually respond thus to the influence of scarlet or crimson. A regiment of red-coated soldiers, the "pink"-clad members of a hunt, will always add a *life* to English scenery that no other garb could be induced to lend to it; and similarly, the warm tones of a copper-colored beech or still more powerful filbert, will, in a minor degree, suggest that scarlet and its modifications are, of all colors, the most potent in landscape. Yet it is but rarely used: here and there in a

village a scarlet-cloaked little Red Riding Hood of a schoolgirl; but for posts, gates, or even green-houses. No! It must be white, or black, or green, of which we have (almost) a superfluity. A "strong" color is always sure of its effect in an English landscape, and chance carelessly witnesses to the proof of this assertion, by every field of yellow turnip flower, by every seed-grower's field of sweet peas, and, lastly, by every orchard when in blossom. And it is in the orchard, with its combination of utility and adornment, that the landscape gardener sees his opportunity for the spring and autumn of the year. With colors of fruit and flower he may sow park and hedgerow, with the same facility as he may deck the bosoms of the grassy meads with crocus, daffodil, and tulip. In either case, with possible profit and certain beauty.

Thus to adorn the landscape in detail is within the power of many; but it is for the wealthy few to anticipate the possibilities of adornment that lie in color "mass," when properly developed. The gorgeous—though limited to a season—may be reached even in England. The chestnut avenue in full blossom is a grand sight. Does not Bushey Park show it? And cannot the lilac, laburnum, tulip-tree, bird-cherry, silver birch, rhododendron, rose, laurel, broom, and furze be made to yield a glory of color when severally concentrated? Is there no richness of color in the foliage of the copper-colored filbert, that glows as with concealed fire? and if massed in sufficient force, could it not, so to say, burn up the rest of a landscape into insignificance? But no! it is easier to be conventional; to thrust into what is technically known as a "mixed shrubbery" a heterogeneous collection of trees and shrubs; to gaze at the piteous confusion, the struggle for life, which ensues; to be distracted out of all admiration by the convulsive attempts of color and form to assert an individuality; to be shocked at the ruin which overtakes the weak in an unnatural struggle for root and air-room. It is easier to do this, for it requires no exercise of taste, and scarcely a public park of our towns but demon-

strates the fact. There is, then, in the discreet massing of color a powerful instrument for the striking of a keynote in landscape, and, without further demonstration of the fact, the attention may be directed to the value of tinted washes, when applied to walls, outbuildings, and the like. In Greece, in Italy, the cottage walls are, with the cheap aid of lime, dyed blue, pink, green, or white; and the landscape is amazingly enlivened thereby. There is no valid reason why many an ugly park wall should not be treated in the same way in England; or, in default, clothed with the enormous and handsome leaves of the Irish ivy, rich and glossy green.

But from the improvements of which English landscape is capable let the thought be turned to its growing cancer—a cancer which, whatever our political and agricultural opinions may be, is still a cancer when viewed simply in its scenic influence over landscape. Not a journey along our lines of railway but will disclose its hideous ramifications, its painful incongruity of cabbage, wheat, old tins, and sheds; its eccentric boundaries of rotten stave and worm-eaten board; its prosaic utility, unrelieved by even the raising of a gilly-flower, or the permission to exist accorded to a dandelion. What can be done here? Cabbages must be raised. The poor man must live before he cultivates the beautiful. Allotments are allotments, and it is preposterous to expect—

But is it? Turn to the South. View sunny Greece, with its color and atmosphere, its poverty and its languorous laziness. Stroll into one of its village gardens, cultivated in careless disorder, and pressed in upon by crops from all sides. Examine carefully such a garden and its environment; there are the same elements of untidiness and confusion as in its English congener—the allotment-ground. Yet, as a whole, its effect is good from a scenic point of view. And it is by this that it comes about that the one is beautiful within limits, and the other ugly to deformity; here and there in the Grecian garden, by the side of its paths, is a fruit-tree, such as a quince, a pear, or a plum. In

its dilapidated hedges there is a slender poplar or more, that, robbing no crop of its vitalizing light, is yet a tree of grace and character. Up the walls of its sheds climbs the vine or the ivy. By its stream is a fringe of rushes. And perchance a solitary

cypress clenches home that variety which has been introduced, with or without design, into yet another diversity, that without its presence would be as ugly as a tree shorn of its branches.—*Westminster Review*.

THE STORY OF STAMBOULOFF'S FALL.

BY EDWARD DICEY, C.B.

It was my fortune to reside in Sofia during the last months of the Stambouloff ministry. It was my fortune also to be in intimate relations with various personages who were either actors or interested spectators in the drama of Bulgarian politics. The fate of the Stambouloff administration, or, more correctly speaking, of its great chief—for in those days Stambouloff and his ministry were almost equivalent terms—formed the one absorbing topic of interest at the time; and, therefore, given the relations of which I speak, I was kept informed of every stage in the strange tragi-comedy which preceded the downfall of the so-called Bismarek of Bulgaria. I left Sofia on the eve of his enforced resignation. Of the events which followed I know comparatively little. As to the actual circumstances of his assassination I know nothing beyond what I have learned from the newspaper reports, and I have not the power, even if I had the wish, to express any opinion as to the immediate causes of that atrocious crime. But I think a recital of the events which preceded the fall of the Stambouloff government may throw a certain amount of light on the personal causes which led first to the Premier's deposition from his quasi-dictatorship, and ultimately to his untimely and cruel death. During the period to which I refer there happened to be no representative of the English press at Sofia. The story, therefore, of the last days of the Stambouloff régime is, I fancy, very little known to the British public, and may, in view of subsequent events, be worth recital.

I reached Sofia a few days after the birth of the infant prince who is now

the heir-apparent to the Bulgarian throne. This event, strangely enough, impaired the supremacy which Stambouloff had hitherto enjoyed, by leading to an antagonism of policy between himself and Prince Ferdinand. As the key to the whole subsequent series of events is to be found in the rupture which occurred between the Prince and the Premier, it is necessary to dwell somewhat at length on the starting-point of their quarrel. Up to the birth of his son and heir Prince Ferdinand had little independent hold—and, what is even more important, knew that he had no such hold—on the sympathies of his subjects. In the earlier years of his reign he labored under various disadvantages, for many of which he was not responsible. He was a foreigner, and all foreigners are unpopular in Bulgaria. He was a Catholic, and all Catholics are viewed with distrust by the Bulgarian priesthood, which forms one of the most powerful elements in the Principality, as in all communities belonging to the Eastern rite. He was ignorant of the country and the language, and could only communicate with his people through his ministers. He had succeeded a singularly popular sovereign in the person of the hero of Slievnitza, and had succeeded under circumstances which through no fault of his own were not calculated to increase his popularity; and, more than all, he was not—and never can be—the kind of personage to enlist the sympathies of the people of the Peasant State. Indeed, up to the period in question, his chief, if not his only hold on his subjects was that he was believed to be the safeguard of their national independence, while the main

ground for this belief lay in the fact that he was the nominee of Stambouloff, and was supposed to enjoy the full confidence of his nominator. With the birth of a son his position became materially altered. One of the dominant characteristics of the Bulgarian nationality consists of a profound pride in a more or less mythical past, and a still more profound faith in a more or less problematical future. The fact that for the first time for many centuries a Bulgarian prince had been born on Bulgarian soil, bearing the name of the national hero of Bulgarian legend, seemed to the mind of the Bulgarian peasantry a certain sign and symbol of the restoration of the ancient Bulgarian empire. Residents utterly unconnected with the Court declared to me that they had never witnessed such a display of enthusiasm amid a singularly undemonstrative people as that which greeted the news of Prince Boris' birth. From that time Prince Ferdinand felt with some amount of justice that his title to the throne rested on grounds independent of Stambouloff's support and favor.

Very shortly after my arrival at Sofia I had an interview with Stambouloff at his own house. On this occasion he spoke to me very frankly, as was his wont, about his political position. He assured me that, personally, he should be very glad to retire from office, firstly on account of his health, which gave him uneasiness, secondly, on account of his private affairs, which suffered from his inability to give them the attention they required. At the time I thought these phrases were the mere commonplaces every Minister in all countries and on all occasions is apt to employ when there is any talk of his resignation; but later events have caused me to think they were spoken with more sincerity than I then supposed. However, he admitted that for the time being he had no idea of quitting office. His presence at the head of affairs he considered necessary to the maintenance of Bulgarian independence, and he was willing to remain in office so long as he enjoyed the approval of the country and the confidence of the Prince. So soon as one

of these supports failed him, he was willing and glad to resign; but up to the present he had the country on his side, and he had every reason to believe that the Prince approved of his policy. Of course it is impossible for me to say how far the confidence thus expressed was genuine, or was assumed for a purpose. But I am inclined to think that the Premier's belief in his own personal popularity was absolutely sincere. From all I could learn, I have no doubt that in so far as there is any genuine public opinion in Bulgaria, that opinion was then, and probably is still, in favor of Stambouloff's policy. A country in which the Bulgarian atrocities—atrocities, it should never be forgotten, committed in the main by Bulgarians upon Bulgarians—were a possibility cannot be judged by our English ideas. Nations among whom the rule of force has prevailed for centuries, do not develop a sudden love for legality or a sudden horror of oppression. Even if the stories of his detractors were true to the letter, which they certainly were not, and even if Stambouloff, when putting down all opposition, as he certainly did, with an iron hand, had disregarded not only legality, but humanity in punishing those who rebelled against his authority, his action would only have been condemned by the victims of his arbitrary rule, and would have commended itself to the great majority of his fellow-countrymen. A strong ruler is not only feared, but respected, and even liked, in all Oriental countries; and Bulgaria is, and for years to come must remain, an Oriental country in sentiment. Added to this, Stambouloff was completely in sympathy with the Bulgarian people. He shared their ideas, their aspirations, their prejudices, and knew how to speak to them after their own fashion. Simple in his tastes and mode of life, accessible to everybody, good-natured and friendly to all, except to those who thwarted his will, he was an ideal ruler of a half-civilized community of small peasant farmers. The only error I think he committed in his estimate of his fellow-countrymen's feelings toward himself was that he underrated their Orien-

tal readiness to side with the strongest, to obey servilely whoever may be in power.

I think also, though I am not equally confident as to this, that Stambouloff was sincere in his expression of confidence in Prince Ferdinand. There were many reasons why this confidence might have seemed well merited. Not only did the Prince owe his throne to the ex-Regent, but the success which had attended his reign was by common consent due to his Prime Minister, and his Prime Minister alone. Stambouloff had seen too much of the world, and especially of the Bulgarian world, to believe implicitly in the potency of human gratitude, otherwise than—according to the well-known cynical definition—as a hope of favors to come. The chief ground of his reliance upon the Prince's support was a conviction that he was absolutely indispensable to his royal master, and that his royal master knew him to be indispensable. The extraordinary vitality of the man, his consciousness of being, in intelligence, energy, and courage a head and shoulders above his fellows, combined with his natural *insouciance* of character, led him to underrate his opponents. I do not think, judging from the terms he used in speaking of the Prince, that he gave his Highness credit for the application with which he had mastered the Bulgarian language, and had studied Bulgarian politics, that he appreciated the umbrage which his own masterful policy and his personal manner had given to his Sovereign, or that he realized the fact that Prince Ferdinand was anxious to escape from leading-strings, and to become in fact, as well as in name, the ruler of Bulgaria. The love of court pomp, pageantry, and etiquette which distinguishes Prince Ferdinand was so alien to Stambouloff's nature that it was difficult for him to imagine that a Prince with whom this love seemed to be a ruling passion should also entertain any serious political ambitions.

On the occasion of my first audience the Prince seemed unaccountably anxious to impress upon me, as a foreign visitor, the importance of the part he played in the government of the country. This may have been the result of

the egotism which forms the dominant feature of Prince Ferdinand's character, but certainly if I had known nothing previously of the history of Bulgaria, and of the events which had occurred since the abdication of his predecessor, I should have supposed from the Prince's remarks that the policy of the State had been conceived and dictated by himself with the assistance, doubtless, of his Prime Minister, to whose ability he paid a fitting, though by no means enthusiastic compliment. It struck me also as curious at the time that while speaking very bitterly about the personal animosity displayed by the then Czar, he went out of his way to assure me of his gratitude toward Russia, and his deep sense of the services she had rendered his adopted country. The impression left on my mind by the Prince was not that of a man with any great original ability, but of a man very quick in appropriating the ideas of others, possessing considerable insight into human character, especially in its lower and less worthy aspects, and capable, notwithstanding his seeming frivolousness, of pursuing his own ends with pertinacity and adroitness. The French word *malin*, for which there is no exact English equivalent, appeared to me the best description of his undoubted cleverness, and I felt convinced that if his ministers regarded him, whether for good or bad, as a *quantité négligeable* in Bulgarian politics they were committing a mistake which might be attended with serious consequences.

Looking back upon the past by the light of subsequent events I cannot doubt that at the time of which I speak the Prince had already conceived the notion of getting rid of the virtual tutelage in which he was kept by Stambouloff. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the Prince had already foreseen the possibility of contingencies arising under which the interests of himself and his dynasty might prove inconsistent with the retention of Stambouloff as his Prime Minister. At the interview to which I refer the Prince, among other matters, dwelt strongly upon the importance of his formal recognition by the European Powers in the interest of Bulgaria

and of the peace of Europe. Only a short time before Stambouloff and Grekoff, the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, had assured me that far from desiring the recognition of the Prince, they had taken no steps to secure this recognition, and should regard its accordance, in so far as Russia was concerned, as a national calamity. If once, they asserted, the Czar agreed to accept Prince Ferdinand as the legitimate sovereign of the Principality, Bulgaria would lose and not gain. The country could get on very well without recognition, while the one practical result of Russia's acknowledging her legal status would be the appointment of a Russian Minister at the capital, and of Russian Consuls in every town, and both Legation and Consulates would necessarily become centres of disaffection and intrigue against the established order of things. Naturally the Ministers were anxious in speaking to me to put the best face on public affairs. But I learned at the time, from persons more intimately acquainted with their ideas than a stranger could possibly be, that in their opinion the return of Russian representatives to Bulgaria would endanger the personal safety of all public men, who in common with themselves, were opposed to Russian intervention in the affairs of Bulgaria. This divergence of policy between the Prince and the Premier, two men who were hardly capable of understanding each other's point of view, was certain, sooner or later, to lead to an open rupture.

I am anxious, in what I have to say on this subject, to do justice to both sides, and therefore I think it only fair to add that Prince Ferdinand's intense desire for official recognition was not so unreasonable or so childish as it is often alleged to have been. To a man fond of state, vain of his personal position, and morbidly susceptible as to his own dignity, the constant slights and rebuffs which his non-recognition entailed were more galling than they would have been to common mortals. But, apart from this, a less sensitive prince might well have considered that not only his own prospects, but those of his dynasty, were seriously imperilled by the reluctance of his Ministers to take any steps to force on his recogni-

tion. There is a story told that in the latter days of the Temporal Power a fervent Catholic visitor to the Vatican, who observed that the Pope was much depressed, tendered the remark that it must be a consolation to His Holiness to reflect that the bark of St. Peter could never make shipwreck. The answer of Pio Nino was, *La barca, no, ma il pescatore, si*. A similar reflection must often, I think, have presented itself to Prince Ferdinand's mind. It was all very true; as his Ministers assured him, that recognition or no recognition, the safety of Bulgaria was assured, but how about himself and his dynasty? So long as he was not accepted abroad by the Powers as the lawful sovereign of Bulgaria, it was always possible, or even probable, that his deposition might be demanded as an essential condition of any settlement; and if such a demand were made he was too shrewd a man to imagine that his loyal subjects would hesitate about throwing him over, supposing it suited their interests.

Given the character of Prince Ferdinand, it is probable enough that the manifest reluctance of his Ministers to press for his recognition may have excited suspicions in his mind that they were really intriguing against himself and his dynasty. It is certain that there were persons about the Court who were ready to suggest this suspicion to him, even if it had not already presented itself to his mind. He was assured from many quarters, from some honestly, from others with deliberate deceit, that Stambouloff's personality and Stambouloff's anti-Russian policy were the real obstacles to his recognition; that if he could only get rid of Stambouloff in such a manner as to gratify Russian susceptibilities, the Czar would withdraw all personal opposition, and that then his own recognition as Sovereign of Bulgaria would follow as a matter of course. These assurances were too much in accordance with his personal ambitions and prejudices not to meet with ready acceptance. Thus, if I am right, the resolution of Ferdinand to part company with Stambouloff was formed upon—and largely in consequence of—the birth of Prince Boris, and the

resolution thus formed was carried out with a persistency and power of dissimulation for which the Prince's Ministers were not prepared.

The birth of the infant prince was followed by the long and alarming illness of his mother, the Princess Marie of Parma. The death of his wife at this crisis would have materially impaired the Prince's hold on the Bulgarian people. So long, therefore, as her recovery seemed doubtful, no active steps could be taken toward forcing on a ministerial crisis. Moreover, personal anxiety as to his wife's health doubtless occupied Prince Ferdinand's mind to the exclusion of other cares. Be this as it may, during the weeks which followed the Princess's confinement Ferdinand held studiously aloof from all public affairs. He interfered very little, if at all, with his Ministers, and they often found it difficult to obtain interviews with him on formal matters of business for which his signature was required. At last, toward the middle of March, the Princess was sufficiently recovered to be removed from Sofia, and in accordance with the doctor's advice it was determined to take her to the neighborhood of Vienna. She was accompanied by her husband, and in his absence Stamboulloff, as usual, was appointed Regent.

At this time the Bulgarian Government was confronted by a very embarrassing controversy, which might easily have led, and indeed was expected to lead, to a ministerial crisis. Without any apparent reason or motive, the Sultan had suddenly issued a decree to the effect that the Bulgarian schools in Macedonia must be placed under the ownership of some specified person, not under that of any corporation or community. It would take far too long to enter into the rights and wrongs of this vexed question. It is enough to say that with or without justice, this decree was regarded as a deliberate attack on the Bulgarian nationality. The Macedonian question is not in reality a struggle on the part of the Christian population to get rid of the rule of Islam, but a conflict between the Bulgarian, Greek, and Serbian nationalities in Macedonia, as to which of them shall establish its claim

to the reversion of Macedonia, when, as may happen at any time, it is emancipated from Turkish domination. The schools under the old system were in the hands of the Bulgarian clergy, and were admittedly employed as agencies for strengthening, extending, and consolidating the Bulgarian nationality movement in Macedonia. The decree to which I allude was believed to have been issued at the request of the Greeks of the Phanar, supported, as usual, by Russian influence, and its supposed object was to favor the Greek nationality in Macedonia, to the detriment of the Bulgarian. In consequence there was a general outcry throughout the Principality, calling on the Government to intervene actively on behalf of the Macedonian Bulgarians, even if this intervention should lead to an open rupture with the Suzerain power.

This popular outcry placed the then ministry in a position of extreme difficulty. The whole policy of Stamboulloff was based upon the necessity of maintaining friendly relations with Turkey, as a guarantee against Russian aggression: but friendly relations were an impossibility unless the obnoxious decree was repealed. In Bulgaria, as in all other Christian provinces of the Ottoman Empire, it is extremely difficult, especially for a foreigner, to say how far any agitation against Turkey is real or fictitious, a home product or an artificial movement of foreign growth. All I can say is that there was in Bulgaria, during the spring of last year, all the outward indications of a strong popular agitation. Public meetings were held in all the large towns; resolutions were passed protesting against the alleged persecution of the Macedonian Bulgarians; subscriptions were raised—or, at any rate, promised—on their behalf; bands of volunteers were enlisted; and in the papers, especially in those of the Opposition, the Government was called upon to mass troops upon the Macedonian frontier, so as to be ready to invade the province in case Turkey should persist in upholding the School decree. I cannot doubt that this agitation, though I believe it to have been based upon a genuine national sentiment, was also stimulated by Stam-

boulouff's political and personal opponents.

The expectations of Stamboulouff's fall on the Macedonian School question, which were confidently entertained at the time, especially in Court circles, were defeated by the ability of the Premier. I believe, if the true history of this curious episode is ever made known, it will be found that Stamboulouff encouraged the agitation till it had reached dimensions which enabled him to intimate to the Sultan that he could not undertake to keep the movement for intervention under control, unless concessions were made at Constantinople. In his representations to the Porte he was, as he himself assured me, warmly supported by Sir Philip Currie, who had only just entered on his post of British Ambassador at Stamboul. The Sultan grew frightened at the storm he had raised, and resolved to give way. Not only was the decree which had given such umbrage withdrawn, but permission was granted to establish two Greek Bulgarian Bishopies in Macedonia, thereby giving increased authority to the Bulgarian clergy, and increased encouragement to the Bulgarian nationality propaganda. In fact, Stamboulouff, instead of being defeated, had triumphed all along the line, as the champion and vindicator of Bulgarian rights in Macedonia. Mass meetings were held in his honor; and, in the speech which he delivered at Sofia to a torchlight procession, he declared that the interests of Bulgaria would be best promoted by cordial and loyal co-operation with the Suzerain power. As I write I can hear once more the cheers in response to this declaration—cheers which were given by the mob within a few steps of the very spot where little more than a year later the speaker was literally hacked to death.

It may render the course of events more intelligible to state here that the arrangement with the Sultan was concluded in Prince Ferdinand's absence, and without his direct sanction. The Prince at that time was with his wife at Ebenthal, near Vienna. The reason why, according to Stamboulouff's statement, the arrangement was not submitted to him, before its formal

ratification, was as follows: The arrangement had to be accepted at once if at all. In all negotiations with the Ottoman Government, especially under a Sultan so capricious and so irresolute as Abdul Hamid, delays are dangerous. Every hour which intervened between his Majesty's offer and its acceptance increased the risk of influences hostile to Bulgaria being brought into play at Constantinople to upset the conclusion of the compact. The arrangement was not one which could be safely communicated by telegraph, and to have sent a messenger to the Prince must have necessitated a delay of at least a couple of days. The arrangement was so manifestly advantageous to Bulgaria that it was impossible to suppose the Prince would object to its conclusion; and, therefore, Stamboulouff took upon himself, as Regent, to accept it without previous reference to the Sovereign. The explanation, whether sincere or not, seems plausible in itself. But the fact that so important an agreement had been concluded without his approval, and concluded in such a way that the whole credit of its conclusion devolved on the Premier, rankled in Prince Ferdinand's mind, and later on furnished one of the chief pretexts for Stamboulouff's dismissal.

The first attempt to oust Stamboulouff on the Macedonian schools question, and to replace him by a Minister more acceptable to Russia, had resulted in increasing his authority. It was necessary to find some new ground of attack, and that ground was supplied by an unforeseen accident. Indeed, the only possible reason for doubting this being the result of chance lies in the fact that the accident in question occurred at a moment and in a manner which seemed especially chosen to secure the purposes of the anti-Stamboulouff party. The Stamboulouff ministry with the exceptions of M. Grekoff, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Salabascheff, the Minister of Finance, might not unfairly be described as composed of "items." One of the least conspicuous of these items was M. Savoff, the Minister of War, best known as the husband of a wife who was not only better looking than the run of Sofiote ladies, but hav-

ing been educated abroad, was also better dressed and more used to society. During the Prince's absence the Regent received a letter from M. Savoff tendering his resignation on the ground that he could not sit in the same council with M. Slavkoff, the Minister of Public Works, who, as he alleged, had been unduly intimate with his wife. Stambouloff refused to accept the resignation, first, because the charge, whether true or false, seemed to rest on mere suspicion; secondly, because it was obviously undesirable to have any reconstitution of the ministry while the Prince was away in Austria. Shortly afterward Savoff changed or rather extended his charge, and accused almost all his other colleagues, and Stambouloff in particular, of having carried on intrigues with his wife. Gradually the charge narrowed into a distinct allegation that Stambouloff was the chief, if not the sole betrayer of his confidence. The common impression at Sofia was that Savoff was out of his mind. He consulted the ecclesiastical courts, about obtaining a divorce from his wife, and was assured by them that the evidence he could produce was utterly insufficient to justify an application for the cancelment of his marriage. Yet, in spite of this, he persisted in accusing Stambouloff, and when the latter asked for evidence of the charge he retorted by challenging him to fight a duel. Indeed, toward the end his almost insane jealousy seemed to have culminated in an unreasoning desire to avenge himself on Stambouloff. The matter was placed in the hands of seconds, who unanimously decided that Savoff could show no cause whatever for demanding satisfaction from the Premier. The report prevalent at Sofia was that Savoff had been made a tool of by Stambouloff's personal enemies to force the latter into a duel, in which the chances would have been decidedly on the side of his assailant.

Meanwhile the Opposition papers had taken up the charge, and attacked Stambouloff with a violence which is unintelligible to the inhabitants of more educated and civilized communities. I do not think, from what I could observe, that the standard of

morality as to the relations between the sexes is at all higher in Bulgaria than it is elsewhere. But the Harem view of women is still very prevalent in Bulgaria; and though a Bulgarian Benedict might commit any number of offences against his marriage vows without being the worse thought of by his fellow-countrymen, he would undoubtedly be condemned by social opinion if he had an intrigue with the wife of a friend and colleague. Anyhow, the press hostile to Stambouloff kept on declaring that a man whose moral character rested under so grave a charge could not remain the head of the Government: and this crusade against the Minister was vigorously supported by papers supposed to represent the views of the Court.

Immediately on the Prince's return to Sofia Stambouloff asked his Highness to investigate the charge against him, and at the same time gave in his written resignation, requesting the Prince to use it if he saw cause to consider that the accusation, whether true or false, was supported by such evidence as to render his continuance in office undesirable in the public interest. Savoff was called upon to assign particulars as to the places and dates of the occasions on which the alleged offence had been committed, and in reply stated two occasions on which, during his own absence from the capital, Stambouloff, as he alleged, had passed the night at Sofia with his wife. Thereupon Stambouloff was able to prove that on one of the two evenings named he had been the Prince's guest at his seaside palace outside at Varna: on the second occasion he had been present at a public banquet in Philippopolis, so that the particular accusations specified by Savoff were clearly shown to be baseless. Moreover, with regard to the general charge Stambouloff, if I was rightly informed, used the same language in speaking to the Prince which he employed in discussing the matter with other persons. He stated that whatever his personal character might be he was about the only individual in the country who was absolutely incapacitated from carrying on a secret intrigue. It was known to everybody that since M. Belteheff,

while walking by his side, had been assassinated by mistake for himself, he had never quitted his house without an escort of soldiers. To use his own words, "one can do many things, but one cannot keep a secret assignation when accompanied by a troop of mounted soldiery." I can say from my own observation that Stambouloff never came to the club without being attended by an armed escort, though the club was not five minutes' walk from his house; that the escort remained on duty inside and outside the club as long as he stopped there; and that when there was a late sitting they slept in the passages of the building to be ready to accompany him home in the early hours of the morning.

The Prince, as I heard at the time, expressed himself completely satisfied with Stambouloff's exculpation, and recommended the dismissal of Savoff as the best solution of the imbroglio. The Premier agreed to act upon the advice, and considered the matter was now at an end. But whether by accident or otherwise, his Highness did not return the letter in which Stambouloff had tendered his resignation. It so happened that I had an appointment with Prince Ferdinand very shortly after his interview with Stambouloff. Two things struck me at the time. The first was that he utterly ignored some casual remark made in the course of our conversation about the ability of the Premier, a subject on which previously he lost no opportunity of dilating. The second was that he dwelt with extreme bitterness on a statement which had appeared in a London paper to the effect that he had been refused permission to attend the family conclave at Coburg in honor of the Princess Alix's betrothal to the then Czar-ewitch. The Prince after a long absence had only recently returned to Sofia, and there was no idea that his return was only temporary. There was no reason whatever why he should have informed me of his intended movements, but certainly his tone of conversation conveyed to me the impression that he had returned to his capital for good. On the morning after my reception I learned to my surprise that the Prince had quitted

Sofia to rejoin his wife at Ebenthal. On mentioning this news to one of the chief members of the corps diplomatique at Sofia, he assured me I must be mistaken, as an hour or two before Stambouloff had made an appointment for him to call upon the Prince in the course of the day. It turned out, however, that the news was correct, and the only interpretation I can offer is that the Prince had quitted Sofia without letting his Ministers know till after his departure was an accomplished fact. It is supposed at the time that this hasty journey was due to the receipt of alarming news about the health of the Princess, but in as far as I could learn later, no such intelligence had been received.

I may also here call attention to another incident, which shows how the desire to seek reconciliation with Russia at any price had impressed itself on Prince Ferdinand's mind. Some months before, the Metropolitan, Archbishop Clement, had preached a sermon in the Cathedral of Tirnova, in which he had attacked the Prince in the most violent terms. For this sermon he was indicted for using treasonable language, and was sentenced by the Civil tribunals to a period of imprisonment, though in consideration of his exalted office he was allowed to serve his term of imprisonment in a monastery. An appeal was made against this sentence on the ground that the Metropolitan's offence, if committed at all, was committed in his capacity as a priest, and must, therefore, be judged by the Synod of the Church, not by the Civil tribunal. The appeal finally came last spring before the Supreme Court at Sofia, and was dismissed by that on the ground that treasonable language was equally an offence against the civil power, whether it was committed by a layman or by a priest. Within a short time of the appeal being dismissed, Archbishop Clement was pardoned, at, I have reason to believe, the direct instance of Prince Ferdinand. It is this Clement who has recently been to Russia as the leader of the Russophil party, and who is now spoken of as the future Prime Minister of the Prince.

Without laying any undue stress on

these incidents, I think there can be no reasonable doubt that Prince Ferdinand had made up his mind to get rid of Stambouloff as soon as he could find a decent excuse for doing so, and that he had so determined because he believed or had been led to believe that by so doing he would remove the chief obstacle to his recognition by Russia, as a Prince *de jure* as well as *de facto*. My impression is, that Stambouloff considered the whole matter at an end. The friend to whom he narrated the conversation I have recited above, and who repeated its purport to me a few hours later, told me that he had asked Stambouloff whether the letter tendering his resignation had been returned. "No," Stambouloff answered, "I never thought of asking for it, but the letter is of no consequence now as the Prince and I quite understand each other."

I quitted Bulgaria within a few days of the interview to which I have referred. Very shortly before I left I met Stambouloff at the Union Club in Sofia. He was in high spirits about the success of his negotiations with the Porte and spoke very cordially of the assistance he had received from the British representatives in Turkey in bringing the Sultan to reason. Owing to the absence of the Prince, the Easter holidays, and the removal of all immediate political difficulties, there was very little doing at this period at the public offices; and day after day I used to see Stambouloff driving out into the country, on the shooting expeditions to which he was passionately devoted, and at which he was usually accompanied by some of his fellow-ministers, and invariably escorted by a troop of mounted soldiers.

After I had left, I can only speak as to the course of events from the reports of the newspapers and from letters I received from friends at Sofia, who were in a position to know what was passing. I gather that the attacks upon Stambouloff in the papers which were understood to be the organs of the Court were not only continued, but displayed increased animosity. The relations between the Prince and the Premier became more and more strained, and within a month of my quitting Sofia, his Highness suddenly announced

that he had accepted Stambouloff's resignation, which he held in his hands, and had instructed M. Stoiloff to form a ministry. Stambouloff was, I believe, taken by surprise. As the Prince held his letter of resignation, he could not make a formal grievance of his dismissal; nor, I gather, was he inclined to do so. It was the firm conviction, not only of himself but of his friends, that no government was possible in the face of his opposition, and that the ultimate upshot of the crisis which Prince Ferdinand had brought about must be his own early return to office with renewed and increased authority.

Unfortunately all these calculations were based on the supposition that the ex-Premier would be allowed a free field of political action. I do not suppose, or still less suggest, that when Stambouloff was thrown overboard either the Prince or his new ministers contemplated the necessity of resorting to violent measures in order to hinder the deposed minister from fighting his way back to power. All I surmise is that as they began to realize the chances of Stambouloff's return to office, they began to realize also the necessity of clipping his wings. One step led to another.

The personal and political enemies of Stambouloff were not satisfied with his downfall, but clamored for his disgrace and punishment: and both the Prince and his ministers, though they must have known that the charges brought against the ex-Premier were false, still acquiesced in these charges being brought, as they conceived that by so acquiescing they might ensure their own safety. Stambouloff, it must justly be admitted, damaged his own case by his invectives against Prince Ferdinand. His own administration, it must also be owned, had furnished examples of high-handed and arbitrary action, which his assailants could plead in defence of the treatment they dealt out to their defeated antagonist. *Væ victis* is the motto of all Oriental government; and Bulgaria in her instincts, her ideas, and her traditions has still much of the Oriental character. There is an Arab proverb, that the wise man dances before the monkey as long as he

rides on horseback. If you add to this proverb the corollary that the wise man kicks the monkey as soon as he is thrown off horseback, you have a compendium of all Oriental statecraft. I do not, therefore, consider that the Bulgarian ministers or the Bulgarian people ought to be judged by a Western standard for their conduct toward the statesman to whom the Principality owes its independence.

A similar excuse, however, can hardly be pleaded in mitigation of Prince Ferdinand's behavior toward the Minister to whom he was so deeply indebted. To assert that His Highness instigated or even contemplated the persecution to which Stambouloff fell a victim, would be an act of injustice. On the other hand, it is impossible to deny that Prince Ferdinand tacitly sanctioned a persecution which he must have known was cruel and unjust, and

which he ought to have known might be attended with fatal consequences to its victim. The explanation of his conduct is, I believe, to be found in the fact that he was led to believe by the Russophil party in Bulgaria, which was mainly composed of Stambouloff's personal enemies, that to sever himself from Stambouloff was the essential condition of his recognition by the Czar. He stood aside, therefore, when Stambouloff implored his intercession to save him from his enemies. This refusal to risk his own prospects of reconciliation with St. Petersburg, in order to save the Minister who had served him so faithfully and so long, was according to the well-known saying, "worse than a crime, a blunder;" and for blunders of this kind there is no place left for repentance.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE ENGLISH OFFICER—AS HE WAS, AND AS HE IS.

A RETROSPECT.

BY COLONEL HENRY KNOLLYS, R.A.

"If you don't take care what you are about, you will simplify cavalry movements to such a degree that any fool will be able to drill a regiment," was the remonstrance addressed by Lord Cardigan to General Sir James Scarlett, his coadjutor on a committee appointed about forty years ago to bring into harmony with utility and common-sense the then prescribed evolutions, which were so fanciful as to suggest a circus show, and so complicated that the binomial theorem might be accounted comparatively simple. The indignant reproach of the Light Cavalry hero to the Heavy Cavalry hero was, however, but the key-note to a principle which formerly governed military superiors in their opinions and subordinate officers in their actions; for these latter never presumed—at least in theory—to entertain any "opinion" whatever. "I thought, sir—" might be the exculpation of some unwary subaltern, wigged by his colonel. "You thought! Who gave

you leave to think?" was the stereotyped reply, heedless of the obvious mental rejoinder, "The great God who gave you leave to breathe."

The "Vieille Mustache" had plodded through the weary intricacies of a drill which we have long swept away as useless, and was permeated with technicalities, rules, and precedents which we have long discarded as pernicious. He was a past-master in the mysteries of a craft, and he resented the abrogation of the value of any acquirements which alone gave him a superiority over those whom he commanded. Successive juniors, as they mounted through the sole merit of "length of tooth" into authority, stanchly upheld principles to which they, as new boys, had been compelled to bow; and hence may be traced that blind clinging to what the Chinese term "old-o custom," which so long constituted a fetich among the seniors, and a deviation from which on the part of the juniors was pronounced mischievous, if

not wicked. Even now its pernicious influence may be detected in the frowning down, by men too dull to perceive and too old to learn, innovations dictated by common-sense.

At last the outside pressure of public opinion, which has so often stood the English nation in good stead, interposed. "We do not desire to interfere with the skilled technicalities or with the shibboleths of your profession; but we do claim to enforce common-sense in the administration of a department for which we pay so heavily, and we insist on sweeping away the cobwebs of self-interested prejudice hampering the removal of that which is rotten, and on the substitution of that which is efficient though stamped with the curse of innovation."

We are now once more entering on a new and momentous era of military administration, and we cannot but be powerfully stimulated to further efforts if we take stock of the encouraging success already achieved—if we contrast former frequent indolence and dulness with the activity and enlightenment now forming the rule instead of the exception. In no respect is improvement more manifest than when we compare the average regimental officer of 1860 with his successor of 1895. In fixing these limits, I am for the present expressly excluding the valiant soldiers of the Peninsula and Waterloo, of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. Moreover, I may be charged with laying on dark colors with a heavy hand. I expressly premise that my picture will by no means be universally applicable; but that it conveys a substantially accurate impression of a very numerous type of the former average officer on home service will, I believe, be conceded by all except those who love to call good evil, and who seek to put bitter for sweet.

About thirty-five years ago the majority of recipients of commissions were, at first starting, little better than schoolboy dunces. Nominations were obtained by the favor of military officials, and were rarely withheld from rich applicants in an age when the possession of capital was an important condition of promotion, and when the lists contained few elements of intellectual

wealth. The nominees forthwith betook themselves to Sandhurst in order to receive the imprimatur of a qualifying examination, so superficial that a few hours sufficed for the business, and so puerile as to be unworthy the term "examination." The lads were questioned, one by one, by the College professors, each of whom passed on to his coadjutor the candidate furnished with a slip certifying that he had passed in the respective subjects. Rejection was extremely rare, and in fact any one who showed himself below the very low-water mark must have possessed a singular pre-eminence in ignorance and dulness. From this latter stricture must be excluded the students of the Royal Military College, especially those who obtained their commissions without purchase. It is true they were not, as a rule, favorably regarded by commanding officers; but only for the reason that these cadets had generally managed to pick up a smattering of history, languages, and mathematics, which, together with a considerable facility in surveying, brought them into invidious comparison with their more ignorant seniors. The boy-en-sign on joining the headquarters of his regiment was received with a comradelike friendliness, accompanied on the first night with a somewhat rough hospitality approximating to an orgy, and the bewildered lad might reckon on having made a favorable impression if he then proved his ability to swallow an immoderate amount of heady liquor without becoming more than moderately drunk.

His course of instruction in the military profession, though extremely monotonous and wearisome, was also extremely short. A few weeks' recruit drill in the barrack-square, not soaring above exercising a company in movements which were as tangled as cat's-cradle, and which no ingenuity could render useful on service—a few occasions as supernumerary on guard—a few hours accompanying the orderly officer at rations, barrack, and kit inspections, on which occasions the tyro was less taken in hand for instruction than allowed to pick up as much, or as little, as he chose,—and this boy, fresh from school and raw to the world, was

considered qualified to be intrusted with the management of old soldiers, crafty as only old soldiers can be crafty, and with the welfare—nay, the very lives—of trained veterans seasoned with many years' stern privations. His general education was assumed complete when he was gazetted; and as for his military knowledge, he paid no penalty if he never opened an A B C text-book on the theory of his profession, and never spent an hour in its scientific practice. Indeed the few, the very few, who dared to manifest some reluctance to remain dunces or to progress backward, incurred the risk of being snubbed by their superiors as puppies and hooted by their juniors as prigs. In my capacity of staff-officer attending generals' inspections, I have seen piles of the regulation instruction books produced, screwed together with a perforating rod which the owners vaunted had not once been removed since a similar occasion twelve months previously. As late as 1875, when temporarily acting as garrison instructor to a class of fourteen officers by no means below the average in ability, I was explaining the easiest, the most elementary principles of field-works, and was met with the remonstrance that I was lecturing above their comprehension. "But do you not see, gentlemen, that the slopes of these parapets are obtained from the simplest rule of three sums and by the addition of decimals?" The plaintive rejoinder was, "I have never been able to understand the rule of three, and I do not know decimals." "Oh, very well, let us work out the construction by rule of thumb, and draw an angle of 30°." Still hesitation, followed by a request in an injured tone of voice, "Please show me what is an angle of 30°."

Without doubt, at the period of which I am writing, there were some colonels who made it a point of conscience to pay considerable attention to the instruction of their young officers; but the rarity of this heedfulness was such that those who exercised it at once blossomed into exceptional repute. Could it be reasonably expected that the juniors would apply themselves to useful learning when the whole spirit of the seniors was opposed to learning

—when the cost of a box of blacking, the fractional ounces of pepper and salt assigned as a daily ration, and the verbal accuracy of a court of inquiry on a missing bayonet, represented the limit to approved knowledge? "What made you leave the army at so early an age, with such a fair record behind you and so promising a career in front of you?" I once asked an officer whose chief defect was a proneness to act on hot-headed impulse. The purport of his reply was: "At my last inspection I was questioned by the general concerning the prices of the soldiers' socks and shirts. I gave him to understand that I neither knew nor cared, and of course I was pretty sharply reprimanded. I became so disgusted with this and similar absurdities of regimental pedantry that I sent in my papers." The weary waste of time, the circumlocutionary twaddle of the old military correspondence, was a subject for burlesque. Once, as president of a board to report on an accident to a horse, I simply stated that "the leg was broken," and received a rather sharp reprimand for embodying an opinion in such trivial language. Thereupon I amended the defect by suggesting that "the tibia was fractured," and was complimented for the satisfactory lucidity of my report. Tradition declares that in India a similar board recorded an opinion that "the elephant is dead, and smells bad." The general, in a towering passion, sent back the proceedings for revision, whereupon the board amended their report, "The elephant is still dead, and smells worse."

"Granting that the very young officers were somewhat inadequately instructed, a course of steady regimental duty in due time transformed them into reliable soldiers far superior to the present type," is a plea often urged by the old-school opponents of education. That, as a rule, they were not so transformed—that they could not be so transformed—is indisputably clear if we analyze their daily routine of duty: Parade at 10 A.M., consisting of little more than muster-roll, inspection, and company drill, though occasionally amplified into a march past and some intricate battalion evolutions, not accomplished without a portentous

amount of loud swearing by the officers and a minor key of cursing by the sergeants. In those days the postulate was admitted, that "it is impossible to get the men to 'dress' properly unless you damn them." The above display of pomp was followed by "orderly-room," when defaulters were awarded, say, ten days' drill for having appeared on parade with ill-polished buttons, or solitary confinement for ill-blackened boots. The newly fledged ensign was sometimes detailed for a court-martial—a duty almost solemn in the magnitude of its responsibility, but of which he was necessarily practically ignorant. As junior member, he was required to be the first to record his vote in verdict and sentence, and he was frequently racked with perplexity as to whether he ought to suggest death or twenty-one days' imprisonment. I recollect my own first experience in this capacity ere I had served four months with my battery, without a single opportunity of even knowing the form of procedure, and I shudder at the remembrance of my innocently wicked sentence, although the only reprimand I received was a gesture of contempt from the gray-headed president—so much was flagrant ignorance a matter of course.

After about 12.30 mid-day, subalterns, captains, and field-officers were at complete liberty to follow their own good pleasure for the remainder of the twenty-four hours—of course with the exception of the orderly officer, who was restricted to barracks during his infrequent tours of duty. This pleasure too often consisted in dawdling and doing nothing, or in semi-stupid, semi-low pursuits even worse than nothing. Reading, whether of a light or studious nature, athletic amusements, the civilizing resources of a society where the conversation extended beyond garrison scandal and the gazette, were not habitually resorted to. At 7 P.M. the tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bugle, inaugurated an epoch of portentously heavy eating and still heavier drinking. In 1861 I was fortunate enough to be honored with the hospitality of several regiments quartered at Aldershot, and I am within the limits of accuracy in declaring that we usually began drinking by 9 P.M., and without stir-

ring from our seats continued the process for two and even for three hours—the temperate half-asleep through sheer *ennui*, the soakers too bemused and befuddled for rational conversation. "No talking—let us be jolly." There was no loophole plea for escape either in smoking or in billiards—the delight of the pliant wrist, the quick eye, and the slow brain. When an enterprising officer tried the first experiment of a billiard-table at the Royal Engineer mess at Aldershot in 1861, it was first looked at askance, and then frowned at with cold displeasure. As for cigars in the ante-room: "Permit that low and filthy habit of smoking in one of Her Majesty's messes!—Never!" spluttered colonels and brigadiers, who, nevertheless, were not always unwilling to stuff their nostrils and to befoul their pocket-handkerchiefs with a pungent dirt called snuff.

In a multitude of cases, the results of a life in which indolence and the absence of intellectual—even intelligent—occupation were so largely blended were extravagance, often attended with intemperance, low associates, and vicious associations, disrepute, and scrapes. A kindly colonel would sometimes endeavor to check a young officer's downward career; but the negative remedy of persuasion was feeble compared with the present-day positive remedy, whereby he can enforce the additional occupation of practical work and theoretical study, the genuineness of which is subject to frequent tests. Provided the black sheep inspected kits, paid his men their daily twopences pocket-money every twenty-four hours, visited sentries, perpetrated no public outrage, and was not absent without leave at the fortnightly musters, he could scarcely be prevented going down-hill as fast as he pleased; and "down-hill" frequently wound up with a disreputable crash—incarceration for debt, disappearance from the Army List, and submergence among the loafing crowd whose life has been a vicious failure. In 1874, when on the line of march, and visiting my men's billets in an obscure country town, I was startled at recognizing in a horsy-looking, out-at-elbows, shamefaced dawdler in a public-house, a dashing young cavalry

officer whom I had known three years previously in all the heyday of dragoon glory. I elicited that he had spent what is called "a royal time" for a brief period, had chucked his ample fortune into the gutter because no one had held out a little finger to check him, having had no particular useful occupation had resorted to pernicious occupation, and when about twenty-four years old had found himself compelled to withdraw from an honorable profession and to complete his life, still so young, in poverty and obscurity, in regretful retrospection and inutility. Twenty years later, occupation would have been forced down his throat, and would have saved him from the disaster attending "idle hands who have no work to do."

In my foregoing statements I have assumed, as typical, the case of a young officer joining a battalion of infantry or a battery of Garrison Artillery. Training in a cavalry regiment has always been far more severe. I have excluded from consideration the Royal Engineers and the mounted branches of the Royal Artillery, because their modern progress has been mainly *pari passu* with the progress of science. Thirty-five years ago the youngest lieutenants in these corps were kept as strictly, perhaps even more strictly, at work as now. Their education and their social status were not inferior, and their occupations off duty were consistent with this tenor.

It must, however, be unhesitatingly acknowledged that the foregoing shadows were relieved by some gleams of light, which by mere contrast shone more brightly formerly than now. Foremost was the principle of duty—more patent both in its abstract and in its practical embodiment. An order however stupid, a regulation however senseless, a task however futile, was sanctified by the interpretation of "duty." Under its spell the minutiae of daily routine, equally with heroic self-sacrifice on momentous occasions, were conscientiously performed. The modern subaltern will carry out his orders admirably if they appeal to common-sense; the old subaltern would go through the most useless functions scrupulously, even though they were

characterized by absurdity. "My colonel has ordered me to inspect the water-supply thrice daily: this routine is unnecessary, my colonel is an ass—I sha'n't," mentally argues 1895. "It is my duty; I shall," would have retorted 1860. It may be recollected that at the battle of Meanee, Captain Tew held a gap in a nullah at the sacrifice of his own life and the lives of most of his company, solely through dogged obedience to orders. It is open to question whether in 1895 a subaltern under similar circumstances would not in addition have been swayed by his own reasoning, and having observed that the enemy was outflanking him, would not have arrived at the conclusion that his general was a fool, and that he would act wisely in remedying the folly by a timely retreat. In the matter of self-indulgence, young officers have, I think, materially deteriorated since 1860. Then, as well as now, there were frequent cases of disgraceful indebtedness; but then, not as now, there was a frequent tone of meritorious frugality which prompted impecunious subalterns to live on £100 a year without losing caste; to practise economy in messing, to dispense with silly display, to forego unnecessary luxuries, to utter the valiant "No" to proposals involving expenses out of proportion to income. The modern subaltern declares in effect, "Give me the luxuries of life; I will do without its comforts." He believes the experienced stager who urges a contrary course to be an old fool. *N.B.*—The latter knows the tyro to be a young fool. To argue that the modern style of living renders imperative any considerable augmentation of the hardly spared private allowance is a cobwebby reasoning. The increased demands of young officers on their parents are to be traced, not to a more expensive scale of necessities, but to a lower standard of the noble virtue—self-denial. Can any moderately sensible individual dispute that this evil, specially noticeable in cavalry regiments, can be remedied, ought to be remedied, will be remedied?

More to be lamented than any other loss has been the loss of clanship, which formerly bound corps together with

ties scarcely less potent and beneficial than those of a family. The pride of regiment, of its historical exploits and its existing repute—even the pride of its peculiarities and customs; the hearty feeling of comradeship and interest in the welfare of all its members, from the colonel to the drummer-boy—in a word, the home-like affection which sunk deep into the hearts of those serving, and endured for years in the recollections of those who had retired—all these influences have become greatly attenuated, not to say sometimes entirely obliterated. The above individuality was sometimes so marked that it would have been easy to quote cases where the regiment had become part and parcel of the colonel—where the excellence of an officer was considered guaranteed by mere membership of a corps and the army-known repute of its commanding officer. We may now search in vain for similar examples. The old "Die Hards" (57th) has become the Middlesex Regiment; the "Dirty Half-hundred" (50th), the West Kent; the 43d and the 52d Regiments the Oxford Light Infantry.* Illustrious colonels cannot impress the stamp of their own excellence during their short tenure of four years' command, and the other officers are constantly shifted to their Siamese battalion. The army is a profession of which its members are still proud; the regiment is no longer the old home of many years which its members still love.

Not without a special purpose, not out of pure "cussedness," have I endeavored to represent evils in our former regimental conditions. In proportion as previous darkness was deplorable, so may we exult in having emerged into light. The officer of 1860 compared with his successor of 1895 represents the difference between ignorance and knowledge, between sloth and activity, between the dull performance of senseless routine and the exercise of intellectual faculties which renders routine valuable, between the quagmire of time-honored *status quo* and the firm ground of progress. In these days our

recruit officers start with a measure of general education formerly undreamed of. The drawbacks of cramming are fully admitted; we must also fully admit that by the competitive system we have at all events some guide in picking out the most industrious and the most talented—granting the definition of genius to be a capacity for taking trouble. Ay, and can it be justly asserted that they fall one whit behind their predecessors in manliness, in a love of adventurous enterprise, in a fondness for sport, in a proficiency in athletic pursuits—all of which excellences dispose of sneers at bookworm weaklings? Are they drawn from a lower social status? I am confident that my co-colonels will one and all declare that they could not wish for more favorable types of gentlemanlike race and breeding than the lads, many of them from our best public schools, who have passed the fiery ordeal of an army examination. True, a few illustrious primogeniture fools are excluded; but the scions of low origin and a deep purse are similarly excluded, unless their parents have utilized their wealth in lifting them by a refined education into a grade which qualifies them for association with refined gentlemen. No longer is the raw schoolboy of seventeen pitchforked into the command of trained soldiers scornful of the ignorance of their officer in all matters pertaining to the military profession. The young sub-lieutenant, either at Sandhurst or in his militia battalion, has already been subjected to a teaching of technicalities which has brought him close to fitness for the immediate command of a company. From the moment he joins his regiment he lives in an atmosphere of further instruction and intelligent industry. He will no longer be permitted to pick up as best he may just sufficient acquaintance with barrack routine to enable him to inspect rooms and kits, and just enough drill to save him from making an exhibition of himself on parade. He is taken in hand by his colonel, his captain, and the adjutant, as a partially taught apprentice who must be transformed into a reliable workman. It is indispensable that he should continue to plod through the routine of drill of

* I express no opinion as to the expediency of, or the necessity for, these changes. I am merely stating facts.

which Sir Charles Napier said, "It is tiresome and often disheartening, and annoys men, but . . . it makes companies and regiments and brigades and divisions act together, and to strike, as it were, with great and mighty blows." But he is also taught its application in the field, including the responsibility which chance may assign even to a boy officer—the command of small detachments on outpost duty. He is put through a course of rifle practice which, if it does not make him a sure marksman, enables him to instruct others and to appreciate the value of those more skilful than himself. Under canvas he learns the expedients of comfort, which are of puerile simplicity, but an ignorance of which entailed misery on our troops in the Crimea; for example, how to pitch a tent, how to construct a cooking-trench, and how to safeguard the supply of water. In due course the practical application of elementary field fortification, military sketches, and reconnaissances are rigidly exacted, and are subjected to severe scrutiny. In barrack-life he systematically learns all that the former ensign gleaned, and a great deal more besides. Instead of simply glancing at the rations, utterly ignorant whether they were good or bad, he knows now how to distinguish between bull carcass and heifer beef, how to detect adulteration in groceries and inferiority of bread, how to discriminate between hedge-sweepings and nutritious forage—in fine, how to expose the inveterate frauds of contractors. In courts-martial long training as a non-voting member enables him to suggest punishments which are in accordance with law and custom, and with a better-founded confidence than that sometimes displayed by justices of the peace

"With eyes severe and beard of formal cut."

From what has been stated, it can scarcely be disputed that regimental officers of all ranks are no longer afflicted with the curse of immoderate leisure. An invidiously exceptional individual may by nature be possessed by the dumb demon of indolence. He may be prone to shirk his work and misuse his leisure; but if he yields to those propensities, his brother-officers

will hold him in uncomfortably light esteem, and his colonel will make it exceedingly hot for him. Moreover, periodical verbal examinations in the orderly-room upon the duties of soldiering and the science of war will drive him for very shame's sake to the acquirement of a decent amount of professional knowledge. If he continues persistently ignorant, or is reported on otherwise unfavorably at the general's inspection, he receives a warning which few are so heedless or so hare-brained as to ignore. Besides, the wise provision of the "block system" is in full force when the turn comes for promotion. He will not be permitted to "pass" unless he can acquit himself satisfactorily in an examination which is a genuine test. Of yore the rich fool and the incompetent dullard mounted the ladder quite as quickly as the most experienced and best qualified among the Hope Grants and Havelocks, the Outrams, the Clydes, and the Napiers.

Equally marked is the manner in which the young officer now seeks his amusement, contrasted with the expedients for killing time formerly prevalent. No more dawdling mornings and ill-spent afternoons. That portion of the day which remains at his disposal is generally utilized, except by mere bookworms, in out-of-doors employment in some form: in athletic games, in sport—to which often a small inexpensive pack of beagles, with followers on foot, largely contributes—in lawn-tennis, or at least in a society in which philandering with barmaids or loafing in tavern billiard-rooms does not constitute the principal feature. The mess-dinner, no longer a gorge sometimes accompanied with intemperance, has been curtailed into a well-cooked, gracefully served meal, at the conclusion of which the wine is passed round once or twice, and then five out of six of the diners betake themselves to the smoking which the intemperate advocates of temperance denounce as a provocative to drink, but which, without a shadow of doubt, has cut down the subaltern's average wine-bill to one-third its former figure. Neither is the evening capped with the rowdiness of practical joking, the wit of which con-

sisted in stupid outrage, and the results in quarrels which many a time cost those concerned their commissions. A bumptious young officer is snubbed and wheeled into line until he has been reduced to a due diffidence of self, and this remedy has been found far preferable either to deluging an offender's bedclothes with slops or to thrusting his dress uniform up the chimney. By the by, the word "uniform" reminds us of a transformation as complete as that in a pantomime. In lieu of head-dresses as top-heavy as a milk pail, of packs as killing as those under which we may still see French conscripts staggering, and of coats tightened by belts and buckles to a tension approximating to splitting, we have adopted a light kit and loose clothing specially favorable to work, comfort, and economy; and there seems little justification for the assertion of the late Sir George Brown, that in abolishing the wonderful old dog-collar stock, we had ruined the *morale* of the British army.

Of all the restrictions most honored by the old colonels, and most relaxed by modern commanding officers, are those relating to leave. The subalterns who applied, however seldom, ran the risk of impairing the goodwill entertained toward them by the field-officers; those who asked often, were regarded as attempting an outrage. No matter that the applicant was a pattern of industry in his daily routine, that he was not in the least required for duty, that the object of his leave was reasonable, and even meritorious—so long as he was in barracks he was under his colonel's thumb, and if he were away from barracks his colonel felt as though he were defrauded of his power and his rights. I have seen an official letter of 1857 remonstrating with the general at Aldershot, Sir William Knollys, because so many of the camp residents were seen walking about Pall Mall and Hyde Park during the summer afternoons. To the best of my recollection the reply was to the effect, that since there was no reason to complain of the way in which Aldershot officers did their duty, it would be unreasonable were the general to interfere with the disposal of their leisure, provided, of course, it were not accom-

panied with indecorum. This principle is now generally recognized, and commanding officers utilize their leverage of power by the fullest latitude of leave to the duty-doing, and the curtailment of the privilege to the slack. As a colonel, I have often said to my young officers: "Why do not some of you fellows go away on leave? you can be spared perfectly, and when you return, your experiences of sport, or travel, or society will enliven our mess-room." On the other hand, I have sometimes replied: "No, Lieutenant X.; I am much dissatisfied with your general behavior and slackness, and until you improve I cannot concede any indulgences to you." The defaulter may probably dub his colonel "a beast," but the officers in general will work for him tooth and nail.

If the superiority of the officer of 1895 over his predecessor of 1860 be admitted, we may be encouraged in the path of progress by investigating to what and to whom this is due. To what? To the force of public opinion, which, peremptorily overriding obstructionists, has insisted on the abolition of many honored follies, and on the introduction of many pooh-poohed utilities. To whom? In the main to the best-abused public servant of his time, Lord Cardwell, and to certain of his successors. A simple enumeration of some of the reforms effected under his auspices ought to fill with gratitude all save the inevitable few who have been personally disadvantageously affected, and ought to convince all save those who require us to distrust the evidence of our own senses, and whose bigoted mind, like the pupil of the eye, contracts in proportion as more light is cast upon it. The abolition of purchase; the strikingly improved condition of the private soldier in his daily life; the doubling of our former numbers, while reducing to a minimum objections urged by those who prefer 1000 soldiers of the average age of twenty-five to 2000 of the average age of twenty-three; the raising of our regimental officers from duncedom to skilled professional knowledge; the substitution of eager activity for indifferent indolence—were these feats trivial or easy? At first the mere sug-

gestion of such reforms was scouted, and initiatory efforts at their execution were flouted; but they have been finally stamped with a success which constitutes the best of all arguments. We grant that we now miss a few valuable characteristics of the old *régime*. But has any system, however vicious, been unchecked by sun-spots? Has not gin-drinking been defended out of Timothy and slavery out of Philemon? By a parity of reasoning, we admit present defects with the same breath that we admit that defects are inevitable in the best-designed human undertakings; but we insist that they are not vital, that they are susceptible of attenuation, and that they sink into insignificance compared with the rottenness of the former system.

The difficulties attending the introduction into our army of innovations, however obviously advantageous, have been strikingly illustrated throughout the history of our camps of instruction. That their formation marked the epoch—if they were not the origin—of strides of improvement in field practice does not admit of contradiction; yet at their outset their formation was conceded with reluctance, and long after their establishment they were at best regarded with lukewarm forbearance. Take as a typical case Aldershot, founded by the Prince Consort, and to whom for this act alone our army owes a debt of gratitude which can scarcely be exaggerated. When Aldershot was first established as a large training-camp under General Knollys, regiments which had worked during a period of forty years in every respect as isolated units, except when abroad, in Hyde Park, or in Dublin, were organized into brigades, and were taught the principles of route-marching, encamping, bivouacking, field-cooking, early-dawn attacks, and rapid construction of earth-works. All this is now the matter of course A B C of military training, but it was then regarded as the arcana of a secret guild. I recollect at Aldershot in 1855 seeing one battalion standing despondingly shelterless with unrolled tents in front of them, and another battalion fasting with uncooked rations in their kettles, unaided by their own officers, until the

general in command, the late Sir William Knollys, personally and with his own hands showed them the purposes of tent-pegs and guy-ropes, and taught them how to dig a cooking-trench. Although Government, yielding to the pressure of the Prince Consort—who found a co-operator in Lord Hardinge, a phoenix Commander-in-Chief for enlightened views—had consented to the construction of the hut encampment, there was a tacit proviso of its liability to be broken up in a few years. Indeed in 1857, when reinforcements to suppress the Indian Mutiny had almost denuded the station of troops, the question was gravely mooted of sweeping away the camp proper, and leaving the residuum—permanent barracks—to accommodate a few battalions. Nevertheless, Aldershot, in spite of Government cold water and the unpopularity which fashion had decreed to it from regimental officers, continued not only to exist and to flourish, but its benefits became by degrees so palpable and considerable that its life as well as the lives of similar institutions became thenceforth assured. Our camps and their annexes have proved themselves the mainstay of our resuscitated military efficiency. They have associated and instructed all ranks, from the general to the drummer-boy, to an extent entirely impracticable in the routine experience of garrison towns.

In accordance with the truism-principle that improvement cannot stand still, from teaching the ordinary requirements of camp-life we have gradually, imperceptibly, advanced to practice in field-mancœuvres under conditions approximating as closely as possible to actual warfare, first with a skeleton enemy, and then with two forces pitted against each other, both on a small and a large scale. To this training the Prince Consort, aided by General Knollys, gave the initiative. At its outset condemned and ridiculed for many years, it was resuscitated into active life by Lord Cardwell and Sir Hope Grant. The former was wont to remark with satisfaction that, at all events, his military administration had been marked by this one most valuable reintroduction, which he had established on such a basis that its continu-

ance was certain, notwithstanding that he himself might be called on to quit office. During the latter year of his life, when his powerful intellect had been numbed by illness, I was one day endeavoring to interest him by discussing military administration *with* Lady Cardwell, though my efforts were *for* him. In vain; he scarcely manifested a sign of comprehension, until I touched on autumn manœuvres. Then he suddenly roused and brightened; and when I wound up with citing the discouraging lukewarmness to the practice evinced in certain quarters, his eye flashed, he half started up, and, with the fire and scorn characteristic of the former able War Minister, he burst forth, "I can only say — ought to be ashamed of himself," and then once more sank back into silence and apathy.

Since 1871 the vitality of autumn manœuvres never has faltered, and never will falter. It has transformed the weary monotony of mere drill into an exercise full of utility and a pursuit full of interest. There is hardly an individual in the contending forces who does not feel himself personally concerned in the award of the umpires. "What interests chiefly engage your young officers' attention?" was the inquiry addressed to a cavalry general not without a repute for pessimism. "I think their chief interest is concentrated in an anxiety to catch the 4.40 train for London," was the reply. Had the inquirer been able to lie perdu in the railway carriage, and to take note of the topics discussed, he would have discovered that no small portion of the conversation turned on the eager discussion of the reconnoitring exercise in the morning, and on the proposed manœuvres for the morrow. We are not going too far in declaring that camps and competitive manœuvres have contributed more than all the martial prescriptions of garrison towns, and all the enforcements of the regimental orderly-room, to raise the efficiency of the service, to invest it with popularity, and to transform the ignorant idler into the skilled and zealous officer.

While, however, we exult in these satisfactory results, and hopefully look forward to further amelioration, it would be repugnant to justice, it would

be odious to good taste and generosity, were we to belittle, even by the implication of silence, the services under a different *régime* of the historically revered old soldiers of the Peninsula and Waterloo, of the Punjab, the Crimean and the Mutiny wars. To speak cheaply of the Duke of Wellington would of course be rightly bracketed with a disparaging opinion concerning Hamlet: "Shakespeare! pooh; for my part I consider Shakespeare a very much overrated man." To ignore the splendid achievement of his generals and their successors—of Hardinge, Gough, Raglan, and Napier; of the lions—alas! that they were often shackled by administrative asses—of the Mutiny war, of Clyde, Havelock, and Hope Grant—would be to put a weapon into the hands of obstructionists who hate progressive improvements and love to progress backward. Powerful would still be any British force led by such generals—pernicious would be any system which would exclude them from command. But would modern tests and restrictions have prevented them from coming to the front? Would they have hampered Wellington, or Moore, or Abercrombie, or Hardinge? Furthermore, let us remember that the men we have quoted were isolated stars of the first magnitude among a galaxy of failures; that our military annals teem with disasters for which inefficient regimental officers were often largely responsible, and which under former conditions of warfare were, by the mere process of time, frequently susceptible of repair; while in 1895 this mere process of time can no longer be admitted as an attenuating factor. From Eylau, Aspern, and Ligny there was an appeal to Friedland, Wagram, and Waterloo. There was no appeal from Sadowa and Sedan. Hence it is imperative that our habitual standard of efficiency should be higher than of yore. We may lament that we have no longer representatives of our old giants, but we may make the most of men of average intellectual stature, and we may at all events close the profession to useless dwarfs and mischievous pigmies.

Although a detailed examination into the improved welfare of the rank and

file does not come within the scope of this paper, it is necessary to make some allusion to their former condition, because the change bears directly on the higher efficiency of the officers. The barrack-life of the former of 1860 is startling in its characteristics of discomfort, squalor, and privation, in the absence of intellectual relaxation, and in the presence of harsh restrictions. The private soldiers, crowded together in hovel barracks, ill clothed in the brickdust-colored shoddy of contractors, ill-paid in consequence of deductions, almost constituting abductions, ill-fed with a scantiness and monotony of food which now would provoke a riot in a workhouse, unheeded by their officers unless when on service in the field, largely occupied in expiating infringements of a Draconian code, their main solace drink, and the principal resort of their leisure the public-house, an unjust by-word of disrepute among reputable citizens—their pride in their profession was smothered in loss of respect for themselves. Each and all of these grave evils have been, within the last thirty years, not simply remedied—they have been replaced by a liberality and a solicitude which bid us beware lest the pendulum may swing to the other extreme, and lest we may lapse into pampering. Indeed, commanding officers feel themselves sometimes hampered in the exercise of wholesome discipline, because their professional career may be blasted by a few malcontents combining to hiss on parade, and thus to form a pretext for the denunciation of claptrap agitators. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that we have raised our rank and file not only in the scale of comfort and prosperity,

but to a standard of practical ability and intelligence of which our forefathers never dreamed. It has followed as an inevitable consequence, that with a higher type of private soldier we should require—as we have obtained—a higher type of officer to command him.

Attention has lately been called with undeniable force to still existing violations of sound principles of administration. Be it so. Whether we agree with or differ from the charges, the experience of the past furnishes the best hopes for the future. This experience has taught us that public opinion will now be irresistible in pressing us forward on the path of improvement; that, in obedience to its pressure, it would be more easy to make water run up-hill than to revert to a system which was the paradise of the dullard and the sluggard, and that all ranks will still be spurred forward to a generous emulation of duty—*i.e.*, to the attainment of the highest efficiency. Public opinion will insist that intrigue—wherein the trail of the petticoat must sometimes be discerned—intrigue, the dear expedient of the incapable and the unworthy, if not entirely extirpated, shall not habitually prevail. Then, as conjectures arrive for the appointment of other executive heads—that is to say, of officials in whom are largely vested the safety of our nation and the lives of English soldiers—public opinion will declare, with an emphasis which the most powerful Government would not dare to withstand, that the selection must fall on those whose antecedents and experience, whose age and abilities, obtain the just and general suffrages of their compatriots.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

GAPS IN AGNOSTIC EVOLUTION.

BY FRANK H. HILL.

THE late Professor Huxley being asked whether his interest was greater in science in itself, or in science in its bearings on theology and philosophy, replied, "Well, if you will not tell any of my scientific friends, I may confess that the French saying that English-

men care for nothing but politics and religion applies to me." Professor Huxley did not conceal this insular peculiarity from his scientific friends or from the world at large. In the autobiography which stands as the prologue to the nine volumes of his collected es-

says, he speaks of himself as having been driven into a scientific career rather than having chosen it of his own free will. The greatest, according to Haeckel, of living biologists, he would probably, if circumstances had given a different turn to his life, have been not less great as a man of letters, a man of speculative thought, or a man of action. In fact, within the limits of his scientific career, he was all these. Of no one was the disputable doctrine of Johnson less disputably true that special genius is general mental power to which accident has given a particular application. Mr. Huxley was essentially the teacher, or, as his friend Mr. Herbert Spencer told him, the preacher, and only in a secondary sense the investigator. He had a passion for truth as ardent as ever man had, but he pursued knowledge less for the sake of knowledge than as essential to the proper conduct of life, and to the right direction of feeling. To know ourselves, to know the universe in which we live, and our proper relation to it, and to shape our course accordingly was the first, if not the whole duty of man.

Mr. Huxley described himself as having subordinated the desire of scientific fame to the diffusion of scientific knowledge and the exposition of scientific method, in the conviction that there is no relief for human suffering except in the resolute facing of the facts of life, stripped of the pious make-believes in which theology dresses them up. Probably, as the remarks which follow may tend to show, Mr. Huxley excluded from his conceptions of the world, of knowledge, and of scientific method a good deal that a more comprehensive philosophy would have recognized. To him there was nothing real or knowable but the phenomenal. However this may be, it was because the Darwinian theory was in his view the best, and indeed the only tolerable answer yet given to the riddle of the painful earth, that he became its interpreter and propagandist. He was its Apostle of the Gentiles. It is due rather to Huxley than to Darwin that the doctrine of Evolution has made its rapid conquest of the popular sentiment and speech. "Natural selec-

tion," the "survival of the fittest," the "struggle for existence," "organization and environment," are household words in men's mouths. If the theory should ever be discredited, or be absorbed in some larger doctrine, these phrases would remain, testifying to its former prevalence, just as the words "jovial," "mercurial," "saturnine," "martial," "lunatic," "star-struck," etc., testify to a former belief in the doctrine of planetary influences, and as the words "animal spirits," "nervous," "lymphatic," bear witness to the prevalence of a physiological theory long since abandoned. There is scarcely any parallel in the history of the relations of science to popular opinion, to the speed and completeness with which the Darwinian doctrine—now scarcely five-and-thirty years old—has made itself master of the language and thought even of the man in the street. It corresponds with and explains vast masses of phenomena in every department of nature and life. But the inference that because evolution gives a true account of a great deal, it gives the true account of everything, and is the *passé-partout* which unlocks every closed door in the universe, is, perhaps, unwarranted. The protest of Virchow against the disposition which he attributes to the earlier evolutionists to take problems for facts, and the opinions of men of science for science, is less necessary now, perhaps, than it was when he made it, but it is still not superfluous. Darwinism has converted popular opinion, but Darwinism, judging it by its most authoritative spokesman, is beginning to doubt of itself. The polemic temper, which is always a misleading temper, which prevailed during the earlier period of the controversy is passing away.

The welcome which the little volume on *The Origin of Species* received little more than a generation ago from those who were able to receive its sayings was doubly cordial. It was scientific and it was anti-theological. Its partisans greeted it with genuine enthusiasm as offering a true—the true—interpretation of nature. They acclaimed it also as dealing a deadly blow at the first chapter of Genesis. It was likely to

be a bitter pill to the clergy, who were bidden to swallow it with much the same persuasions as those with which Fluellen recommended the leek to Pistol, "because, look you, you do not love it, and your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions does not agree with it." Controversialists like Mr. Huxley, more considerate to the weaknesses of their adversaries, substituted Milton for Moses, and the seventh book of *Paradise Lost* for the first chapter of Genesis. Raphael was taken as the authorized exponent of the doctrine of the origin of species, by isolated acts of creation, and the narrative of the "affable archangel" was held up in contrast with the induction of the recluse of Down.

"The earth . . . straight
Opening her fertile womb teemed at a birth
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
Limbed and full-grown . . .
The grassy clods now calved; now half appeared
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bands,
And rampant shakes his brindled mane;
The ounce, the libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks; the swift stag from underground
Bore up his branching head; there from his mould
Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved
His vastness; fleeced the flocks and bleating rose
As plants," etc.

—*Paradise Lost*, vii., 453. (Quoted by Huxley, *Collected Essays*, iv., p. 53.)

The picture this presented of the sixth day of creation was exhibited to the imagination of the upholders of the Mosaic or Miltonic cosmogony. They were asked if they believed that anything of this kind ever really occurred, and that if they had been on the spot they would have beheld this eruption of completely-formed creatures from the soil, the calving of the grassy clods, the growing up of sheep from the ground like plants, or, by way of alternative, the dropping upon the earth—as from the sheet of Peter's vision at Joppa, "let down from heaven by the four corners"—of "wild beasts and creeping things, and fowls of the air." To this presentation in detail and in concrete images of the birth of the primal animals, each by a distinct act of

creation, was opposed the Darwinian conception of the unseen development of species out of species by the familiar agency of reproduction. The evolutionary doctrine has the great advantage over its rival, as set forth in the Mosaic or Miltonic cosmogony, of not presenting a series of grotesque images to the mind. It works in the dark. But the advantage is not over the doctrine in itself, but only over the crudest form of conceiving it. Specific creation does not necessarily involve any departure from the ordinary instrumentalities of parentage. Assuming it to be true, it is obvious that the Divine energy can be exercised on the germ of the creature at any point of the natural process, thus affecting, under the veil of nature, a supernatural transformation. Professor Huxley saw the origin of all things in "an indefinable latency," fraught with a mysterious power, by which the cosmic process wound along the road of evolution, from an aboriginal nebulous mist to man, and, it may be, beyond him.* For the indefinable latency of the philosopher it may be possible to substitute the Divine latency of the prophet, the God that hides himself. The wiser second thoughts of Theism reconciled it to evolution.

The theologian who has emancipated himself, as most theologians have, from the belief that the first chapter of Genesis was intended to be a scientific handbook, such as might be published in Sir John Lubbock's series, no longer feels the necessity of rejecting the theory of development as wholly false, or as false even in part. The evolutionist is beginning to doubt whether it is more than partially and probably true. Conclusive evidence, it is admitted, is wanting on the most vital points. No one contends that it rests on the same basis of definite proof as the law of gravitation, or the atomic theory, or the doctrine of the correlation of forces. It is a hypothesis, not, in the strict sense, a discovery. From the rank of a dogma, which it was heresy to deny, it has declined to that of a pious opinion, which may be reasonably held, and less reasonably, but not in absolute

* Huxley's *Collected Essays*, Vol. ix., p. 60.

defiance of reason, rejected, or held with suspended judgment, until further cause be shown. There are gaps in the argument in favor of it. It enables those who follow its indications to read a few more pages in Nature's infinite book of mystery, but it does not make the volume intelligible from end to end.

On three critical points the doctrine of evolution, as held by its leading scientific exponents, confessedly breaks down. Its course is arrested by gulfs both wide and deep, which it cannot pass.

The first is the fundamental question of the origin of life. The doctrine of abiogenesis, or generation of life out of lifeless matter, is a stumbling-block in the path of any theory of development which starts with nothing more than an "indefinable latency" inherent in a primal nebulous mist. "If," said Mr. Darwin, with a sort of sigh over the recalcitrancy of nature, "it (spontaneous generation) could be proved true, it would be most important to us."* By confession it cannot be proved true. It is admitted, on the testimony of the most competent, who are also at the same time the most reluctant witnesses, that there is no positive evidence in favor of the transformation of inorganic into organic matter. The *acari* which the late Mr. Andrew Crosse believed himself to have galvanized into existence are as dead as Queen Anne, or Sterne's foolish fat scullion, or Bathybius. No one believes in them now, any more than any one believes in the growth of men and women out of the stones thrown behind them by Deucalion and Pyrrha, or the conversion of the dragon's teeth into armed warriors. "No shred," says the late Professor Tyndall, "of trustworthy experimental testimony exists that life in our day has ever appeared independently of existing life." Whatever reservation may be contained in the words "in our day," the phrase is little more than a consolatory mode of speech intended to keep open the possibility of such origination at other periods—in the past, in which experi-

ment of course is impossible, and in the future, in which there is no reason to think that experiment will reverse the results already ascertained. Professor Huxley, whose candor in frankly admitting the truth against his own prepossessions, and against the scientific requirements of the doctrine of which he was the most eminent exponent, was not less admirable than that of his friend, seemed to find satisfaction in a similar chronological limitation. The maxim *omne vivum ex vivo* is, he says, "victorious along the whole line at the present day." "The present state of knowledge furnishes us with no link between the living and the not living."

The demeanor of these distinguished philosophers toward the doctrine of spontaneous generation bears a curious resemblance to that of some Christian apologists toward the supernatural. Miracles, they admit, do not take place now, but this does not show that they did not take place in the past. "If," the theologians argued, "Christianity is true, miracles must have occurred; but Christianity is true, therefore miracles have occurred." "If," says Mr. Huxley in effect, "evolution is true, spontaneous generation must some time or other have happened; but evolution is true, therefore spontaneous generation has happened," time and place unknown.* Mr. Huxley has recourse in this difficulty to some ingenious suggestions. "If," he says, "all living beings have been involved in some pre-existing form of life, it is enough that a single particle of living protoplasm should have appeared as the result of no matter what agency. In the eyes of a consistent evolutionist any further independent formation of protoplasm would be sheer waste." The "no matter what agency" seems as completely out of court in the character of a *vera causa* as "the undefinable latency." They are little more than signals of scientific distress. The consistent evolutionist will, it is said, be content with his single particle of living protoplasm. But surely he might as well be hanged for a protoplasmic

* Darwin to Haeckel, September 25, 1873. *Life and Letters*, Vol. iii., p. 180.

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* See Huxley's *Collected Essays*, Vol. viii., pp. 256-7.

sheep, nay for a whole flock of protoplasmic sheep, as for a protoplasmic lamb. Is it not indeed more reasonable to suppose that when "the undefinable latency" set itself to the manufacture of protoplasm by "no matter what agency," the unknown something which makes for evolution would, under the same general conditions, have produced many particles of protoplasm. "It makes no difference," Mr. Huxley says, "if we adopt Sir W. Thomson's hypothesis, and suppose that the germs of living things have been transported to our globe from some other; seeing that there is as much reason for supposing that all the stellar and planetary components of this universe have been gaseous, as that the earth has passed through this stage." The image of the great Goddess Diana fell from Jupiter in the interest of religion: why should not a particle of protoplasm have fallen down from Neptune or Saturn in the interest of evolution? But there is just as little evidence of the generation of protoplasm in the other starry and planetary constituents of this universe as on this globe; and to banish it to regions which we cannot investigate because we cannot find it in that part of the world which is open to our research, seems an unscientific procedure. The discoveries of the spectroscope as to the composition of the heavenly bodies show that they are made up mainly of the same elements as those which have been detected here. The cosmic process, so far as it can be traced, is one and the same throughout the universe. If protoplasm has not been generated here, what reason, beyond an argumentative necessity for its existence, is there for supposing it to have been generated elsewhere out of the same elements passing through the same gaseous stages? If it cannot be produced here and now, why believe without evidence that it has been produced by some inexplicable means in some inaccessible region in an unascertained past? Since Hutton's day, and still more since Lyell's, it has been an axiom of science that the past condition of the world is to be explained by the forces and laws which we see operative in the present, the distant by that which is near, the unknown by the

known. The "may have beens" of science, even when violently converted into "must have beens," are as illusory as the "might have beens" of history. They belong to the region of dreams, and not of waking realities.

But let us assume the gap bridged or overleaped which separates organic from inorganic matter, and protoplasm introduced on our globe, either by spontaneous generation or by transportation hither on a falling star. Then we are met by the second gap in the theory of evolution which concerns the origin of species. In all the forms of it, its central idea is the natural generation of one species out of another. Now, it is admitted by Mr. Darwin himself that there is absolutely no proof that this change has ever taken place. "The belief" (as he wrote to the late Mr. George Bentham, May 22, 1863) "in natural selection must at present be grounded entirely on general considerations. When we descend to details we cannot prove that a single species has changed, nor can we prove that the supposed changes are beneficial, which is the groundwork of this theory, nor can we explain why some species should have changed"—certainly not if there is no proof that any species has changed—"and others have not."* No more remarkable proof of Darwin's absolute sincerity with himself could be given than that which is afforded by this passage. No theorist has ever returned so explicit a verdict of "not proven" as Darwin here records with respect to the doctrine on which his fame depended, and to the enforcement of which, as he sometimes lamented, he had not only given up his life, but subjugated his intelligence into a mere organ of special observation and research, narrowing its range and drying up many of the sources of its life. Of course, the sentences just quoted contain the invariable evolutionary and Darwinian qualification "at present." The transformations which cannot be observed now may have taken place in the past, though there is no record of them, or may be effect-

* *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, Vol. iii., p. 28.

ed in the future, though there is no premonition of them.

The origin of diverse species by natural development implies the production of offspring unlike their parents in some vital point or points. But, according to Mr. Huxley, the one end to which the formative impulse in nature tends, "the one scheme of the Archæus of the old speculators, seems to be to mould the offspring to the likeness of the parent. It is the first great law of reproduction that the offspring tends to resemble its parent more closely than anything else." It would seem that to the victorious maxim *omne vivum ex vivo* we are to add the fundamental law "like from like." But, as we have seen, the evolutionary doctrine of the origin of species requires the generation of the unlike from the like: it is based on divergence and not resemblance, and assumes an indefinite and entirely unexplained tendency to variation. This variation, according to Dr. Bateson, who has written a large volume* containing the record of minute and multiplied investigations, takes place, not by the insensible accumulation of slight divergences, as the Darwinian theory requires, but by sudden and wide departures in the offspring from the parent. Even so, the leaps and bounds of nature do not bring us to the origin of a new species out of an already existing one, of which, according to Darwin, it is impossible to cite a single instance; and these leaps and bounds remain unexplained.

Three things, then, are admitted by Mr. Darwin and his chief expositors—(1) Spontaneous generation is absolutely without evidence; (2) There is no proof that a single species has ever changed; (3) The divergence in some vital point of offspring from their parents contradicts the universal law of resemblance between offspring and parents. In face of these admissions, it is not surprising that the great German physiologist Virchow should have described the doctrine, in which the Darwinian hypothesis culminates, of the descent of man from an ape-like

form as a dream. "It is absolutely certain," he says, "that man is not descended from apes."* The dogmatic denial is, perhaps, even rather than the dogmatic affirmation. But the dissent of Virchow justifies the assignment of the theory to the class of problems and not of facts. It is a scientific opinion but not yet science. The *liberum veto* of the Polish Diet was a mischievous political institution. But science has its legitimate *liberum veto*; and the deliberate protest of one of its duly accredited representatives has a nullifying, or at least a suspensive, effect. One of the three theological conditions—*quod ab omnibus*—holds good in science, and is necessary to the conversion of probable opinion into recognized truth. The man like ape and his ancestor the ape-like man resemble the supposititious ancestors whom the Heralds' College is believed sometimes to interpose to fill up lacunæ in a pedigree. The *anthropos alalos*, the speechless man, is wanted, and no scientific detective has yet been able to lay his hand upon him and run him in. Supposing he should some time or other be discovered, would he be of much argumentative use? Would he bridge over the gap between the unreasoning and the reasoning animal, which is as deep and wide as that between the living and the unliving? The absence of language is the absence of reason. The logical priority of thought over speech does not involve its chronological priority. Thought is, in one sense, a condition of speech, the thing to be expressed of the expression, but it is the accompanying condition, not the condition precedent. Without thought no language: without language no thought. The two things emerge and grow together: the vesture and that which it clothes, the embodiment and that which it embodies. The maxim *omne rationale ex rationali* is as yet as completely beyond scientific disproof as the maxim *omne vivum ex vivo*. The question whether the lower animals think, involves the prior determination of what is meant by thinking. No better definition of reason can be given

* *Materials for the Study of Variation and Discontinuity.*

* Quoted by Haeckel, *History of Creation*, Vol. ii., pp. 439 and 984.

than that which describes it as the faculty whose large discourse looks before and after. Animals, there seems some reason for supposing, live entirely in the present, their apprehension of the objects before them is instantaneous, and they act upon it with a completer and more precise exactitude than human beings do. But there is little ground for supposing that they have memory or foresight in our sense of those words, that they can recall an absent object distinctly referring it to the past, or anticipate its presentation in the future. There is no reason for thinking that they have any conception of a past or a future. When the whip with which a dog has been flogged is shown him, its physical presence brings with it the association of pain, and he crouches or slinks away. When he sees meat upon the dinner-table, or on the butcher's stall, the same association with a present object deters him from repeating an unfortunate experiment of theft. But there is no ground for thinking that in the absence of the whip or the meat he occupies himself about them, that he is capable of reflection. On either alternative the maxim *omne rationale ex rationali* holds its ground. If animals do not reason, if language is necessary to thought, the man-like ape and the speechless ape-like man would not fill up the gap between the sentient and the rational. If animals do reason, there is no gap to be bridged over, or at any rate it is pushed back to an earlier stage of the process, where it is even more difficult to fill it up than before,—that in which sentient life with no trace of individual reason emerges from the insentient.

What ground, however, is there for believing that reason was absent from the world until it animated some animal or human frame? It is embodied in the scheme of things. The system of the universe is an Intellectual System. The laws of thought recognize in it their own reflection, or rather their own original. Why then hesitate to admit an Eternal and Unoriginated Reason and an Eternal and Unoriginated Life, as readily as eternal and unoriginated matter and force. 'Εν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος is the conclusion to which science tends. By itself it may

not take us beyond the recognition of an immanent Reason; but so far it seems to carry us. The philosophers who, under the bias of an hereditary doctrine, like J. S. Mill, or dominating physical conceptions, hesitate to admit this, are not consistent with themselves. Mr. Mill, for example, while apparently believing that mind and life as we know them are the result of organization, nevertheless affirms that "mind from a philosophic point of view is the only reality of which we have any cognizance."* Surely the philosophic point of view should be the true point of view. But then he proceeds to deny that we have any cognizance of mind, as such, at all. All we—who are "we"?—know, and indeed all we are, is a series of states of consciousness, not necessarily belonging to any conscious being, a succession of feelings and perceptions *in vacuo*, floating about like interwoven threads of gossamer. But this series, as Mr. Mill candidly acknowledged, has one remarkable peculiarity: it is a series of feelings aware of itself as a series—a series, that is, endowed with memory and expectation. It would be as reasonable to say that a line of march is aware of itself as a line of march, and that the column or square in which soldiers are drawn up is conscious of itself as a column or square. Mr. Mill is content to call this paradox "a final inexplicability;" and he seems to think that it is sufficiently explained by calling it inexplicable. Mr. Huxley occupies much the same position. Avowing himself a disciple of Descartes he regrets that Descartes was not thorough enough. His preliminary, provisional, and partial scepticism ought to have been final, dogmatic (if such a word can be used of scepticism), and all-embracing. In his *Discours de la Méthode*, not less fascinating as a fragment of autobiography than important as the fountain-head of modern philosophy, Descartes shows how he stripped off acquired belief after belief, and found that though he could doubt of everything else he could not doubt of himself as doubting. He ought, Mr. Huxley has argued, to have doubted his

* *Mill on Hamilton*, third edition, p. 242.

own existence too.* *Cogito, ergo sum*, said Descartes. "I think, but it does not follow that I exist," says Mr. Huxley in substance. Mr. Huxley's personal pronoun contradicts him, as the Latin inflections of Descartes' verbs confirm the elder philosopher. The agnostic's psychology dictates his theology. He will not admit that reason in man implies a being who is reasonable, and he therefore consistently enough refuses to see in the intellectual system of the universe an intellect of which it is the expression. He will not affirm the existence of God because he will not affirm his own existence. He is an agnostic in relation to a Deity because he is an agnostic as regards himself. It is curious that Mr. Mill, who was in speculation at once an acosmist and an apsyichist, threw away all these refinements and became practically a Theist when in his posthumous *Essays on Religion* he discussed the intellectual and moral problems offered by nature and human life.

The truth is every man is conscious not only of his thoughts, but of himself thinking. "To each of us," as the late Sir James Stephen well expressed it, "'I' is the ultimate central fact which renders thought and language possible." "All human language, all human observation, implies that the mind, the I, is a thing in itself, a fixed point in the midst of a world of change, of which world of change its own organs form a part. It is the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow. It was what it is when its organs were of a different shape, and consisted of different matter from their present shape and matter. It will be what it is when they have gone through other changes."† The possibility at

any rate remains that the "I," which is permanent through all the changes of the organization which it informs, and which it may have preceded and may outlast, originates that organization and is not originated by it. May it not be the formative impulse which Mr. Huxley acknowledges, the Archæus which builds up from germs in which analysis has not yet been able to detect any difference, the diverging forms of the plant and animal, the lichen and the man?

It is inevitable to believe that as reason in man supposes a rational mind substantially existing, and not a mere series of states of consciousness, so the Rational Order discernible in the Kosmos implies a Rational Disposer. His designs and character we must, of course, interpret in terms of our own thought and feelings, though they may be below or wide of the truth, just as we interpret the feelings and actions of the lower animals by human analogies which transcend them. We anthropomorphize the brutes upward as we anthropomorphize the Deity downward. The gaps which the physical sciences leave in evolution are thus filled up. An Eternal Life in the universe explains the transition from dead matter to living organizations, an Eternal Reason in the universe explains the development of life into mind, of the sentient into the rational, and indeed the whole cosmic process in its successive stages, from the gaseous mist to man. If these things have come out of the "indefinable latency," it is because they were in it from the first. You cannot evolve anything out of a thing which was not originally there. Whether, and by what steps of thought, the Immanent Reason leads us to a Reason which is Transcendent, to the Deity of a moral and spiritual Theism, or finally to the God of Christian theology, is not for discussion here and now.—*National Review*.

* Huxley's *Collected Essays*, Vol. i., pp. 175-7.

† *Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality*, 2nd edition, pp. 313-14.

THE AUTOMOBILE: A FORECAST.

BY HARRY C. MARILLIER.

WANDERING in the pleasant environs of Paris, or even further afield, upon the broad *routes nationales* of the Charente and La Beauce, it is no uncommon thing to meet on a summer day a little open vehicle flitting along without apparent means of motion, upon noiseless rubber-shod wheels, or panting forth a gentle warning from a square-shaped box in front. Two, and sometimes three, persons are seated in it, one of whom drives by means of a handle. To stop or to start again requires the turn of a screw or the push of a pedal. Such, in its most accomplished and most graceful form, is the *Automobile*.

To see it pass at racing speed—some of these little machines can spurt at twenty miles an hour—takes one's breath away at first. The apparition is uncanny, leaving a sensation like that which no doubt impels Brittany children, on catching sight of a cyclist, to cross themselves (a lady cyclist, *en culottée* as the custom is in France, produces a quite remarkable effect on some of these little Catholics in the remoter parts of the province). But those who have swallowed the cycle will not strain long at the *Automobile*; and after the first decent show of apprehension has been disposed of, the obvious exhilaration and novelty of the exercise begins to exert a charm. For there is joy in going quickly and in doing no work, and though the eye be proof against surprises, the heart is not fortified against desire, and—*enfin*—it is probable that in a year or two every one will be wanting to drive without horses, and to scour the open country at sweet will in a vehicle that can match the bicycle for lightness and for speed, while saving the superfluous element of labor. In other words, there is no reason why, within a decade at most, we should not see considerable changes in our present modes of travelling.

That such a revolution should be sprung on us ready-made is humiliating and rather remarkable. Locomo-

tion is a matter on which, as a nation, we are inclined not a little to fancy ourselves. The railway sprang from our loins, and setting aside certain of our southern lines, which are notorious, no country knows better how to manage it. Worthy to rank with the British railway is the British liner. The British coach was famous before both, and British carriages to this day are held in honor. As for the British cycle, it is pre-eminent in almost every market for excellence of design and manufacture. It is curious, therefore, that Britain should have had no hand in evolving the automatic vehicle, though, as we shall see, there is a reason for it; and it is even more curious that, failing this country, it should have been left for the French, who are adept rather at claiming than originating mechanical devices, to produce such a development, instead of the Americans, who have specialized one branch of it, at any rate—the electric tramway—to an extent undreamed of yet by other nations.

It is small comfort to know that the earliest efforts were mainly British. The steam-carriages of Hancock and of Gurney were antiquated and cumbersome machines, designed rather to startle the last generation than to exert any influence on this one. Had the matter not been allowed to drop, however, something might have come of it, for our grandfathers at one time were much exercised about mechanical road traction. Even a velocipede, in which the rider pushed himself along by kicking at the ground, was regarded as having "a real philosophical character, and as likely to be of the very first importance to certain classes of society" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1819). The following notice, picked up in a remote north-country village, shows that even there the infection had spread, and offers a vague suggestion of something more complicated and ungainly:—

TO BE RAFFLED FOR

On Saturday, the 9th day of November, 1892,

A GRAND GIG,

MADE BY JOHN JAMESON,

Cart and Plough Maker, Knarsdale.

He can ride upon it and carry along with him two boys or girls, each a chair to sit in, and one for himself. By turning the handle backwards or forward and by turning the helm to the right or left it will go. She has three wooden wheels, three cast metal wheels, and brass bushes. It is a great curiosity to see it!!! One shilling for one throw is paid, and book his name. Mr. Thomas Milburn and Mr. Jonathan Walton to be inspectors for the throws. The subscribers may appoint any person to throw for him.—Justice will be done.

Printed (according to order) by J. Pattinson, Alston.

Watt himself patented one attempt, depending, like all the other important ones of his time, on steam. But with the failure of steam the matter seems to have dropped. The enterprising generosity of *The Engineer* in offering a premium of £1000 for the best mechanical carriage of British design may succeed in reviving the old interest now; but, whatever the outcome of it, we must admit that we are too late in the field to establish any kind of priority claim, or even to do justice to our past reputation. And yet the problems involved in automatic locomotion are not in themselves especially difficult ones. They require the combination of lightness, strength, and elegance, with a choice of the most suitable engine for converting fuel into power. The fact that English engineers have done so little of late years toward their solition is primarily, no doubt, due to the cause that automatic road vehicles, except in the form of traction engines and steam rollers, have been practically rendered illegal in this country by the Locomotive Acts, and by that bewildering tissue of statutory anomalies, the local authority by-laws. That they were intentionally excluded is not likely, as they had hardly been thought of; but since the Act is administered literally by the Local Government Board, and since, in point of fact, several promising ventures, including a line of electric omnibuses which was proposing to grace the Hammersmith Road, have had to be given up on this account, the effect may be

taken as the same. It is true, I believe, that one reckless individual has succeeded in evading the authorities, and has recently accomplished a journey of fifty miles over English roads, on an automatic dog-cart built in France. But this, so far as I know, is a solitary achievement, and might have ended in penalties of forty shillings and upward for quite an assortment of by-laws contravened.

As a matter of reference a list of the principal clauses which operate to check automatic travelling in this country may not be without interest. Ten years hence they ought to appeal to the historian of curious facts. "I am sure they are insignificant enough," as the great Master of Trinity remarked. First, there is a Locomotives Act of 1861, the common ancestor of all subsequent Acts, which pleads as its reason for existence that: "Whereas the Use of Locomotives is likely to become common on Turnpike and other Roads, and whereas [certain previous] Acts do not contain any Provisions for regulating the use of such Locomotives . . . be it therefore enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, etc., . . . as follows":—

3. Every locomotive propelled by steam or any other than animal power, not drawing any carriage, and not exceeding in weight three tons shall have the tires of the wheels thereof not less than three inches in width.

* * * *

11. It shall not be lawful to drive any locomotive along any turnpike road or public highway at a greater speed than ten miles an hour, or through any city, town, or village at a greater speed than five miles an hour; and any person acting contrary hereto shall for every such offence, on summary conviction thereof before two Justices, if he be not the owner of such locomotive, forfeit any sum not exceeding five pounds, and if he be the owner thereof, shall forfeit any sum not exceeding ten pounds.

* * * *

And whereas by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the same shrewd consent and advice, it was deemed expedient in 1865 that further and fuller provision should be made for the regulation of such Locomotives, now become common, it was enacted more precisely, as follows:—

Firstly, at least three persons shall be employed to drive or conduct such locomotive:

Secondly, one of such persons, while any locomotive is in motion, shall precede such locomotive on foot by not less than sixty * yards, and shall carry a red flag constantly displayed, and shall warn the riders and drivers of horses of the approach of such locomotives, and shall signal the driver thereof when it shall be necessary to stop, and shall assist horses, and carriages drawn by horses, passing the same:

Fifthly, every such locomotive shall be instantly stopped, on the person preceding the same, or any other person with a horse, or carriage drawn by a horse, putting up his hand as a signal to require such locomotive to be stopped.

* * * * *

4. Subject and without prejudice to the regulations hereinafter authorized to be made by local authorities, it shall not be lawful to drive any such locomotive along any turnpike road or public highway at a greater speed than four miles an hour, or through any city, town, or village at a greater speed than two miles an hour; and any person acting contrary thereto shall for every such offence, on summary conviction thereof, forfeit any sum not exceeding ten pounds.

Finally, by the Locomotives Amendment Act of 1878, Section 31, it is enacted that the Corporation of the City of London, and the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the Council of any Borough which has a separate quarter sessions, may make by-laws as to the hours during which locomotives are not to pass over turnpike roads or highways, and may grant annual licenses to locomotives, and exact fines of divers magnitudes, all which are a terror to peaceful men.

Now, it will be seen at once from the above, that whatever may be done in the ordinary way of driving a coach and four through Acts of Parliament, a coach *without* the four, or for that matter any vehicle of less exalted stature—the trim Victoria, or the dainty dog-cart, even the whirling tricycle,† if there be absent the saving grace of animal propulsion—would have as much difficulty in forcing its way through these combined enactments as the camel of apostolic times would have had in negotiating a Syrian needle. So

* Subsequently amended to twenty yards.

† Mr. A. H. Bateman's Motor Tricycle is an actual case in point. See the *Wheel World*, March, 1881.

to remedy the grievance—for grievance it has at last become—the late President of the Local Government Board brought in yet another Bill, to “amend still further the regulation, etc. . . .” by annulling all that had gone before in respect of vehicles weighing less than two tons. This Bill was unfortunately shelved in the scramble which attended the late Government's exit from power, and therefore has not passed into law. But there are symptoms that it will come up again on an early occasion, and then the obstructions to “automobling”—or whatever the sport may be called—should vanish.

Before dealing with the changes for which, it is legitimate to expect, this Bill will pave the way, some information should be given as to the extent to which automatic travelling is already an accomplished fact in France. This will be best done by setting out the results of the recent competitions for *Automobile* vehicles. Following on a couple of velocipedic contests in 1891, the *Petit Journal* last year organized a race for *voitures sans chevaux*, over a course of seventy-eight miles, between Paris and Rouen. Every size and kind of vehicle were admitted, with certain restrictions as to cost, manageableness, and minimum rate of speed. The preliminary tests weeded out all but twenty-one of the intending competitors, and six of these failed to make the goal within the specified time; so that there remained fifteen to deal with, of which thirteen were driven by petroleum (or gasoline) motors, and two by steam engines using coke as fuel. No electrically-driven vehicle survived the test. The quickest time over the course, counting all stops, was five hours forty minutes, achieved by a steam driven traction engine; but as this hardly satisfied the conditions of lightness and elegance required by the problem (and indeed it must have been a horrid sight to see this bulky body tearing up the ground in its flight), the preference was awarded to four petroleum-driven carriages by Messrs. Peugeot & Co. and Panhard et Levassor, which divided the first prize between them. The pace credited to these was something short of fourteen and a half

miles an hour, which dwindled away by degrees to nine miles an hour, the speed attained by the second steam carriage, which gallantly plodded in last.*

The contest which took place this year, in June, showed similar but, in some ways, more encouraging results; for although the number of successful vehicles was reduced to nine out of a largely increased field, the conditions of the trial were very much more severe. The course was run from Paris to Bordeaux and back, a distance of nearly seven hundred and fifty miles, which the winning vehicles (by the same pair of makers as won the previous year's record) covered in the remarkable time of forty-eight hours forty-eight minutes, and fifty-four hours thirty-six minutes respectively. This, taking the first figure, gives a rate of fifteen miles an hour. The race, once more, was to the petroleum engine, which secured the first eight places, leaving the ninth to a cumbrous-looking steam vehicle built for seven persons, and travelling at the dignified speed of eight miles an hour. It must be admitted, however, that the steam vehicle lost twenty-two hours in consequence of a breakdown, and did well to arrive at all within the stipulated time.†

The following is an analysis of the twenty-nine vehicles (out of forty-six entries) which were ready or able to present themselves for this contest:—

Steam, using coal-briquettes.	1
Steam, using coke fuel.	6
Petroleum (gasoline) carriages.	16
Petroleum (gasoline) tricycle.	1
Petroleum (gasoline) bicycles.	3
Electric motors.	2
	<hr/>
	29

The mixture suggests something between a "caucus" race and a view of the road to Epsom on Derby Day; but when it came to the starting-point some of the less homogeneous elements were removed. Thus, for instance, the tricycle failed to put in an appearance. Of the bicycles, one did not start at all, the other was prematurely demolished by collision with a dog. One of the electric vehicles contented itself with a short promenade round the suburbs of

Paris, not feeling equal to coping with the difficulty of re-charging its batteries when they ran down. The other performed a creditable but expensive feat by providing in advance relays of charged cells at ten different stations along the route. In spite of this precaution, which got over what has always been considered one of the main difficulties in connection with electric vehicles, it failed to arrive at the winning post.* In fact, one of the points most conclusively settled by these contests is that for light and rapid road work the electrically propelled vehicle is a failure. Storage cells, even with vulcanite cases and of the spongiest build, are too heavy for the energy they provide; in addition to which they are fragile and troublesome, will run for too short a time without re-charging, and call for a system of dynamo stations along every main road before they could ever come into even moderately practical use. It is a pity that it should be so, for they possess undoubted advantages on the score of simplicity and cleanliness, and are so much safer than the petroleum engine that one cannot help hoping they may justify themselves some day. Indeed, one may say that for use in towns, where the traffic is slow and the streets are smooth, they have already done so. In our dream of the future they play a prominent part as the natural successors of the hansom cab and the omnibus.

Of the petroleum vehicle, which has proved itself so far incontestably superior to all rivals, it may be said that it owes much of its extreme lightness to its modesty in the matter of fuel. A few pints of gasoline or rectified petroleum will suffice it for five or six hours; and when this is gone it is easy to replenish at a cost of something like a halfpenny an hour. According to a foreign scientific journal, the comparative weights of fuel required for petroleum, steam, and electric (accumulator) traction to produce one horsepower for an hour are 14 ozs. of gasoline; $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of coal and 40 lbs. of

* M. Jeantaud, the owner of this vehicle, has since published a pamphlet in which its behavior over 600 kilometres of the course is described.

* *La Nature*, July 28th, August 25th, 1894.

† *Ibid.*, June 15th, 1895, *et seq.*

water; and 250 lbs. of cells. As the cells are not consumed, comparison in this case is difficult; but it appears from information supplied by M. Jeantaud that his electric vehicle which entered for the *concours* carried 400 lbs. of "Fulmen" accumulators for every horse-power hour it was capable of giving. Its complete weight was $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons, and it carried six people.

The petroleum carriages, fitted with small Daimler motors, similar to those in use for launches on the Thames, are so light that they can be run on rubber, and even pneumatic tires, rendering locomotion luxurious, and reducing wear and tear to a minimum. This in itself is not unimportant, for the petroleum engine is apt to vibrate, and, besides, the gasoline fuel it employs is different from ordinary petroleum, being a light-flashing oil or spirit which is capable of igniting at -10 degrees centigrade. This property has the advantage of making the engine sensitive and easy to start; but it is distinctly a dangerous one, and precautions would have to be taken before such machines were allowed to become common in the streets of great cities. Oil engines, too, have other objectionable traits, which need not be mentioned here, but which would tend to confine their sphere of usefulness to the broad high road. Once there, however, and free from the interference of bumpkin officialism and offended by-laws, there is no limit to what they may accomplish. The pushing commercial traveller, the busy farmer, the doctor, the overseer, and the country parson may all find in them a rapid and convenient means of locomotion. For some, indeed, it may be too rapid. Our country classes do not rush blindly into the blessings that Providence—or competition—puts before them. With a strong conservative reaction about, this phase is likely to be specially prominent, and for all that one can tell the "sense of the country" may be tempted to place automatic traction under its anathema. In which case the *Automobile* will have to wait, so far as the country parson and the farmer are concerned, for the next swing of the pendulum. The bagman is likely to be less nice about scruples of the

kind. He will move with the age, if his interest is served, and do other unholy things. Besides, in respect of his occupation he may rank as a professional man, and as time goes on professional men will have more and more to economize on the physical side of life, if they would meet the increased strain and worry that is being thrown upon the mental side.

For we say that repose has fled
Forever the course of the river of Time,

and whatever man can do to free his eyes from the sights that offend them, his ears from the noises that rend them, his energies from the shocks which expend them, assuredly will have to be done. Any who for their sins are doomed to ride much on metropolitan railways will appreciate to the full the importance of locomotion as a factor in daily life. To be whirled along in a crowded train, with a zoeotropic effect of brick walls flashing past and telegraph wires dipping, or swayed on an omnibus through the roar of London streets—those streets that Daudet found so silent, poor man, after Paris—is purgatory to the weary brain striving unconsciously, pathetically, to adapt itself to conditions for which it was never intended.

With the *Automobile* in general use, how much of all this would be altered? The electric tramway would glide noiselessly along all main arteries of the city, not hooting with horns as it does at Havre, but giving melodious warning of its approach, and dealing with that endless stream of human traffic which makes one, looking over London at night, feel as if the sea were sounding in one's ears. All the jar, the rattle, the patter of the hoofs would be gone from it, gone with a hundred other things that one would gladly miss. Reft of its smoke and sulphurous fumes, the "District" railway, along with several other "undergrounds," now in course of promotion, will enter upon a useful and hal-lowed career. The hansom cab—what has it to offer in comparison with an automatic rival? A horse that shies and bolts, or drops dead lame, or drags its miserable limbs along and hangs its sorry head. A horse that on wet days

goes staggering down the slimy streets, or lies, a piteous spectacle, struggling and kicking on the ground. A horse that is lashed, and jagged, and galled into hatred of life, if sense remains to it, by an alien and inhuman master. Are we too brutalized to mind these things? The brain takes note of them unconsciously, and in the end we pay, just as we do for the wood-laid pavement chipped and destroyed by those ever-clattering hoofs. A daily paper sings a threnody over the threatened decay of the horse:—"For many generations," it says, "the horse has held the place of honor as the noblest of quadrupeds, and the best friend of man. He has been immortalized once for all in the frieze of the Parthenon, and Art has ever since taken him for one of its most attractive subjects. Since ever man and horse came together the former has ridden upon the back of the latter to deeds of love and war. As for the poets, what would they have done without it?" And so on, ending less magniloquently with an appeal for the British traditions of

A ride in the morning gray
On the back of a bounding steed.

It is difficult to see what connection there is between riding a bounding steed and slaving it to death between a pair of hansom shafts. Lovers of the horse should rather welcome its enfranchisement, and ten years hence, or perhaps twenty (as ills die slowly), they may see it. Then there will be no more sickening sights in our streets, and no more slime to cause them. Light rubber tires will pass and leave no scar upon the fair-laid asphalt. If London seemed to Daudet a silent city, what will it seem in those days? A city of the dead!

And the country too; what changes may it witness! I have hinted at the busy traveller threading the mazes of the busy traveller threading the mazes of outlying parishes, with his pack beside him, and penetrating beyond the reach of railways. In this and many other ways, a need for improved communication will help to push the movement forward. But wide as the openings are for business, for purposes of pleasure they are ninety-nine times wider. If proof be needed, we have it in the re-

cent rain of bicycles. To many of those who have gone with the craze, or were in before it started, bicycling is primarily a means of physical exercise. The sedentary and the dyspeptic find in it a welcome relaxation from stiffened limbs and jaded appetites. But all the world is not dyspeptic, and all the world does not crave for exercise. Many of those who bicycle must loathe the exertion connected with it. Sir Benjamin Richardson says that it induces the worst effects of alcohol. And even discounting those who bicycle for their bodies' sake, and those who bicycle for fashion, there must be left a very large number who do so because it is a simple, practical way of seeing the country while yet avoiding railways, and because it affords a motion (I speak of good Beeston or Dunlop tires) which is rapid, comfortable, and exhilarating. If these advantages could be equally well secured without an expenditure of energy, many persons would be able to avail themselves of them who at present do not; and many who do, because they can get nothing better, would be likely to make the exchange.

I am not suggesting that all who can afford to bicycle could also afford to invest in automatic carriages. The question of cost is one that must be left alone at present. Time and popularity are the great cheapeners of all things; and until they have had time to operate, it is impossible to say how far down the scale of graduated incomes the *Automobile* will make its way. At present, we are told, the cost of a vehicle in France is from £180 to £250—a price prohibitive to the average man; but competition may be expected to bring this down to a more reasonable figure, and until it does so men will have to hire. That the *Automobile* will follow on the bicycle may practically be regarded as certain. Everything has been leading up to it. The bicyclist has opened up new roads and brought about improvements in our old ones. He has partially revived already the old-fashioned country inn, which on the decline of the coaching days had almost ceased to exist. He has created the taste for road-travelling, and he has succeeded in awakening among the

"higher circles" a spirit of emulation that none could have foretold. It is from the said "higher circles" that the new movement will have to spring. Bicycling may be an original sensation, but fatigue cometh in the morning; and I doubt if any sensation could justify fatigue for long. A witty sketch in *Punch* suggests the coster's "moke" as the next step downward in aristocratic crazes, and represents a fashionable crowd striving to maintain their balance, each as near the tail of a hired donkey as possible. In rational succession, the *Automobile* stands a better chance. It offers hope to those whose dignity or size debarred them this season from joining in the giddy throng of cyclists, and will appeal to others who were not debarred, but should have been. That, and the fact that many of the "Battersea brigade" will test this autumn for the first time the pleasures of road-travelling, render it probable that here we shall find the starting-point of reform in locomotion. Make it a fashion, and the rest will follow.

I named ten years as the time within which we might see the railways given up to business traffic and persons in a hurry; the country dotted with airy vehicles flying along on roads that con-

tinental nations might be proud of; the "posting" system revived with all its ancient glamour, only the ostler vanished, in whose place one summons the engineer. Electric trams and electric cabs shall have worked wonders in our cities, which now will be clean and sweet instead of foul and muddy. As traffic becomes gentler, rates will diminish. Heads will no longer throb with disagreeable sights and sounds. The busy man will be able to think as he drifts along on wheels of softest motion; not agitated by thoughts of the wretched beast in front, nor distraught by noises round him. Modern life will have lost a few of its worst terrors.

I named ten years as the time within which all this *might* happen; but a nation which sees a religious revival in a mere political revulsion is not a thing to be reckoned with lightly, or in a spirit of confident prophecy. When it *will* come is quite another matter. But that it is part of the scheme of general progress, and in the direct line of civilization, I make no doubt. It seems to be now so near that we may almost regard it as a link between the present and that ideal future when life shall consist of sitting in a chair and pressing buttons.—*New Review*.

A KHUD IN THE PUNJAB.

BY E. CARRINGTON.

WHAT is a khud?—A place just entirely delightful, in which may be seen a few of what we whimsical islanders are pleased to term "odd people."

But what is a khud? A rift in the granite hills, where the lower ranges of the Himalayas run down to meet the laughing, fertile, sun-baked plains. A rift so narrow, till you are on the brink you scarcely perceive it; not unlike the Devonshire combs that Kingsley loved so well. True, the salt breeze is many hundred miles away, but there is plenty of good wholesome fog clinging to the steep rocky sides in July and August, hanging low over the rustic bridges, till your eyes can hardly find the gray waters of the torrent, foam-

ing, and swirling, and dashing against the boulders at the bottom. There are keen blasts too, blasts that will almost lift you off your feet as you stagger along the ridge, with blinding rain or cutting hailstones driving in your face. Such days are, however, for old friends, not for strangers making acquaintance. For a first visit choose out a khud in the Kangra Valley, some early morning in June, while the coolies are settling to their work in the tea-gardens above. Then come and sit in the khud, and you shall see a few of the odd things it contains.

Look at the head of the gorge, where the great buttresses of rock loom out of a blue and purple mist already turn-

ing to gold as the sun peeps over the edge of yon crag, melting away in the warm light till you are able to trace the "nullah" with its white thread of foam, higher and higher, through ravine after ravine, till like grim sentinels guarding the pass to the eternal snows stand the mighty tosh-trees. By and by they shall be hewn down and sawn into tea-chests! Beyond the great tosh-trees are the snow-fields, and to these, once or twice a week, climb a couple of coolies. In constant apprehension of a bear, and stopping continually to pull off the leeches that fasten on their bare legs, they will bring down a huge bar of solid snow to cool soda-water and harden butter for the planters below.

Sit down on the short, closely cropped turf, under the shade of a boulder. You can watch the long-suffering dobbies toiling up and down the rocky steps. They exhibit a preference for white and gold turbans, the design ingeniously stamped in Mooltan mud. Their lives are spent pounding with dull thuds muslin and cambric on the smooth stones of the torrent. To-night among those smooth stones there will rise a wild fitful flame, shooting upward with strange flashes, as the body of some Hindoo undergoes cremation.

But the morning is too joyous for such dark suggestions. There is a sound of rushing water from innumerable watercourses, overhead there is a pale misty sky, while at the mouth of the khud even the glowing plains are invisible. A tender mist veils all. Creeping up the khud and nearing the pine-woods are Hindoo villages. Rudely sculptured in stone are grotesque little representations of Hindoo deities, the deity of each house, and before these hang withered votive offerings. Winding paths, roughly paved and thickly bordered with small trees, lead to the huts. At the entrance of one of these vistas, under the arched boughs, you see a cluster of women and girls, half laughing, half defiant, ready to skurry away like a parcel of children, while picturesque figures in pink and red draperies are perched about among the boulders, tending goats.

Below you, on a sort of island in the

torrent, there is a herd of black cattle watched by Guddis. These are the real denizens of the khud: Gadis, pronounced Guddis, hill-men as we English call them, a tribe of shepherds inhabiting the Kangra hills and Chamba. In spring they start with their flocks for the high mountains, and in autumn return with them to the lower pastures. The small homesteads, niched here and there in the hills, with deep ochre walls and thatched roofs, looking as if they must be crushed by the great masses of boulder that have rolled down the hill-side, belong to these Guddis. A curious race, so light in color they are almost white, having only the air of being sunburned or tanned; they have oval faces with fine sharply cut features, very dark hair and eyes, their heads thrown back, a free step and upright carriage, very different from the obsequious, deprecating manner of the ordinary "native." The men, women, and children wear a sort of pelisse of white blanketing, open at the throat, showing handsome silver ornaments on a thick twisted skein of dark wool. A large square plaque engraved with birds, beasts, and flowers, with two smaller plaques at each side. These ornaments are made in the old Rajpoot state of Chamba, and become heir-looms, only parted with when reverses of fortune have brought the poor Guddi into the clutches of the remorseless money-lender. The women are entirely free from the coquettish airs of the Hindoo women. They seldom converse much, and shrink back from strangers. To look at them closely offends them, to notice their ornaments is considered an insult, which the men are quick to resent. The older women are remarkably hale and vigorous, with shrewd sensible faces and dark kindly eyes. You may see them leading their little granddaughters by the hand along the steep narrow paths. They wear large silver earrings, a pendant arc of fine perforated work, with graceful fringe of minute balls or leaves, and each carries at her girdle a bunch of cowrie shells, sometimes quaintly twisted on a scarlet string. These are the family funds, cowries representing sums for which no recognized coin is sufficiently small. As the shepherd lad bounds

from boulder to boulder, his agile figure, large bright eyes, and dark locks blown back by the breeze against his high white cap, reminds you of an Italian boy, but there is something of hardness infused, his mountain rearing effectually preventing all southern softness. The proverb runs: "A Guddi is a good-natured fellow—if you ask him for a hat, he gives also a coat," and the tribe have always maintained a good reputation.

The whole of the Kangra Valley is amazingly fertile. Wherever space will permit even the khuds are cultivated. There are two crops in the year; the winter or autumn crop consisting of wheat and linseed from November to April, the summer or spring crop from May to October, rice and Indian corn. Irrigation is carried on by means of watercourses cut in the sides of the khud. They are centuries old, and have always been preserved with infinite care. By an optical delusion, the water appears to be going up hill. The bed of the khud is entirely filled with tiny lagoons, artificially constructed, tier above tier, forming "rice-fields." They will become a sheet of the most vivid and beautiful green, but at present nothing is visible except a few yellow stalks floating on the surface of the little pools, which reflect every passing mood of the sky. The rice is celebrated for its extreme whiteness, and is almost unrivalled as table rice, but this benefits the middleman rather than the grower. Rice is not a paying crop, the persistent weeding required is very unhealthy work, as the crop is always standing in water. A diligent owner is sure, sooner or later, to be seized with low fever; then the crop is left to take care of itself, and bankruptcy follows.

On the higher levels you can see the tea-gardens, generally belonging to Europeans, principally to Englishmen, and in which an enormous number of coolies find employment, as many as six or seven hundred being employed in one garden.

As the morning advances all kinds of wayfarers pass through the khud. There is the merchant with stuffs from Cashmere. And there is the chattie

man, carrying a number of big red jars with open mouths and bulging sides, miraculously disposed in two nets, and slung across his shoulders on a bamboo pole.

Then there is the duck man. He has come up 150 miles from Ludhiana in the plains below. On his ramshackle little pony, scores of ducks are packed in panniers. Their plumage is dark, almost black. They quack all together, and quack every moment, till the noise is deafening and almost drives the purchaser crazy. The duck man will take eight rupees a score from Europeans, seven rupees from natives. Even at eight rupees you get five ducks for three shillings. They are good sizeable ducks, and after a few days' feeding are fit for table.

There are strings of coolies winding up the zigzag paths, men and women clad in a striped brown blanketing which is very effective. One gang carries deal planks, another square tea-boxes strapped on their shoulders, then come charcoal carriers with upright baskets like the "trottes" used by the Swiss peasants.

As noon approaches they gather round the baniya's hut for their mid-day meal. There under that spreading tree they cook dishes of curry and rice in shining brass vessels over charcoal fires. A more picturesque scene cannot be imagined. You long for a Rembrandt to immortalize it. The "baniya" is a grain merchant, and the interior of his hut is a harmony in brown of which his orange turban forms the keynote. Reticent and watchful, he detects at a glance which customer will prove a bad debtor.

Modern painters are continually crying out for fresh subjects—surely there is a field in India which would yield a rich harvest. Native life teems with models full of interest, and that could hardly fail to be popular in English galleries.

The neighborhood of the khud is still full of the old Rajpoot families, curious illustrations of *noblesse oblige*. In almost every house are daughters compelled to perpetual spinsterhood, because there lack suitors of sufficiently noble lineage. They are worthy de-

scendants of the famous lady who, when the Emperor Aurungzebe sought her hand in marriage, wrote to her chivalrous lover, Raj Sing, the following pithy epistle: "Is the swan to be the mate of the stork, a Rajpootin princess the wife of the monkey-faced barbarian?" History relates that the knight proved equal to the occasion, and the scornful little lady was rescued from the Mogul troops at the foot of the Aravulli hills. There is a real pathos in the fate of modern Rajpoot maidens. For these heroic, fastidious little souls the nineteenth century has yet to find a vocation.

Rajpoot ladies were celebrated formerly for their needlework, an exquisite sense of touch enabling them to divide the strands of silk in a wonderful manner. Handkerchiefs may be obtained embroidered with figures of animals and men in which the stitches require a microscope. These are, however, becoming rare. Like other beautiful needlework nearer home, it is no longer thought worth while, crowded out in this utilitarian age.

As the afternoon sets in, you will notice the apothecary from the nearest town. Bestriding a wooden looking horse, whose every joint seems to jerk by some machinery, his progress is slow and sure. With wide Turkish trousers tucked into great jack boots, a turban and a frock coat, he presents a sufficiently remarkable costume, an indication of the Anglo Hindoo jargon of which he is master.

When the shadows begin to lengthen there comes a procession of kahars carrying doolies. The sweat pours down their brown limbs and drops from their shaggy hair. Toiling, perspiring, panting, they move rapidly along, grunting in a sort of rhythmical cadence, which once heard is never forgotten. As the shoulder is released from the stout bamboo pole, it seems as though wind and muscle have been strained to exhaustion, but the next instant the light-hearted kahars, as they take their turn for a whiff at the cherished hookah, are exchanging witticisms regarding the Sybarite they are carrying, whose doolie is either a luxurious couch, or a rack of excruciating

torture according to the skill or inaptitude of the bearers.

Less travel-stained are the coolies carrying "dandies" in which the European ladies of the valley go to church, to tennis, and dinner parties. A "dandy" resembles a skeleton boat so portable that the bearers can run at a great pace. With a cushion at the bottom it is very comfortable unless the bearers, "jampans" as they are called, according to the proverb *More haste less speed*, should let the dandy fall, when it is said that the process of finding your own level is not agreeable.

Perhaps the most curious fact with regard to all these "odd people" remains to be told. They never molest a stranger. They neither heave a brick at him, as in the more enlightened parts of our own manufacturing districts, nor do they levy blackmail after the fashion of southern Europe. Although in their estimation you may be a *Cæsus*, they will never ask you for the smallest coin. The only thing a coolie will ask is a match to light his extinguished hookah.

Men are not the only queer creatures to be met with in the khud. A couple of cheetahs usually reside in the nullah. They only go abroad after sunset, and by choice their diet is mutton. In the autumn they go up to meet the returning Guddis, and will follow every march of the flock, crouching behind the rocks to pounce on a stray sheep. In the absence of mutton, they prefer small dogs; men they will only attack when driven by fierce hunger, and even then they will seize the hapless native rather than the European. Bears are plentiful, and the white leopard is found occasionally near the snow line. His skin is very valuable. In the pleasant summer mornings and evenings, the lower slopes of the khud are invaded by troops of monkeys, leaping, bounding, springing along. The elasticity and buoyancy of their movements can hardly be realized by those who have only seen them in captivity. They climb the trees and devour the half-withered fruit, they play and sport and chatter. Excellent barometers are they, for when mischief is brewing no mon-

key stirs from home; they are never seen but in settled weather.

Winged game is abundant, including the beautiful Monal and Argus pheasants. Indeed bird life is very largely represented, from the great vulture that comes soaring down the gorge, through every variety of kite and hawk, to the flights of green parrots with their pretty red heads, the bulbuls, doves, and minas, the magnificent kingfishers, and the wonderful birds with the long white tails, looking as if they had robbed a cotton factory, while in June you may still hear the liquid notes of the cuckoo.

Descending to things that creep, there is a liberal supply of snakes. Only one small kind is venomous. The larger snakes, six feet long, are good natured and amiable. With the peculiarity of their race they shed their skins, and it is a curious sight when the planter during his early rounds comes suddenly upon six feet of empty

snake-skin standing out straight and stark from a tea-bush.

If you have patience to linger till dusk, a thousand fireflies dart hither and thither, and you may dimly observe superb moths setting out on their career of conquest. Some measuring ten inches across the wings, with salmon spots on a ground of pale green. It is too dark to appreciate their beauty, but to-morrow they will be found dazed in the sunshine and may be examined at leisure.

Most lovely is the khud at night, when the torrent is sleeping and the heavens wake with their myriad points of light; but stargazing is profitless, and leads to the song of the sluggard in the morning. While the twilight deepens, bid farewell to the khud; something of regret will mingle with your adieu, and you may possibly be tempted to reflect that a khud contains more odd people and things than are dreamt of in Western philosophy.—*Leisure Hour.*

MICHAELMAS TERM AT OXFORD.

BY FREDERIC ADYE.

It was the term we liked best, many of us, in those old undergraduate days, which seem sometimes so near, sometimes so far away; better almost than those long lounging summer days when, training for the eights being done, and the strain of so many nights' successive racing relaxed in a delicious idleness, we were free (those of us who happily were not in the schools) to make the most of the residue of term, with commemoration and all its attendant joys at hand. Oxford looks her best perhaps, and certainly most thoroughly *sui generis*, on one of these still autumn days, when the gray tones of her time-worn college walls harmonize so exquisitely with the pearly skies, pierced by her "dreaming spires," and with the brown tree boles in Addison's Walk, by the winding Cherwell, or in Christ Church and Merton Meadows. Mortimer Collins once remarked that though people insisted upon going abroad for the picturesque, the two most beautiful cities

to his mind were Bath and Oxford, the two finest rivers the Thames and Severn. How the place has grown within the last two decades! About the Parks, and St. Giles, and up Headington and Cowley ways, rows and terraces of houses, with detached villas by the score, have enlarged the borders of the ancient city far out upon her erstwhile somewhat dreary roads. The most notable feature is the increase in the number of the fair sex in evidence, and what student of *literæ humaniores* will be so ungallant as to deny that this is a vast improvement. Well-filled perambulators, too, testify to the innovation of married "fellows," and Mr. Punch's ancient prophecy is doubtless fulfilled:

"While students chaffe, with many a laugh,
Ye pretty nursery maydes."

A turn round the place on a fine afternoon at this time of year is exhilarating enough. November is a month, we are accustomed to hear, of gloom and weep-

ing skies, and is accepted by foreigners as the one of all the twelve most characteristic of the national temperament. Let them come to Oxford. The High is thronged with freshmen, pacing as it were with pride of ownership that wondrous street, the grace of which not even the modern intrusion of macadam and tram rails has been able to mar; and ordering of obliging tradesmen requisites (and superfluities) for their new and proud estate as "members of this university." They love the place already, and will love it always, notwithstanding certain disappointments and disillusion in the matter of self-esteem which probably await them. Does any one fancy his scholarly or athletic prowess? He comes now to measure his strength against three thousand of the pick of our British youth; and many a reputation gained in a smaller arena will suffer diminution here. Let us hope the discipline will be a salutary one. Brimful of buoyant, happy youth are the parks, the racket courts, and river; and who can deplore the waning of the year in such blithesome company? The flying football bounds on the spacious playing-fields, and Isis is thronged with boats. Diffident freshmen man the tub-pairs and fours, while stentorian mentors stand in the stern and urge them to greater stiffness of back, or that quickness of recovery which marks the world-famous Oxford stroke. "Look ahead, sir!" resounds in sharp, clear accents through the pearly haze which overhangs the river, and a light ship in training for the coxswainless fours dashes past like a flying fish. What a glorious patch of color the crimson blazer of the "coach" makes against the misty gray of the landscape as he tears ahead of us along the tow-path, adjuring with winged words his crew, first favorites for the coming contest! And here, with a tiny white flag at her prow, and attended by a mounted coach in dark blue cap and jacket (no less a personage than the President of the Oxford University Boat Club), comes with measured rhythmic stroke one of the trial eights, sixty-four feet long, manned by a stalwart lot of young fellows, the chosen of whom will give a good account of

themselves at the end of next term in that severe struggle from Putney to Mortlake. There are two trials, which, when finally made up, race together at Nuneham or Henley, and from the men who acquit themselves best in either boat the vacant places will be filled up in the 'Varsity crew.

Returning from the river, we peep into some of our favorite colleges, watch the fallow deer feeding close up to the new buildings of Magdalen, or stroll through the Gardens of John's, Worcester, or New. How still they are, and sweet; and how admirably the gray buildings blend with the tender green of the well kept lawns! "I should like to have such turf as this," once said an American millionaire to a college gardener; "tell me, my man, how you manage it," and he fumbled significantly in his pocket, as though to indicate a willingness to pay for the required information. "Well, sir," was the reply, delivered with the quaint humor of an old college retainer, "it's werry simple; you cuts it as close as ever you can cut, an' you rolls it, an' cuts an' rolls it for six hundred years!"

Very lonely the great quadrangles are in the hush of afternoon, when athletic youth is at its favorite pursuits, and even the hard-reading man has left his Politics of Plato or his Nicomachean Ethics, and gone for his two hours' constitutional. No ringing shout or gay laugh echoes against the venerable walls; no clatter of scurrying feet resounds through the empty cloisters. All is still—still as the tomb, but for the jackdaws clamoring about the towers and in the lofty elms, and the subdued hum of the streets. Here some sad reflections will perforce arise. How many of those are gone who in our time made merry in those dim wainscotted rooms above, where the last rays of daylight are flickering now on the little panes of the heavily mullioned windows—gone not merely from here, but vanished forever from all earthly scenes! And those who remain—how different the careers of some of them from what we should have anticipated! How poorly has the brilliant promise in one case been fulfilled! how brightly has shone the unsuspected talent in another! Familiar faces haunt

us, ghost-like, through the hoary courts, and voices long silent seem to speak again. Well, well, those were pleasant days, and the memory of them is grateful to most of us; though perhaps there are few who in their maturer years do not at times regret that they did not improve to greater advantage the golden opportunities of their youth.

But let us mount this short flight of broad stone steps, and, pushing open the massive doors, pass behind the tall screens into the old dining hall, and see once more the mighty fire gleam and play upon the dark polished tables and the oaken wainscot, and—crossing its light with the rays of the setting sun which stream in through the western windows—illumine with ruddy glow the portraits of college worthies which line the walls up to the dusky roof. These are the good folk who will presently be commemorated in the college grace—"Agimus Tibi gratias pro fundatore nostro, cæterisque benefactoribus nostris," etc. Not all stately nobles or Doctors Dryasdust are they: the eyes of more than one mellow portrait follow us round the hall with a humorous twinkle in them, suggestive of a capacity still to enjoy any college jest or merry tale which may go the

round of the high table this night, or divert the occupants of the common room over the walnuts and the wine. But now enters an army of scouts laden with snowy cloths and silver tankards to prepare the tables for dinner, before whom we retreat. Through the buttery hatch as we go out we behold the manciple in his little den making out the bill of fare; the white-capped cooks move to and fro in an atmosphere suffused with ravishing odors; while below, in the vast cellar, the butler is doubtless drawing the bright and cool October of last year, for which our college enjoys a particular reputation. We too would stay and dine, but for the melancholy fact that there would probably be not a soul present who would know us from Adam.

Now, as we emerge in the fast gathering dusk, the chapel bell is tolling quick, and scholars white-robed, for it is the Feast of All Saints, issue from the various stairways and flit like ghosts across the shadowy quad. Dark-hued forms mingle with them, and the cloisters ring with a hundred echoing steps. Then the organ peals forth, and the storied windows of the chapel gleam like jewels as we pass under the groined archway of the tower out into the night.—*Good Words.*

VERDI: THEN AND NOW.

Born 1813.

BY FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

VERDI is a great study. He is distinctly an epoch-making musician. A composer who in 1845 had yet to be heard in England, and who at the present time commands the lyric stage of every country of Europe—especially the English—as no other composer does, becomes, necessarily, an important subject for critical study. He stands the most successful musician of the nineteenth century; and of all the famous exponents of dramatic-musical art which Italy has given to the world, he is indisputably the greatest. The land of song has produced many notable musicians, many wondrous melodists;

but not one of them—not even Rossini—has made such an impress upon the national art as has Verdi. This will be found to be fully the case when the Italians write their national musical history. When a man's name travels and re-travels to the furthestmost corners of the earth as no other contemporary name has done—and this by virtue of remarkable work—there must be an extraordinarily exceptional initial power behind all this. Fame is an exacting, if fair messenger. What she has said of Verdi she has published universally and loudly—a proclamation the more noteworthy when we remem-

ber the restricted aspect of Verdi's work, and have in mind the fact that he contented himself practically with one only of the several branches of musical composition—viz., Opera. To win his reputation, therefore, even if we discover it to be ephemeral, is, indeed, a vast achievement. Other pre-eminent musicians have labored in every branch of their art—sacred and secular, vocal and instrumental, oratorio and opera, symphony and quartet, song and dance; with all this they have hardly come to be known outside the walls of their own countries during their lifetimes. There seems to be a profound art problem here, but the solution is really close to hand. The greatest of the great composers were each and all before their time. Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, and Schumann came at times that were all unprepared for them. Verdi, on the other hand, whose phenomenal success is unlike theirs, was born to the moment. The musical world was waiting with open arms for a composer who could rouse it from its lethargy, for it had been satiated with opera music of a meretricious order, though it emanated from Verdi's own countrymen—from which any deliverer, and any deliverance, could not fail to prove welcome.

There is no need to ask, "Who is Verdi?" He is the one Italian master who has put a girdle of melody literally round the world. Not to the accomplished musician, the cultured amateur, the plodding student, and happy musical circle of the home only is Verdi known; but to take England alone, by name and tune he is familiar to thousands of the poorest and lowest, whose only music is the street-organ, and whose main musical literature is the opera-house announcements on the theatre doors and public boardings. Men and women who cannot pronounce the name of Mendelssohn articulate Verdi; and outcasts and arabs, whose opera-house is the wide-wide metropolis, whose only orchestra is the piano-organ on wheels or crutch, have the Italian *maestro* in name and tune on their tongue-tips. This may not be Art, but it is magnificent.

"Ernani" was the work by which

Verdi was first introduced to the British public. It engendered a dispute among musical people such as has only been equalled by the famous Gluck and Piccini feud of 1776; or that more recent controversy begotten of Wagner's music and doctrines—the wrangle that gave us the term "Music of the Future," a spiteful innuendo which the enemies of the modern German master invented to indicate the fit location of his music, and which epithet Wagner himself adopted as exactly describing an art and teachings which a debilitated and distempered age was too feeble to understand. It was Mr. Lumley, the *entrepreneur* of Her Majesty's Theatre, who among other attractions introduced the young Italian composer, Verdi, to England:—

"Industrious importer! who dost bring
Legs that can dance and voices that can sing
From everywhere you possibly can catch
'em;
Let others try, they never yet could match
'em."

Which was perfectly true.

"The season," to quote Mr. Lumley, "was announced to open (8th March, 1845) with the 'Ernani' of Verdi, a composer as yet unknown to the mass of the musical English public. But he had been crowned triumphantly, and had achieved the most signal success in Italy. 'Ernani' was generally pronounced at that period one of the best, if not the best, of his many applauded operas. It would have been strange if the announcement of the first production of one of Verdi's works upon the Anglo-Italian stage had failed to excite the attention and interest of the musical world. That it excited the general enthusiasm awarded to it so lavishly in Italy cannot be asserted: that it was a failure may be emphatically denied. The general result of this first introduction of Verdi to the English public was a feeling of hesitation and doubt; or as some one drolly said at the time, the 'Well! I don't know' had it. The English are tardy in the appreciation of any kind of novelty, and the reception of Verdi's opera was only in accordance with the English habit."*

Some of our critics took to Verdi; others made a dead-set. The passion, fire, and strong dramatic effect that stamped his work stood in striking contrast to the enervating, sentimental style of the Mercadante-Donizetti-Bellini opera that preceded it. The felicitous distribution of the vocal parts;

* Reminiscences of the Opera (Lumley), p. 102.

the several characters of the *dramatis personæ* so musically individualized; the novel and attractive orchestration; the *motivi* distinguishing each singer, the perfect *ensemble*, the sterling, well-proportioned whole opera—these, all strong characteristics of Verdi, from the first, although critically discounted, perforce commanded the attention and respect of the capable musician. "Encore followed encore from the rising of the curtain. . . . Solos, duets, and trios were applauded with equal fervor; but the concerted pieces created the most surprise and admiration. . . . The *ensembles* possess a novelty and impassioned fervor unprecedented."* So far as competent judges were concerned, it was clear enough to all, save the perversely blind, that in Verdi there was a new musician, one who was a great advance upon any of his countrymen, and deserving of encouragement. Finer concerted music than that of "Ernani" had rarely been heard in any previous Italian opera. Which of Italy's composers had written fresher numbers than the two *finales* of the first and second acts, the duet between Ernani and Elvira, and the aria "Ernani involami"?

There is no doubt that political circumstances had something to do with Verdi's jumping into popularity, at the first time of asking, in Italy. This was not the case in England. No element of luck attended his *début* here, where he stood not wholly upon his merits. From the first he encountered a determined opposition, which, it is to be feared, was due more to prejudice than to reason and good judgment. It has never been quite clear what this opposition really wanted; but that it was supported particularly by such a power as the late Mr. Chorley, for forty years the independent musical critic of the "Athenæum," is sufficient evidence to prove that it was formidable. Weber (1786-1826) and Meyerbeer (1791-1864) were of course known here. That romantic character pervading the German national Opera had been familiar to English ears through Italianized

versions of such supernatural-subject operas as "Der Freischütz," "Euryanthe," and "Oberon;" while opera-goers were becoming accustomed to the gorgeous pageantry and dazzling resources of gigantic examples of operatic architecture like "Les Huguenots," "Le Prophète," and "L'Africaine." But the leopard cannot change its spots. Surely sapient critics were not expecting a transformed Italian operatic model at one bound? Verdi had been applauded in Italy for what he was accomplishing on the conventional lines of his country's Opera. He was professing nothing more, and Mr. Lumley contracted for naught else; nor did Verdi come with any more ambitious mission. As all the world knows, Verdi has since accomplished immeasurably more in bringing Italian Opera fully up to the level of the Weber, Meyerbeer, or Wagner model. The public to-day will listen to Italian operas of the "Aïda" and "Falstaff" stamp; but fifty years ago their production would have brought forth a storm of disapproval. Verdi's earlier operas—his "Ernani" and "Il Trovatore"—were fully worthy of the average tastes of their times; and if it is maintained that they are now going out of fashion, precisely the same can be said of several German and Franco-German operas, which certain critics applauded while they abused Verdi, and with which Verdi's words were compared and declared to be inferior. It is passing strange, however, that this year (1895) the "Trovatore" has drawn crowded houses to Covent Garden theatre, and that the highest lady in the land—our gracious Queen—has commanded a performance of the opera at Windsor Castle—a performance prompted, no doubt, by lasting memories of the music, which through many years, and many trials, have clung to her Majesty; so that, after all, there must be something good, some magic power, in "Il Trovatore" music.

Whatever was the real cause—the strong feeling between the managements of the rival opera-houses may have prompted some of it—it is certain that Verdi encountered a determined and unfair opposition on coming here. Equally certain is it that Mr. Chorley

* The Illustrated London News, March 15, 1845.

of the "Athenæum" became the mouth-piece of the opposition. With a freedom permitted to its talented staff that did infinite credit to the management of that leading journal of art and literature, its pages were allowed to be long disfigured with anti-Verdi criticism such as it is now difficult to understand, unless it had for its object the immediate Germanizing of Verdi by sheer force of censorship. The musical drama is the most artistic manifestation which the musician can express. A successful grand opera demands all that is highest in music, drama, and a host of other phases of cultured training. This can only—save very exceptionally—be achieved toward the end, not at the beginning, of a lifetime; and the perspicuous critic should be able to foresee the prospects of this in a young composer. Great as Mr. Chorley undoubtedly was as a musical censor, he did not forebode the successful future of Verdi any more than he did that of Mendelssohn, his judgments upon whom have long since been overturned. We contend that perspicacity is the first law of, as it should be the first qualification for, criticism; but the leading critics—those of the "Athenæum" and "Times"—did not discern the great future awaiting Verdi. On the contrary, he was hounded *à outrance*. Little wonder that when "Rigoletto" was produced here (May, 1853), the critic of the "Illustrated London News" was moved to write:—

"Verdi's career in this country has been curiously checkered. If artistical anathemas could have annihilated his fame, then would he have long since ceased to have been heard of; but he appears to enjoy a cat-like vitality among our amateurs. Never was there one of his works produced, either at Her Majesty's Theatre or at the Royal Italian Opera, but he received a terrific castigation from criticism, and the musical public were assured, after these awful denunciations of indignant journalism at the performance of such 'unmitigated trash,' that the name of Verdi would be no more uttered in this musical metropolis." *

Fiat justitia! The critics were relentless. Satiated perhaps with Italian Opera, they wanted no more of it, and in this humor approached Verdi with

blinded eyes and blunted reason. A few of the expressions used would seem to show this:—

"Our first hearing of the 'Nino' ('Nabucco') has done nothing to change our judgment of the limited nature of Signor Verdi's resources. . . . He has hitherto shown no power as a melodist. . . . How long Signor Verdi's reputation will last seems to us very questionable." *

"The force of noise can hardly farther go. . . . It is something to have touched the limits of the outrageous style. . . . The melodies are old and unlovely to a degree which is almost impertinent. . . . May we never see its ['Attila'] like again" †

"That the arias, duets, etc. [of 'Attila'], should be commonplace, mere repetitions of Donizetti, Bellini, and Verdi himself, was naturally to be anticipated, as he is rarely strong in such *morceaux*. But there is a want of dramatic coloring even in his *ensembles*." ‡

When "I Masnadieri" was produced, we read:—

"Surely the question of our good (or bad) taste in rejecting *Il Maestro* as an authority is finally settled, and the field is left open for an Italian composer. Signor Verdi has left England. We take it to be the worst opera which has been given in our time at Her Majesty's Theatre." §

Of "Luisa Miller," we are informed:—

"There is little from first to last in the music to reconcile us to the composer. . . . The music of 'I Due Foscari' was meagre and dismal enough, but the music of 'Luisa Miller,' so far as idea is concerned, seems yet more meagre and dismal." ¶

The "Times" criticism was equally unmistakable, since it described the opera as

"an uninterrupted series of commonplaces, pale, monotonous, and dreary, which may be fairly symbolized as the sweepings of our composer's study, or the rinsings of his wine-bottles" ¶¶

Other of the master's works as they appeared in succession were written of in a similar contemptuous spirit. "Rigoletto," which has been performed with acclamation this (1895) season, was voted by the "Times" as

"the most feeble opera of Signor Verdi with which we have the advantage to be acquainted—the most uninspired, the barest, and the most destitute of ingenious contrivance. To

* Athenæum, March 7, 1846.

† Ibid., March 18, 1848.

‡ The Times.

§ Athenæum, July 24, 1847.

¶ Ibid., June 12, 1858.

¶¶ The Times, June 14, 1858.

* The Illustrated London News, May 21, 1853.

enter into an analysis would be a loss of time and space."*

But enough. "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," and other operas by Verdi, were declared little, if at all, better than their predecessors. Yet to-day Verdi is the most successful, most admired, most popular operatic composer, whom critics are compelled to touch their hats to and acknowledge—whether they believe in him or not.

All this, however, as a footnote to history. Verdi has outlived all opposition, and has risen to a great artistic eminence, fully deserved in the case of one who has labored so ably, and so unremittingly, in music. Now the critics on all sides fall down and worship him. He is beloved in England not less than in his own land, while all the world will long remember him by his *Requiem* Mass and latest operas, if not by such familiar lingering strains as "*La donna è mobile*," or "*Ah! si ben mio; coll' essere io tuo*," "*Quando le sere al placido*," and scores of others.

Verdi was born on the 10th October, 1813, at Roncole, an unpretentious settlement with three hundred inhabitants, hard by Busseto, which in its turn is at the foot of the Apennine range, and some seventeen miles north-west of Parma in Italy. A Latin document which has been discovered informs us that he was christened Fortuninus Joseph Franciscus, although the world at large knows him only by the name of Giuseppe. Verdi's parents kept the village inn or *osteria*, and if poor, were hard-working and respectable people. *Padre* Carlo Verdi was illiterate; but he had a brave little wife, who saved the life of the world's future melodist ere he was many months old. In 1814 Italy had not emancipated herself, and in that year the village of Roncole was sacked by the invading Allies. Then the frightened women took refuge in the church—safe, as they thought, under the image of the Virgin; but the soldiers forced the door, and slew women and children until the floor ran with blood. One mother, with an infant at her breast, flew to the belfry and hid there, so saving herself and

her child. This child was the infant Verdi!

As vendors of wine, spirits, and malt—to which, to make ends meet, the thrifty pair added a retail grocery department—the Verdi family were brought much into contact with the frugal *contadini* of Roncole. The peasant-folk and workers wended their way to the humble inn, their day's work o'er, to purchase articles of food, or to discuss over a flask of wine such weighty matters as the Italian political world, and its bearing upon Busseto in particular. By these customers the future composer was patted and petted. Wine and Music! Another illustration of the curious union between harmony and alcohol, which has never yet been accounted for by Good-Templer philosophy. Again, Poverty and Art! Who would surmise that the greatest dramatic melodist of the century would be born under a roof where there was not a musical instrument of any kind? It is a sorry reflection, but a study of the lives of the great tone-poets will reveal the astonishing and lamentable truth, that while the world's fairest minstrels have been shaping glorious melodies and harmonies, to gladden hearts in all ages, they themselves have been enduring lives of misery and want. Happily, in Verdi's case, there is one feature usually attaching to the lives of great musicians which is quite wanting. He was no prodigy, and was never served up as a wonder-child. The unsophisticated Italian loves music much as a lark loves liberty, and he is not ashamed of the sound of the word *virtuoso*; yet, poor as they were, the parents of Verdi did not seek to force music either into or out of him as a child. It is pleasant to know that the little fellow enjoyed a perfectly natural child-life, playing with the children indoors and out of doors until he was old enough to be sent to school.

The first musical signs made by Verdi were ominous. They were in connection with the street—or in—and all the world knows what it has subsequently suffered from Verdi being on the street-organs. Think of London alone! Also, of the late Mr. Babbage, and Mr. Bass's London Street Music Bill! An itinerant organ-grinder used

* The Times, May 16, 1853.

to come betimes to the Roncole inn, when little Verdi would run to stand and gaze in wonderment at the musician and his music, nor would he leave the attraction until fetched away. One especial favorite with the child was Bagasset, a decrepid violinist, who predicted to the innkeeper that his son would be a great musician some day. Verdi helped this poor fellow in after-years, when the prophecy had been amply fulfilled.

When Verdi was about seven years old, his father added a spinet or pianoforte to his worldly possessions. The child had already shown some taste for music; for beside the street-music episode, the priest at Roncole had kicked him down the altar-steps for paying more attention to the music from the organ than to his duties as acolyte, or server, at Mass—a post which his naturally quiet demeanor had obtained for him. No sooner was the piano in the house than young Verdi went at it with a will, until one day, because he could not find some favorite chord upon the keyboard, he was discovered in great anger belaboring the instrument with a hammer!

At eight years of age Giuseppe was sent to school. By virtue of an acquaintance with one Pugnetta, a cobbler, the future composer of "*Il Trovatore*" and "*Aida*" was boarded, lodged, and sent to the principal academical institution in Busseto at the modest charge of threepence *per diem*, so that the boy's schooling did not present a very formidable item in the innkeeper's ledger. At about this same time Verdi's father provided regular musical instruction for his son. The local organist of Roncole was one Baistrocchi, and to him young Verdi was confided for the first musical training that he ever received. He proved an apt pupil. At the end of twelve months Baistrocchi resigned his charge, declaring that the pupil had learned all that he could teach him, from which we must infer that the master's knowledge was somewhat limited, or that the pupil possessed an abnormal appetite for musical learning.

By ten years of age Verdi went out into the world. When the industrious parent used to be seen toiling along the

Busseto road, under a broiling sun, with his market-baskets pitched high on his broad shoulders, he had been replenishing his grocery stock from the stores of one Barezzi—a good fellow who played an important rôle in Verdi's career. He was a musical enthusiast, and generally at the head of what took place, musically, in Busseto. Hearing so much concerning little Verdi from his father, the merchant grew interested in the boy, and acceded to the request to give him a trial as an office-boy. If ignorant of such advanced teachings as "props," theorems, and declensions, the boy could at least read, write, and cipher sufficiently to show promise of becoming useful. Into the counting-house of Barezzi, dealer in spirits, drugs, drysaltery, and spices, the future great musician consequently went.

Barezzi did not discourage the lad's hobby. On the contrary, he gave him the use of his piano, and paid Provesi, the cathedral organist, to give him lessons. Then the priests got hold of him, and wanted to make a monk of Verdi. Fancy the future composer of so much gay choreographic music in cowl and cloister! One priest, Seletti, predicted that he would never even be organist of Busseto, much less a composer. Verdi was sixteen years old when he left Provesi, during which time he had succeeded to his former master, Baistrocchi's post, as organist of Roncole, at the salary of £1 12s. yearly. Now was his parents' ambition realized. They had hoped no more than that their son would one day be organist of the village church!

There was in Busseto an institution named the Monte di Pietà, which, among other useful operations, granted premiums of 300 francs per annum, whereby poor and promising students were enabled to prosecute their studies. Verdi applied to the authorities, as he wished to go to Milan to study; and although the wheels of benevolent machinery turn slowly, the advance was finally granted. An unforeseen obstacle awaited him. It is a grim commentary upon the usual way of doing things all the world over, that the man who has made melody for humanity for half a century and more past, to

say nothing of the future, should have been refused admission to the training institution of his own land. Verdi, ludicrous as it may appear, was declined at the Conservatoire de Musica of Milan on the ground of his showing no special aptitude for music! Failing to get into the Conservatoire, Verdi placed himself under Lavigna, conductor at La Scala Theatre, Milan. This was in 1831, when Verdi was eighteen years old. At this time he had already done enough book-learning. What he needed was practical stage experience, and familiarity with those broad principles of dramatic art treatment without which he could never hope for a success. All this Lavigna could give him.

Verdi married at the early age of twenty-two years. He had won the affection of Margarita, the eldest daughter of his employer, Barezzi, who did not oppose the union, albeit Verdi was still poor, notwithstanding that he had become, through Provesi's death, organist of the cathedral, conductor of the Philharmonic Society, and leading musical professor of Busseto. The consequences of wedlock left the young musician with every inducement to work. A son and daughter were born to him within two years of his marriage. There seemed every prospect, therefore, of his having further responsibility, and, very properly, he began to think of provision. Alas! could he but have seen his almost immediate future! What needless foresight! In 1838 he took himself and his belongings to Milan, to make his first real move in his great operatic career—to contribute the first to that long series of dramatic musical productions which have commanded the interest and admiration of the civilized world.

Possessed, as it might almost be said he was, by the demon of the stage, Verdi faced nearly insurmountable difficulties to get a first hearing. "First nights" then were not such first nights as now, when, among other curious anomalies of life, every charlatan can have his own theatre, his own critics, and his own newspaper. Eventually "Oberto di San Bonifacio," our subject's first opera, was produced at La

Scala Theatre on the 17th December, 1839. The conditions were a production free of all expenses to Verdi, with the division equally between Verdi and Merelli, the *impresario*, of any sum for which the score might be sold. Verdi jumped at the offer, for in those days it was the fashion for *impresarii* to demand, and receive, indemnities from young and unknown composers wishing to have their operas mounted and brought forward. *Tempora mutantur*. Nowadays the difficulty is to find the talent!

From first to last, from "Oberto" to "Falstaff," Verdi's operatic creations have been almost one long series of successes—a gradual ripening of style and development toward a perfection unparalleled in the case of any other composer for the lyric stage. Opera has followed opera with that rapidity which is a sure sign of genius, and each succeeding work of importance has appeared to be more remarkable than its predecessor. From the very outset, therefore, Verdi made his mark, save to the eyes of a few who, having started to abuse Verdi, were forced to stick to their guns. The Italians immediately perceived that his handling of the national art was some new thing, and those who are enjoying the matchless productions which have crowned the master's later years must be aware that these early impressions of his countrymen have been amply fulfilled.

His first operatic success brought with it the greatest sorrow of the musician's life. Verdi thus relates it:—

"At the beginning of April [1840] my bambino [his little boy] fell ill, and the doctors being unable to discover the complaint, the poor little fellow grew weaker and weaker, dying finally in his mother's arms. She was beside herself with grief. A day or two following our little daughter fell ill, and this illness soon terminated fatally. My cup was not yet full. Early in June my dear wife was seized with acute brain-fever, and on the 19th June a third corpse was carried from my house. Alone! alone! In a little over two months three coffins—all that I loved most on earth had been taken from me forever. I had no longer a family!"

Amid all this trouble Verdi had to write a comic opera, the MS. of which was already overdue.

Some years afterward he married the charming and talented singer Signora

Strepponi, who performed so effectively in his opera "Nabucco," now the sole companion of Verdi in the evening of his life, for he has been blessed with no more children.

That quiet demeanor which marked Verdi as a child has clung to him through life. The serious expression seen in the master's face—the first impression that a glance at his portrait will convey—has been there from birth. At school he held aloof from all boyish play, and left his fellows to their own devices. When studying at Milan he was never the free, careless, devil-ne'er-care fellow that a musical student was wont to be. "He is a fine fellow," said Lavigna to Signor Barezzi, who had called to inquire as to the progress of his *protégé*. "Giuseppe is prudent, studious, and intelligent, and will some day do credit to himself and our country." This same disposition has marked Verdi all through his life. As the man he is the very antithesis, not by nature but by will, to Verdi the musician. Foremost as an operatic composer, enforced to be a celebrity, Verdi wears his greatness both humbly and unconcernedly. Time after time his countrymen have sought to drag him into the arena of public life, but he will have none of it, and prefers to remain plain Signor Verdi—the *Maestro* of Italy. Orders have been bestowed upon him, and his sovereign has offered him a dukedom, which latter he declined. He dislikes the turmoil of the world, and the honors and attention for which most men clamor have no attraction for him. He lives only for his art and religion.

Politics have rarely, if ever, been more identified with a composer's career than with Verdi's. He sounded a first note, and immediately became an idol in the eyes of those supporting the fortunes of the House of Savoy. The Austrians were masters of Venice, and Verdi's downtrodden countrymen detected in his melodies the patriot and deliverer. In the chorus "*O mia patria, sì bello e perduto*," chanted by Hebrew slaves in "I Lombardi," the Italians saw a reflection of their own wretchedness. *VERDI* spelt the name of the composer. The capitals stood, too, for the initials of "Victor

Emmanuel, *Re d'Italia*." How the impatient Lombardians seized hold of what seemed to them to be an inspired coincidence! Under cover of the name Verdi—avowedly their musical god—they could shout for Italian liberty and independence right into the ears of the Austrian spies and police. *Viva Verdi! Viva Verdi!* from the mouths of the populace meant, not only a tribute to the patriotic musician, but was another way of demanding Victor Emmanuel in lieu of the Archduke Francis. If the police interfered with the patriots, it was their beloved musician who had so moved them, and for whom they were shouting! The people who cried applause at the stirring ardent ring of the melodies in his early operas, "Nabucco," "I Lombardi," etc., have clung to their hero-worship. In 1859 he was made a member of the Parma Assembly: then they elected him to the Italian Parliament in 1861, and finally his countrymen called him to the Senate in 1872. He has never attended a meeting, however, of that solemn and illustrious body since he presented himself to take the oath.

Unlike most men who have become famous, Verdi finds his native place big enough to hold him in his prosperity. He lives at Sant' Agata, a villa close to Busseto, the town so intimately associated with his early years and fortune. The house is far off the high-road, concealed from view by trees and shrubs. Adjoining is a large and beautiful flower-garden, and a farm with all the appurtenances of a country gentleman's estate. Verdi's daily life is as simple as it well could be. He rises at five o'clock and sips a cup of black coffee, then he makes his way into the garden to look to his flowers—his own special hobby and work, in which, after music, he takes most interest. The next scene is the farm. Verdi is strong on farming, and superintends that department with as much zest as if he were forced to work it at a profit. His implements and tools are of the best make, nearly all of them coming from England. He is passionately fond of horses, and a Newmarket trainer could not be more particular respecting the class and condition of his equine possessions, or the state of their stables

and surroundings. His stud is known as the Razza Verdi, and its owner visits it almost daily. At eight o'clock the composer partakes of a light breakfast of coffee-and-milk, and at half-past ten *déjeuner*. Then he reverts to his gardening occupation, and becomes so intent upon his work that he dislikes the prospect of being disturbed by even that generally welcome guest the postman. Verdi hates a heavy correspondence, and although he submits to the inevitable demands of his position, he does all he can to discourage letter-writing. Withal, the two o'clock messenger invariably brings the *maestro* a heavy budget of correspondence. He dines at five o'clock in summer, and at six in the winter, generally taking a drive either before or after this meal. Then Verdi likes a game at cards or billiards before he retires for the night, which is invariably at ten o'clock. His reading is mainly poetry and a little philosophy. The chief part of the year is passed at St. Agata; but the winter months are spent by the composer and his wife at the Palazzo Doria, Genoa. They seldom visit or court visitors; but those having the privilege of joining the illustrious musician in his home are made exceedingly comfortable. There is only one condition—they must not talk too much about music. An interviewer is as a leper to Verdi, and haggling about business matters is distasteful to him. He has his price for his compositions, and it is that or nothing. Verdi is a very benevolent man, often sending money anonymously to those in want; but he hates his gifts to be made known. When his favorite librettist Piave fell ill and died, the composer charged himself with all the funeral and family concerns and expenses. Though over eighty years of age, the veteran still takes a little horseback exercise daily, and also engages in snatches of composition.

To understand Verdi, it is necessary to understand the origin and development of Opera—that branch of musical form to which practically he directed his sole efforts. The Italian school of Music has been a power since 1480–1520, when Pope Julian II. invited Bel-

gian musicians to Italy to take charge of its musical affairs. The first distinguished Italian master was Festa (*d.* 1545), remarkable for that grace and melody which has ever characterized the Italian school. Palestrina (1514–1594), *magister puerorum* at St. Peter's, Rome, followed, and then came the awakening of Opera. It was natural that this life should spring from Italy. The sky above and the earth beneath constituted a rare cradle of art. Melody in music is paramount—technically it forms the wings that give flight to every movement; without it music would be a helpless mass, unendurable to consider. Once present, melody carries all before it. This was a perfectly natural growth in Italy, for the national life, habits, language, and physical conditions all favored an expression of the mind in the melodically beautiful. In Opera, melody was ever the great essential feature in the eyes of the Italians, and although there have been struggles to dislodge it, the close of Verdi's career—the culminating point in the history of Italian Opera, even the reaction to-day in favor of "Il Trovatore"—furnishes the convincing proof that tune still remains the predominant factor in successful dramatic construction and realization.

Musical authorities accept Peri's "Dafne," produced in 1594, as the first actual opera. It was the work of a few Florentine *literati* who aimed at restoring the theatre of Æschylus and Sophocles. The feature of this dramatic-musical novelty was its *musica parlante*, a species of monody out of which grew "Recitative," so important an element in vocal music that it is difficult to imagine how the art could exist without it. Song might be, and probably would have been, dispensed with, if all the notions and novelties of Wagner had taken effect; but Recitative must always stand as the connecting-link between the chorus and the other concerted pieces. The orchestral accompaniments to "Dafne" consisted of a harpsichord, a chittarone, a lyre, and a lute—a scanty orchestra, indeed, compared with the vast instrumental resources adopted by Meyerbeer, Wagner, and Verdi himself. When the second opera, "Eurydice," appeared

(1600), it contained for the first time all the constituents wanting in opera—recitative, air, chorus, and a hidden orchestra. Opera proper was therefore purely an Italian product, which has held its ground for three centuries.

Monteverde (1566–1650) stamped a second period in Opera. He invested Recitative with greater strength and freedom, and astonished contemporary purists with his audacious orchestral designs. In his opera “Orfeo,” performed in 1603, Monteverde incorporated every known instrument—viz., two harpsichords, two lyres, ten violas, three brass violas, two violins, flute, clarinet, trombones, guitars or *chittaroni*, and organ. He took Opera to the borders of that almost limitless field where music becomes a medium of impression and expression—when the great melodists and colorists took it up—making a permanent life art-form and a speaking body from the otherwise lifeless art materials. Scarlatti (1695–1725) improved the aria or principal song, from which time melody began to receive that attention which led finally to its becoming the chief factor in Italian Opera. Lotti, Caldara, Gasparini, Jommelli, Porpora, and Buononcini, who followed, all gave prominence to the soloist at the cost of the chorus and other concerted pieces, thus leading silently up to great scenes, which, among others, Verdi created.

Gluck (1714–1787) came with a regenerating gospel. A century and a half's growth of Opera in Italy had reduced it to a mere exhibition of singing, and to restore it to something of an embodiment of all the arts—architecture, painting, poetry, music, and dancing—was Gluck's mission. His reformed style, as given in “Orfeo” (1762) and later in “Alceste” (1767), certainly justified his demand for a reform, and he will always be entitled to the title “Saviour of the Opera.” His influence bore more upon the French Opera than the Italian, however, and it was left to his great contemporary Piccini (1728–1800) to bring the old Italian model up to the date of Gluck's new style. To this end he effected improvements in the arias, duets, and vocal pieces; curtailed the repeats; employed several themes instead of one

for his *finali*, all of which tended to put a new complexion on Italian Opera. Later operatic impressionists were Spontini (1784–1851), who advanced the dramatic side of Opera; Rossini (1792–1868), who demanded larger choruses and the strengthening of the wind and brass departments of the orchestra; with, finally, Donizetti (1797–1848) and Bellini (1802–1835), whose melodic exuberance simply embarrassed and vitiated Italian Opera.

Such, briefly, is the story of the rise and development of Italian Opera—an art-form which, thanks to the labors of his great predecessors, was up to a certain point a perfectly complete art-form long before Verdi scored his first operatic success in “Nabucco.” Verdi had actually no need to improve the structure of Opera. All that was before him was the work of embellishing and coloring the edifice of art, a labor for which his rare sense of color and combination peculiarly fitted him. He was moved at first, probably, by no other desire than to compose a successful opera after the fashion of Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini. Avowedly he had no advanced mission—indeed, if he had, it is difficult to see in what direction it could operate.

Here, then, was Verdi's starting-point; and but for circumstances quite outside and unknown to himself, he might have gone on writing operas of the “Ernani,” “I Lombardi,” and “Il Trovatore” type, while his later grander effects, his *chef-d'œuvres*, might never have been written. But a great object appeared suddenly in the musical firmament. Wagner (1813–1883), with his train of fads and fancies, swept across the horizon, leaving unmistakable traces of his passage. At first content with the old traditional opera, with which he might have accomplished wonders, this original genius set about advancing and propagating unusual ideas concerning operatic usage and creation. The established forms and systems were chiefly attacked. In Italian Opera music and melody were the prime considerations; under the Wagnerian teaching the full and right dramatic exposition became the chief aim. This constantly implied a subserviency of the beautiful in

music. With Wagner the dramatic language is the most essential part of the work—or, to quote the master's own words in respect to the music of the "Meistersinger," he has "fitted his music to the thought expressed in language so imperceptibly that the latter is the dominant element." In "Tristan und Isolde" is a clear divorce from traditional opera form. Declamation, supported by music expressing the meaning of the words, displaces all the old-time operatic methods—*ensembles*, recitative alternated with song, closed and half-closed forms, etc. This was a return to the long-deceased monody of Peri and Monteverde, and in absolute contradistinction to all that the great dramatic music-masters had done. Other and minor notions, such as the *leit motif*, the ever-recurring phrases that were constructed in order to be identified with this or that personage, characterized the Wagnerian style—a style which it is necessary to be able to recognize, because that Verdi is alleged to have been largely influenced by Wagner. This is the great crime always laid to Verdi's charge by past and present detractors. Of the Bayreuth master it only remains to say that he saw the error of his ways, and that the abnormalities which mark his middle-period works were rejected for much of the old traditional method in his later operas. What Wagner and Weber did for German national Opera, what Meyerbeer, Auber, and Gounod were accomplishing for French *opera seria*, had the effect of leaving Italy far behind in the lyric-drama department. This Verdi determined to remedy. This is where Verdi steps far over the heads of all his musical countrymen.

Verdi has written in all some thirty operas. As might be expected, he is always largely imbued with the characteristics of his country's composers, an especially noticeable feature in such early works as "Nabucco" (1842), "I Lombardi" (1843), "Ernani" (1844), "I Due Foscari" (1844), and "Luisa Miller" (1849). In several later operas—works which brought him his world-wide popularity—"Rigoletto" (1851), "La Traviata" (1854), "Il Trovatore" (1853), "Un Ballo in Maschera" (1859), traces of Meyerbeer, Auber,

and Halévy are discernible, despite the composer's natural abundance of graceful melody and charming naïveté. One and all of these operas, however, possess one strongly marked feature—that ardent, fiery-dramatic character which lifts Verdi's work far above the accepted Italian operatic level.

Now came unmistakable signs of an art struggle that was going on in Verdi's mind. A transition process had overtaken the composer, to be heralded in "Simone Boccanegra," produced at Venice in 1857. Verdi could not but be aware that Weber and Spohr were investing German national Opera with that Romanticism which must always be its distinguishing feature. He felt impelled to give more character to his own country's Opera: he set about imbuing it, therefore, with new characteristics—among others, with an excess of that desperate passion characteristic of the southern temperament. Verdi's immediate predecessors—Rossini and others—had not left the accepted path of song after song of luxuriant warmth, suited to the whims and vocal abilities of this or that vocalist; but Verdi declared to revolutionize all this. His first attempt to do so was an utter failure.

It was with "Les Vêpres Siciliennes" (1855) and "Don Carlos" (1867), works written especially for the Paris Grand Opéra, that Verdi attempted a further *détour* from the accepted Italian lines. He modelled "Don Carlos," knowingly or unknowingly, after the style of French grand opera as formed by Rossini and Donizetti, becoming for the nonce Verdi-cum-Wagner, or Verdi and Meyerbeer. The result was a sorry mixture—something of a musical salad, the ingredients of which formed "a poor concoction calculated to derange the strongest musical digestion." The unadulterated Verdi, with the old familiar *bel canto*, was better than all the improvements suggested by Wagner, Meyerbeer, or any one else. Those scenes where the established art-forms had been deserted in order to give vent to orchestral painting were unanimously declared to be the failings of these two operas. So much for Verdi's effort to wring himself from the old familiar operatic form of his native soil. When

the mind of a great worker once becomes restless under a sense of new art possibilities, nothing but complete realization of the ideal will still it. To this extent Wagner and others did prompt or influence Verdi. The Italian saw clearly enough from what was going on in Germany how his country's Opera could be extended.

With those important operatic creations which mark the later years of Verdi's life, a third-period style is undoubtedly presented to us. "*Aida*" (1871), "*Otello*" (1887), and "*Falstaff*" (1891) are a startling and extraordinary advance upon any other of Verdi's operas. These are the works which will keep Italian Opera alive, if that effete institution can be preserved by mortal means. In these compositions Verdi has aroused himself to an altogether new sense of what his country's Opera should be, and what he could make it. So far in effect. Familiarized as the public had been with "*Tannhäuser*," and "*Lohengrin*," it expected a more logical and dramatic consistency than of yore—any new Italian opera required merit as a drama, and needed to be something more than a series of pretty tunes. "*Aida*" was the full enunciation of Verdi's new principles. Thus in it he discarded many orthodox processes—such as the splitting up of the acts into recitatives, airs, dios, etc.—substituting declamation, which meant a gain in dramatic action and continuity. The old-established forms—the *aria d'entre*, the *cabaletta*, and *canzonetta*—we find discarded for less continuous melody—piecemeal tunes, which give quite a different aspect to the work. The interest in the declamatory music is considerably increased, and all is so welded together that a very satisfactory dramatic whole is the result. The orchestration was, we will admit, seemingly new for Verdi, partaking of the Meyerbeer character rather than the Wagner. There was much picture-painting. The evident intent of Verdi in "*Aida*" was to paint instrumentally, to illustrate the text orchestrally, and to impart not only geographical but personal local color. This was essentially Wagnerian; hence much of the outcry that followed, although it must

be borne in mind that many of the instrumental characteristics attributed to Verdi's later years were present from the outset of his career—they being then abused, as a reference to the early "*Athenæum*" criticisms will abundantly testify. The orchestra in "*Aida*" is a much more important factor than in any of Verdi's previous operas, and to emphasize his effect the composer did not hesitate to use genuine Egyptian trumpets, Persian songs, and Oriental scales. It was this heavy scoring, in the brass particularly, which, as a critic put it, "would exact double the number and twice the tone of the strings at Covent Garden to counterbalance the blatant effects,"* that probably led to the allegation that Verdi had turned Wagnerite. But—and it must be emphasized—this charge was laid to Verdi as early as 1846. The sum and substance of the matter, however, is, that since writing "*Don Carlos*," "*Les Vêpres Siciliennes*," and "*La Forza del Destino*" (this latter for St. Petersburg, 1862), Verdi had in due time become more contemplative. This, however, was not owing so much to Wagner's as to Meyerbeer's and Weber's influence and model, and above all—success. The gorgeous operatic displays by Meyerbeer particularly had smitten Verdi, as they had every one else.

"*Otello*" was yet a further declaration. When first heard in London in 1889, musical minds immediately perceived not only a remarkable work for a composer who had far exceeded the Psalmist's limit of years, but also an opera which fully confirmed the tactics adopted in "*Aida*." Another opera had brought forth another demonstration of the composer's remarkable dramatic powers—ever developing in each successive opera. "*Otello*" was undoubtedly fully worthy to rank with "*Aida*;" and several subsequent performances—notably the recent (October, 1894) introduction of the work to the Parisians, when the veteran composer himself conducted—have proved this.

"*Otello*" possesses less inspiration and glowing picturesqueness, but in

* The *Athenæum*, July 1, 1876.

its dramatic flow it is, perhaps, superior to the beautiful "Aida." As a second exposition of Verdi's new conceptions respecting Italian national Opera, it contains much declamation, and consequently there is less of that purposely lavish and luxuriant melody for which Verdi, among all his contemporaries, stands most famous. Of so called Wagnerian influence there is little or none. The *leit motif*—or guiding-theme to label personages, situations, and ideas—and other fads of the Bayreuth master are conspicuous by their absence. "Otello" is simply a thoroughly "up-to-date" Italian opera—a species of lyric drama by a great master who had seen musical changes going on about him, and had not disregarded them. It was natural that the Wagner cry should reach Verdi's ears: it was right that the Italian master should give the world a taste of how far the new "gospel" had impressed him. Keeping himself abreast of the times, Verdi saw a deeper and broader meaning slowly overcoming the lyric drama; and, reserving to himself the right to speak as he perceived, he published "Aida." This same language he has again laid down in "Otello"—a splendid example of modern Italian art. The same may be said of "Falstaff," which, it is to be feared, must be regarded as the "swan's song" of this illustrious, consummate, operatic genius. It completes a triad of masterpieces which ought to suggest new life to the Italian lyric stage—if so be the decrees of Fashion, and not a dearth of operatic talent and novelty, have not already administered the death-blow to that relic of the "good old times."

It is premature, but it is not difficult, to deliberate upon Verdi's probable place and influence in music. He is indisputably the greatest operatic composer Italy has ever had, or is likely to have—one who has brought the national art of his country to a pitch of perfection far surpassing anything accomplished by Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, or others. It is really a great artistic life, and one of the most instructive too in music, because it is a strong reflex of the musical change, progressive but most emphatic, that

has passed over England and Europe during the past fifty years. What Verdi said at first he always said: it was only the way of expressing it that altered. There is a more refined expression in "Aida" than in "Il Trovatore," while the latter is less demonstrative than "Nabucco" or "I Lombardi;" but the message is much the same. The higher language of Verdi's latest operas would have been unintelligible to the public who devoured his early works, so great has been the change in the direction of refinement, musical feeling, and learning. His labors, exemplified in such dramatic music masterpieces as "Aida," "Otello," and "Falstaff," prove incontestably that perfected Italian Opera, of such workmanship as these operas, crowning the later years of their composer's life, can be, and is, a more rational art production than either the most advanced, or least extravagant, of the operatic models championed by Wagner or any other reformer of the lyric drama. Seldom, if ever, is to be found in dramatic music such truth and power of feeling expressed in a clearer or simpler way. Verdi has had a young Italian school of imitators—Boito, Cortesi, Ponchielli, Marchetti, Faccio, Pedrotti, Pinsuti, Mascagni, and others. Verdi is declared to have said, "I can die in peace now that Mascagni has produced his opera." For our part, however, we remain dubious. Can it be urged that these composers can, or will, take up Opera as left by Verdi? Is Italy training a school of young composers capable of carrying on Verdi's work? The answer cannot be given in the affirmative. But the issue of the whole matter turns upon quite another pivot. Verdi's labors, achievements, and successes are unquestioned; but it is the point of the vitality of the institution—the opera-house itself—that forms the doubtful future. Fifty years ago this luxurious appendage of fashionable, and not always well-behaved, society was a necessity. Then there was no club-land, and the place for meeting everybody who was anybody was the opera-house. The "omnibus" box was crowded with "blood" which came not to hear the opera, but to meet and gossip.

Is it so now? Then the opera-house was the resort and rendezvous of the *élite* of rank and fashion, when an enterprising *impresario* was justified in burdening himself with the unenviable task of steering so difficult a craft, assisted as he was by willing subscribers, most of whom could be depended upon, and who paid ample subscriptions beforehand. Now all is changed. Society to-day uses the opera-house just as it thinks fit, and people attend it when they are so disposed, leaving the burden of "ways and means" upon the manager bold enough to embark on the uncertain enterprise. The march of time has altered Opera, as it has altered everything else. The three-volume novel is a thing of the past; the principles of Christianity are being more and more preached and practised outside the churches built for the exposition of such principles; and among other great changes, Opera as an institution and a social want is fast declining in England and elsewhere. When our gracious Queen was young, an able critic, lamenting the condition of Opera in general, and welcoming Verdi to England, wrote:—

"A better state of things is, however, we trust, approaching. The appearance of a composer of so much originality of genius as Verdi heralds, it may be hoped, that of a new and more ambitious school, whose masters will not be satisfied with tickling the ear and pleasing the fancy, but will seek for the more permanent and legitimate sources of effect."*

Nowadays the public care little or nothing for the Opera compared with the old times feelings. They are indifferent as to whether it stands or falls. It is not thought worth while to abuse or blame a composer with the warmth that Verdi was praised or blamed long after he came here. There are no choreographic triumphs now. Such ballets as "Giselle" and "Diane," with such stars of the ballet as Taglioni, Grisi, and Cerito, have disappeared forever. A vast change has come over operatic matters for the worse, and now that the legitimate drama is established, and the "Variety" entertainment has "caught on," the continued decline of Italian Opera

may be as reasonably as surely expected, despite Verdi or any other composer.

But of Verdi apart from this unhappy prospect? Already his early works are getting out of date, and declining in popularity—only, however, because the masses cannot get into the opera-house. Rarely, if ever, is one of his early-period works given here now; while of his second-period operas "Rigoletto"—Verdi's favorite score—alone seems to hold ground. The "Trovatore," the music of which has traversed every known region of the globe, and would do so again but for the music hall attractions, is already relegated to the retired list, and responsible critics describe "La Traviata" as "that sickly opera," never omitting to note the falling off in the attendances when that and other purely Italian school operas are given. Occasionally, however, they serve a purpose, and are brought out; as, for instance, when the late Mr. Mapleson gave the "Traviata" at Her Majesty's in the 1887 season, with Madame Patti in the title *rôle*, and trebled the prices! It is safe to predict that Verdi's first, second, and transitional period operas will all eventually go. His third-period works are "Otello," "Aida," and "Falstaff"—his masterpieces. They are the greatest and grandest specimens ever contributed to the Italian Opera *répertoire*. In them Verdi has reached the perfection of his art, and has brought the musical drama to a point which cannot consistently be passed. It is doubtful whether another composer will ever be found to extend Italian Opera as left by Verdi in these matured-period works—compositions which, everything considered, are more satisfactory and more permanent, because more reasonable, than any musical drama that has emanated from the German school. Verdi will be long remembered for the extravagant ear-taking melodies of the early operas, which have amply justified their existence; but he will live only by his third-period operas and his *Requiem Mass*. These compositions must always furnish a glorious summit to Verdi's pinnacle of musical fame. *Viva Verdi!*—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

* The Illustrated London News, July 5, 1845.

PASTEUR.

BY A BIOLOGIST.

LOUIS PASTEUR's career is a conspicuous testimony to the wisdom of the national system of education instituted by Napoleon the Great. With its centre at the *École Normal*, its influence reaches to the remotest villages, and thus from every rank of society those able to advance science and learning are selected. Pasteur was a peasant, the son of a tanner. He was educated at the communal school at Arbois, advanced thence to the college at Besançon, and from Besançon passed on to the *École Normal*. His special aptitude was for chemistry, and when, in 1847, he took his doctor's degree, he was the favorite pupil of Dumas. From Paris he was sent to Strasburg as professor of physics; then, after a promotion to Lille, he was reabsorbed by Paris, first at the *École Normal*, in 1867 as professor at the Sorbonne, more recently as director of the institute founded in his own name. Educated by the State, endowed by the State, and honored by the State, in return he conferred upon it not only immediate practical advantages, but made it the centre of a new science the prospects of which are illimitable. He was born a peasant, and, through all the distractions his genius brought him, remained disposed to the homely virtues. He was a good husband, a devoted father. A devout Catholic, he witnessed against the Positivism of his predecessor when he succeeded to Littré's *fauteuil* at the Academy, and when he found himself stricken to death, he sent for his confessor and received the last sacraments of the Church. He was a sturdy patriot, too. When the German shells fell on the museums of Paris, he returned to the University of Bonn his diploma of Corresponding Member, and in the spring of this year declined to accept the Prussian Order *Pour la Mérite*. He loved his friends, hated his enemies, and pursued his investigations with the concentrated devotion that Jacques Bonhomme bestows on his ancestral acre. And this homely,

rotund man is, with Darwin and Mendelejeff, one of the heroes that this century has given the ages.

Pasteur was originally a chemist, and the first investigation he undertook was into the nature of certain mysterious anomalies in organic acids. He discovered that these organic bodies occurred in two complementary, asymmetrical forms, and he correlated with this the direction of their rotatory influence upon rays of light passed through them. These investigations made him famous through Europe, and had a remarkable influence upon the course of modern chemistry. Their direct result was the synthesis of many chemical substances which were till then believed to be produced only by living bodies. Indirectly, however, they led Pasteur to the wonderful series of discoveries with which his name is more particularly associated. Combining the use of the microscope and of elaborate chemical methods, he proceeded with the investigation of organic liquids. Dumas had already pointed out that there was a strong resemblance between the phenomena of fermentation and the ordinary acts of organic life. Fermentations "take possession of complex organic substances, and unmake them suddenly or by degrees, restoring them to the organic state. The ferment appears to be an organized being." Pasteur transformed this vague speculation into ascertained fact, firmly based upon observations that could be repeated indefinitely. He showed that there were specific organisms, microscopic beings such as bacteria and moulds, that were the true agents in all fermentation, and that each fermentation had its particular organism. The organism that produced alcohol in fermenting sugar was a distinct creature with characters as certain as the character of a cow, or of a cabbage. Another distinct organism turned milk sour, while another produced vinegar from wine. The fermentations would not take place if the

organism that caused them were excluded, nor would it occur unless the conditions suitable to the activity of the organism were provided. He showed that putrefaction, too, was caused by specific organisms, under specific conditions.

These results led him into a famous controversy with Pouchet upon spontaneous generation. It was asserted that although putrefaction and fermentation might be due to organisms, that these organisms appeared spontaneously in the organic fluids. Pasteur was able to refute this completely, and to prove that just as tares do not grow in a field unless the seed of tares has reached the ground, so putrefaction or fermentation do not occur unless the organisms that cause them have reached the liquid. The arguments Pasteur used against spontaneous generation in fermentation and putrefaction were at once extended to the similar phenomena of septicæmia and purulent infection which were the scourge of surgery. It was Lister's invention of the antiseptic treatment of surgical cases that saved innumerable lives and made the marvels of modern surgery possible; but Lister's invention was merely the logical consequence of Pasteur's discoveries. Antiseptic and aseptic surgery are simply Pasteur's arguments against spontaneous generation put into practice.

If putrefaction and fermentation are caused by organic germs, why not the infectious diseases? Pasteur made the inference and, embarking upon the study of such diseases, laid the foundation of bacteriology. The first practical result of the new science was his discovery of the organism that, by causing silk-worm disease, was destroying a great industry. Pasteur described the life-history of the creature, and showed how the disease might be suppressed by propagating the worms only from healthy eggs, and by excluding the living germs of the disease. He worked at many other diseases, but, leaving descriptive bacteriology to others, he rapidly passed on to invent a new and even more wonderful method of dealing with disease.

As a matter of empirical observation it had long been known that animals

or men who had suffered from a disease were for a longer or shorter time immune to further attacks. Pasteur proceeded to investigate the nature of immunity. In the case of small-pox Jenner had shown that inoculation with a similar disease, or with the same disease attenuated by transmission through another animal, conferred a temporary immunity. Pasteur conducted an elaborate series of experimental investigations into the attenuation of the virus and showed conclusively in the case of anthrax that a variety of anthrax bacillus could be produced which was able to render an animal immune against the uncultivated bacillus and yet caused only the slightest affection of the animal. The success of his method in combating the ravages of anthrax in France is a matter of history. As every one knows, he attempted to treat hydrophobia on the same lines. The exact measure of his success need not be discussed here. He pursued his inquiry in a calm and scientific spirit, heedless alike of the exaggerations of his friends, and of the calumnies of his critics. From these later investigations there came the newest conception of disease and of immunity, a conception partly expressed by him in conversation, and made clear by his own pupils and by those whom his work inspired in England and Germany. It is not the germ itself that is the dangerous factor in disease; it is a poisonous substance manufactured by the germ from the tissues of its host. So also in immunity, it is not the germ but an antidote to the poison, similarly called into existence from the reactions between the germ, or the poison caused by it, and the tissues of the host. The battle is still raging round the clinical side of these toxins and antitoxins; the air is full of erroneous theory and of suspicions of charlatanism. But as a biological idea it is without question one of the most stupendous advances in a century filled with stupendous advances. Its clinical future lies in the generous lap of the gods. It is no wonder that many heads have been turned by the possibilities it reveals. As a last word spoken over the grave of Pasteur we may say: He was driven

forward from each link in the chain of his marvellous discoveries by an imperative logical genius; and from each successive link there hangs a series of

discoveries made by others, a series already prodigious, apparently unending.—*Saturday Review*.

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A MEDICAL VIEW OF THE MIRACLES AT LOURDES.

BY DR. EDWARD BERDOE.

A THOUGHTFUL physician in want of a new sensation should pay a visit to Lourdes; it will afford him more food for reflection than a dozen courses of clinical lectures or a series of visits to the wards of all the great hospitals of Paris, London, or Vienna. He will, among many other useful things, infallibly learn how little he knows, after all, about those patients whose pulses he feels, whose temperatures he takes, and whose tongues he inspects in his daily work. He will discover, as he may long ago have suspected, that a man, and still more a woman, is a great deal more than the physiologist has told him; and that the psychologist has but lifted a corner of the veil which shrouds the mystery of the human organization. If he be so vain or ignorant as to imagine that he can explain the processes by which his cures have been wrought or his failures rebuked his skill, a visit to Lourdes will do more to teach him the true value of even the highest medical knowledge than he will learn from books or observation at home. Says M. Zola in his *Lourdes*, which all the world has read lately: "Certes, il est des maladies que l'on connaît admirablement, jusque dans les plus petites phases de leur évolution; il est des remèdes dont on a étudié les effets avec le soin le plus scrupuleux; mais ce qu'on ne sait pas, ce qu'on ne peut savoir, c'est la relation du remède au malade, car autant de malades, autant de cas, et chaque fois l'expérience recommence."

Moved by curiosity which impelled me to see who are the patients and what their diseases cured at the world-famous Grotto near the Pyrenean town where Bernadette Soubirons saw the heavenly vision, I found myself at Lourdes in the month of August last

year on the eve of the festival of the Assumption. Endeavoring to preserve an attitude of reverent scepticism, and bearing in mind that there never was a period in the history of the healing art when medicine was dissociated from miracles, I mingled with the thousands of pilgrims who sought the virtues of the sacred fountain at the rock of Massabielle. It is difficult to remain strictly philosophical, impossible to be coarsely sceptical in that strange assembly. Hard indeed would be the heart of any medical man which could remain unmoved by the sights which met my eyes that day. At no other spot in the wide world could the faculty behold at a glance so many of its failures. A cemetery could hardly rebuke our art so sternly. How many of that crowd of invalids had, like the woman in the Gospel, "suffered many things of many physicians, and had spent all that they had and were nothing bettered, but rather grew worse"?

Out of the thousands of pilgrims, I could detect but few who were evidently of the poorest class: for the most part they were evidently of the upper middle classes, or at least well to do. What an army of incurables! At what terrible cost of suffering and inconvenience had they reached that place: those consumptives in the last stage of the malady; those paralytics, the subjects of spinal disease; the wretched victims of rheumatic arthritis; the cases of lupus, with face and eyes devoured by the malady which strikes terror into the beholders. There were children too, mere bundles of skin and bone, idiots and epileptics, halt, lame, and blind, whose last hope was in the Virgin of Lourdes.

Surely so much misery had at no other place been focussed in so small a

space. The beauty of the landscape, "where every prospect pleases, and only man is"—wretched, seemed to mock at a faith which builds "fanés of fruitless prayer," a prayer which at the highest computation is apparently unanswered in 90 per cent. of the cases.

No one who has not visited Lourdes can have any idea what the sincerest prayer and the highest devotion are. No church in its most solemn acts of worship can compare with the Grotto of Masabielle for evoking the spirit of worship and invocation, possibly because bodily suffering touches us more closely than anything else. The suppliants at the Grotto kneel for hours with arms outstretched, wrapt in devotion, and often in ecstasy, regardless, or rather unconscious, of the bystanders, who have visited the place from curiosity. But an air of deepest reverence envelops the multitude. Miracles have happened there; may, and surely will, happen again.

This earnestness on the part of the worshippers, if it do not take heaven by storm, exalts the whole organism and serves of itself to explain much of the thaumaturgy. Is it, after all, so very different from the wonders wrought in the temples of old? Miracles have always supplemented scientific medicine, and doubtless always will do so.

The temples of *Æsculapius* in ancient Greece were visited by the sick precisely as Lourdes and St. Winifred's Well are visited now, and with as much benefit apparently. After prayer to the god, ablutions and sacrifices, the patient was put to sleep on the skin of the animal offered at the altar, or at the foot of the statue of the divinity, while the priests performed their sacred rites. In his sleep he would often have pointed out to him in a dream what he ought to do for the recovery of his health. The appropriate remedy would be sometimes suggested, but more commonly rules of conduct and diet would suffice. When the cure took place, which very frequently happened by suggestion, as in modern hypnotism, and by the stimulus to the nervous system consequent upon the pilgrimage and the hope excited in the patient, a record of the case and the

cure was carved on the temple walls exactly as is done to-day at Lourdes. The following are translations of some of these tablets suspended in the temples as given in Hieron Mercurialis.

Some days back, a certain Caius, who was blind, learned from an oracle that he should repair to the temple, put up his fervent prayers, cross the sanctuary from right to left, place his five fingers on the altar, then raise his head and cover his eyes. He obeyed, and instantly his sight was restored, amid the loud acclamations of the multitude. These signs of the omnipotence of the gods were shown in the reign of Antoninus.

A blind soldier, named Valerius Apes, having consulted the oracle, was informed that he should mix the blood of a white cock with honey, to make up an ointment to be applied to his eyes for three consecutive days. He received his sight and returned public thanks to the gods.

Julian appeared lost beyond all hope, from a spitting of blood. The gods ordered him to take from the altar some seeds of the pine, and to mix them with honey, of which mixture he was to eat for three days. He was saved, and came to thank the gods in the presence of the people.

I see no reason to doubt that these tablets were put up with as good reason and in the same spirit as those of Lourdes. Faith was the *sine qua non* in Greece as in the Pyrenees. Everything connected with the temple and its ceremonies was calculated to excite religious awe, and to stimulate faith. The patient underwent purifications, fasting, massage, and fomentations, just as now he goes to confession and communion, and bathes in the piscina.

The Greek invalid was well primed with the stories of the marvellous cures which had taken place at the sacred fane; he began to feel the blessed stimulus of hope. He offered sacrifices and prayers that in the incubatory sleep the remedies for his ailment might be revealed. If all failed it was set down to the want of faith on the patient's part, not to any defect on the part of the divinity or the priests.

Miracles of healing took place, if history may be credited, in Egypt, Babylonia, and Chaldæa; anthropologists tell us that they happen with savages. As Christianity has no monopoly of faith-healing, we may imagine what it is which underlies all these phenomena. To set them aside as silly talk and priestly frauds is to be-

tray the non-scientific mind : so universal a thaumaturgy implies a basis of fact which we must not despise. Professor Charcot has lent the great weight of his authority to the statement that the faith-cure is "an ideal method, since it often attains its end when all other means have failed." It is entirely of a scientific order, though its domain is limited ; to produce its effects it must be applied to those cases which demand for their cure no intervention beyond the power which the mind has over the body. Purely dynamic diseases are cured by this means, but not organic maladies. Ulcers and tumors may be caused to disappear if such lesions be of the same nature as paralysis and other disorders of motion and sensation which are commonly considered to be the sole field for the influence of the faith-cure.

M. Littré, in his *Fragment de Médecine Rétrospective*, describes seven "miracles" which took place in France at the end of the thirteenth century at the tomb of St. Louis. He states the simple facts as given in the chronicles of the period, and endeavors to give a pathological interpretation of them. He notices in the first place that at the moment of cure the patient felt a sharp pain : the part affected seemed to be stretched or touched, and sometimes a sort of cracking sensation in the bone was experienced ; then movements became possible, although the lengthening of the limb and the possibility of moving it freely were not experienced immediately. The cure was not so sudden ; a period of weakness, long or short, always followed the miracle, and the part only gradually regained its use. The cracking of the bone is just what the surgeon finds when he moves a joint which has become fixed by disease ; without breaking down these adhesions, he can do nothing to restore the articulation.

In cases of rheumatic paralysis a similar state of things is observed. Of course, in the accounts of the healing at the tomb of St. Louis we expect to find errors and exaggerations due to the preoccupation and ignorance of those who wrote the reports, but we at once recognize the cracking and the pain as genuine pathological details ;

we should not expect a natural cure without these symptoms. M. Littré explains the process in the words of M. le docteur Onimus, published in *La Philosophie positive sur la Vibration nerveuse*. The ascending action or vibration expresses the influence of the physical on the moral ; the descending action or vibration expresses the influence of the moral on the physical. In these cases it is the descending action which we have to consider. This action is exerted on the muscular portion of the affected part ; it contracts energetically ; it breaks down the pathological adhesions if they exist ; it restores the bones violently to their place. This done, the patient is in a condition to use the limb, but not without passing through a period of debility which requires time for recovery. It is a violent extension produced by muscular contractions. What the surgeon has to do with his hand is here done by an influence exerted on the muscles themselves, and in a far more beneficent manner than surgery can effect.

What is the exciting cause of these energetic contractions ? That which we find in all miracles of this sort—a strong persuasion, a complete confidence. Under a profound emotion born of these sentiments, the patient, feeling that the cure was in the extension of the part, had a belief which he could understand. Of course, such faith is not possible in every case. On one side there must be the mental condition which can receive in its fulness the emotion born of persuasion and confidence, and, on the other, all lesions must be susceptible of cure. To a certain degree there are lesions which escape all this sort of treatment. Mr. Herbert Spencer points out that muscular power fails with flagging emotions or desires which lapse into indifference, and conversely that intense feeling or passion confers a great increase in muscular force. It is brain and feeling generated by the mind which give strength to the person who thinks strongly. A gouty man who has long hobbled about on his crutch finds his legs and power to run with them if pursued by a wild bull. The feeblest invalid under the influence of

delirium or other strong excitement will astonish her nurse by the sudden accession of strength she may exhibit.

In reality there is no detracting from the power of prayer and the influence of religion in this scientific view of miracles of healing. God ever works by means of natural laws; we use the word "miracles" for the effect of natural laws which we do not understand; the region of miracle contracts under the extension of the domains of science. If the cure be wrought, what matters it to the happy invalid who,

like Marie in M. Zola's novel, jumps from her wheel-chair and, trailing it behind her, joins the procession of thanksgivers—whether the cure is wrought by the touch of a Divine hand or the overpowering influence of a great idea on the nervous system? If our hunger be appeased, it matters little whether it is by manna rained from heaven or a wheaten loaf raised from the harvest field. Miraculous water from the rock does not quench the thirst better than that which bubbles from the village spring.—*Nineteenth Century*.

BOOK COLLECTING AS A FINE ART.

BY JULIAN MOORE.

EVERY week at least one of the twenty newspapers a Londoner most often sees is sure to publish an article or group of paragraphs ridiculing in buoyant terms the mania for buying books in their first and other special editions, and every three months the jokes and innuendoes of the past quarter are gathered to form a more complete and formal indictment in one of the magazines.

It is thus becoming an accepted fact that nothing can be said in favor of this seemingly strange passion; but in the eyes of "book-lovers," as its votaries call themselves, it would be matter for regret that even one worthy person should think badly of their favorite pastime; and, therefore, as one of the victims, I will try to explain what they hold to be its many merits and delights.

It does not appear to be understood, even by the most cultured people, that a book may be a most excellent literary work and yet be valueless for putting in a library. Thus, no one visiting a friend in the country cares, when neither chatting indoors nor getting up health outside, to occupy himself with a perusal of Alison's *History of Europe*, or a re-reading of Homer, Shakespeare, or Virgil. If he did, he would probably carry these volumes with him, just as Parson Adams carried *Æschylus*; but almost any one might like to look through a perfectly illustrated copy of

these or other works that had greatly interested him when he read them in humble form at home. He might like to see, too, an early pamphlet or book of poems by Dickens, Thackeray, or Ruskin, if only to ascertain, or try to ascertain, by examining this early failure, how the perfect style of a later masterpiece was gradually invented. Minds, too, that find an interest and a beauty in Westminster Abbey that they would not find in a fac-simile, might like to look at a copy of *Hamlet* as it was sold outside of the doors of the Globe Theatre or as it was praised, and perhaps abused, at the Mermaid.

In these days of cheap standard books every one has as many as he requires, and a host who kept a large array to amuse his literary friends would be a mere bore. If he owns such books for his own use, as he must if a reader, it would be incongruous to mix them up with volumes interesting for their associations, or on account of the beauty of their illustrations, especially as the latter if kept apart would form decoration for a room that pictures by Morland and Reynolds or the *chefs d'œuvre* of Chippendale and Sheraton would not render trivial. Working books, therefore, are kept in the study, and the laws relating to them are of the very opposite kind to those that act as helps toward forming an interesting library. They must not be very clean

lest one hesitate to make a useful note in the margin, or to turn down a page; they must not be illustrated, or possess handsomely "tooled" covers, lest one's eyes be distracted from the spiritual to the coquettish aspect of the work; they must not be of any special kind, but of every sort the owner has immediate occasion to use. One rule only is common to the contents of both book-cases: in neither must there be any book which is put there for mere pomp. If the host does not read Shakespeare, a copy, especially one in many volumes, and placed in a very prominent position, is a gross vulgarity. Equally abominable is a copy of Gibbon, Kinglake, Dickens, or any one else that the owner has read, and it is unlikely he will ever read again. Such books ought to be sold; first, because it will get rid of dust traps to do so; secondly, because it will enable other people to get them who wish to read them, and a poor bookseller to earn a humble profit; thirdly, because it will enable the present owner to apply the proceeds of the sale to some useful purpose—household, charitable, or, better still, the purchase of another book, either of a useful kind for his study, or of a beautiful kind for his library.

This important change in the form of private libraries has not been brought about by the arbitrary decision of any set of collectors or any *clique* of booksellers, as many may feel in a hurry to suppose, but by the great Power that has altered so many things within the present century. Nowadays reading matter haunts one everywhere, and a book can be obtained so soon by post that the vast library of old time is no longer needed. Hence, a library of to-day is, first of all, a thing of beauty, a rival, and a successful rival, to the cases in which the owner keeps specimens of Derby, Sèvres, or Worcester, of the conservatories and flower beds where orchids and roses bloom in rivalry to the books and to the china, and of the drawing-room and the river where one may angle, each according to his bent, for the dainty troutlet of either element.

Whoever has read, perhaps with amazement, in some of the articles or

paragraphs to which this notice is intended to form a general reply, that the books of the collector are, first of all, the writings of Mr. Lang, will perhaps ask where such libraries exist. I believe they exist everywhere, but a few that are of especial fame among collectors it may be interesting to describe. There is in Sussex the library of Mr. Locker-Lampson that contains all the most interesting editions of the authors who formed the greatest epoch of English literature. There is the library of M. Firmin-Didot that contains a large number of the most beautiful old manuscripts that the art of printing has prevented from being ever repeated or imitated. There was till a few years ago Mr. Mansfield Mackenzie's library of English illustrated books. It comprised the gems of Blake, Cruikshank, Leech, Turner, Rowlandson, and others, and there is in New York the yet more beautiful library of Mr. de Forest, which contains all the most desirable books of to-day illustrated with original designs by the best artists of to-day.

Mr. de Forest has observed that since large galleries and exhibitions have arisen art work has somehow become less interesting to artists and to collectors than it was. To command success in a public gallery, the so-called "work of art" must usually be either very commonplace or else wildly eccentric. Therefore Mr. de Forest commands his own illustrations, and the artists who work for him know that every touch that is characteristic of themselves, of their brains, or their hearts, or which they think will in any way form an artistic addition to their work, will not be questioned by their cultured patron. If they knew their work was to be criticised by hundreds of ignorant people in a gallery, or yet be chafed at by careless newspaper writers in impromptu paragraphs, this elegance could not be achieved, as for some reason the artistic mind is a timid one and cannot work independently of its audience.

As a digression I think it will be interesting to name six or seven of the books in this literary jewel case, and describe the manner in which they have been dealt with.

There is Flaubert's *Salammbô* with pictures bathed in antique oriental light by Louis Titz : pictures of Spendius on the cross, a helpless living prey to the vultures, the gardens where the mercenaries are feasting, *Salammbô* and the serpent, the sacrifice to Moloch, etc. There is Merimée's *Carmen*, with illustrations by De Sta. There is Knickerbocker's *History of New York*, illustrated by Broughton, "with the Dutch pictures that Broughton does so well." There is Brillat-Savarin's *Psychologie du Goût*, illustrated by Van Muyden. There is Zola's *Assommoir*, illustrated by Edmond Morin, with pictures of Gervaise ironing while Lantier reads, the fight in the lavatory, the feast where the slang of Mes Bottes excels, the dreary fall of snow—"vivid," according to M. Du Bois,* "as the text, and as the text prodigiously artistic." There is *Nana*, illustrated by Jazet, with an acting Rouher, a living Blanche d'Antigny, and all the principal phases of a sad bad life.

All these books are bound in a way that would probably astonish the writer of a Hastings-like impeachment of the modern collector, published last March, and who wrote about "handsome guinea bindings," though he should know that no binding that would at all come within the range of connoisseur criticism could be executed under £5. The binding of *Salammbô*, in the library of Mr. de Forest, is of necessity extremely ornate. It is thus described by its commentator, M. Du Bois. "It is bound by De Samblanx in brown morocco, with small compartments in mosaic of serpents and pearls of the antique Kart-Khardasht, lined with green morocco, decorated with pearls and gold." And he adds, "De Samblanx has in this work obeyed the principles of the art of bookbinding so faithfully ; that is, the art of creating in the reader, by the composition of the covers of a book, the state of mind desired by the author of the book ; that if the book-lovers of the decade were a grand mandarinat, he might be in it anybody that he wished to be,

a prince, a baron in a fortress, or a young page reclining on cushions at the feet of a blonde Yseult."

The names of lovely modern libraries might be extended, but these four are sufficient to show that such libraries as I have described in the beginning of this article really exist, also what room there is in the book-lover's art for individuality, for invention, and for perfect taste of many kinds ; also, to show that there is no law, and never can be a law, as some of our instructors desire to assert, to decide what kind of books every fine library must consist of.

As I write I hear of the recent sale in Paris of yet another beautiful library, "B's" collection of Japanese illustrated books, which included the chief works of Hokusai, Outamaro, Hiroshigé, etc.—lovely volumes—a few of which, such of the middling poor as are Londoners, may, however, feast their eyes upon in the glass cases of the British Museum.

Beside such smiling and varied possessions how dull seems the constant and most irritating suggestion that there is only one class of book worth collecting, and this, *mirabile dictu*, the books printed by Aldus Manutius !

Sixty years ago the productions of the Aldine press were held in great and just esteem, because, being printed under the direction of a scholar, soon after the discovery of printing they were of first necessity to the many scholars who were interesting themselves at that time in re-editing the Greek and Latin classics, from new comparisons of all the early texts, both printed and written. The Aldine texts were taken from manuscripts that no longer exist, partly because Aldus allowed them to be destroyed, partly through the ordinary ravages of time, and were of great scholarly excellence. Since 1830, however, everything that could be done in this way has been done, and, therefore, Aldines have sunk very much in value. But for a traditional admiration for the form of the type they would be worth nothing at all, as the best texts of the classics exist in modern editions. This admiration for the shape of the letters I admit to have been just at a time that

* "Four Private Libraries of New York," by H. P. Du Bois (1890).

the best procurable type was such as is used in the handsomely illustrated edition of Rogers' poems and books that Baskerville printed. Since then, however, the types of the Chiswick Press, the De Vinne Press in America, and above all the Kelmscott Press, have narrowed the difference so much between the artistic appearance of good new type and good old type, that even from this point of view their interest is declining. Only one retains its price, the finely illustrated "Poliphile Hypnerotomachia," and long may it do so, for it is worth anything it can be got for. It would be well for the fame of Aldus if all his books but this single one were destroyed, as also recollection of the fact that he would never have printed it—this the one book that was to bring eternal fame on his press—but that he was guaranteed against loss by an amateur of the day. Aldus was, in fact, a mere scholar and utilitarian, and printed books for mere scholars and mere utilitarians. For handing us down excellent texts of the classics he deserves the highest honor, but being uninterested in art, though living in the very halo of the Renaissance, and having of his own initiative done nothing for it, though, by his position necessarily brought into contact with all the culture of that great time, he and his books must always be of but scant interest to artistic collectors. It is true his books are much handsomer than those of many printers he competed with, but not with all. As Mr. Morris has said,* his type is, artistically, on a much lower level than Jensen's. I myself am of opinion that it is inferior to that of at least six or seven of the old printers, including that of our own Caxton, and of Pynson, but as the types of all these are admittedly inferior to those used by the inventors of printing—Gutenberg, Fust, and Schoeffer, I think it is rather weak to attach high connoisseur value to any of them. The *Metz Psalter*, the *Mazarine Bible*, and Schoeffer's *Canon of the Mass*, the first two of which may be seen in the glass cases of the British Museum, and the last at

the Bodleian, are as much superior to the works of any other printer as the best of these—the books of Jensen, Caxton, Aldus, and the rest—are to the printing of a modern American newspaper. So much pre-eminence naturally extinguishes *in toto*, so to speak, all these lesser lights, and I cannot therefore see why in several recent articles amateurs should have been abused so indignantly for allowing a copy of Aldus's *Greek Grammar*, presumably a sort of Smith's *Initia*, to be sold for £5 even though on vellum. I myself would be sorry to give half as much for such a book, though I would value a copy of the *Hypnerotomachia*, in the same state, as being cheap at fifty times that price. The next charge brought against the modern collector is that he is too great an admirer of Rowlandson and Cruikshank. This is the opinion of Mr. Slater, the editor of *Book Prices Current*, who writes on book collecting from time to time in the *Athenæum*, and has published some books on the subject. Mr. Slater thinks, indeed he assumes, as a non-disputed point,* that there is no artistic merit whatever in the drawings of Rowlandson and Cruikshank, and that "they interest merely on account of the extraordinary nature of the scenes they depict." Mr. Ruskin considers at least one of Cruikshank's books (*Grimm's Fairy Tales*) to be worthy of Rembrandt, and Sir Joshua Reynolds was of opinion that Rowlandson's drawing was at times as good as Rubens'. In face of such authority Mr. Slater might have condescended to argue his case, but a person whose knowledge of book-collecting is only of an external kind—that is, who does not collect himself—is always supercilious to the last degree regarding those who do. Indeed he usually boasts that he does not collect, as if this were an extra proof of his fitness to write on the subject. One would think that a knowledge of books was only obtainable in a direct contrary way from a knowledge of everything else, that is by not serving a long apprenticeship, and not hammering the last for a very long time. Collectors, however, know

* *Arts and Crafts Essays* (1893), Article "Printing," by Wm. Morris and E. Walker.

* *Round about the Bookstalls*, by J. H. Slater.

well that it is only by buying books all one's life, by examining them three times a day, and considering nine times a week which ought to be kept and which sold, that one ever acquires perfect taste and real knowledge of the craft. They therefore despise this kind of talk, yet novices are never wanting to expound theories formed of improvisation and conceit for their guidance, and are greatly astonished that no one appreciates the potent truths they believe they are uttering.

Another fault I charge against such writers is that they rake up all the little errors committed either by beginners or by fools, who, of course, exist among us as among other classes of human beings, omitting the finer instincts of the craft.

It is also untrue that the books modern collectors are really anxious to obtain are first and foremost the works of Dickens, Lever, Thackeray, Stevenson, large paper copies of new books with trivial illustrations, and the writings of Mr. Lang in the same state. The books most in vogue to-day are illustrated books of phenomenal beauty, whether old or new (alas! they are mostly old); or, in other words, the very ones that, apart from all sentiment, should be most valued in their earliest form, since every one knows that an engraving is best when it happens to be one of the first printed from its steel or copper plate.

At the head of these are, among others, the following six, which cost about £40 or £50 each. Albert Dürer's *Greater*, and *Lesser*, *Passions*, the Aldine *Hypnerotomachia*, *Les Baisers*, with Eisen's plates, Blake's *Songs of Innocence* and *Experience*. Next to these, which cost £15 to £20 each, are the edition of Rogers' *Poems* (if in proof state), the illustrations to which, by Turner and Stothard, are, besides their other great merits, the finest and best steel engravings ever executed; Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, illustrated by Boucher and other French artists of the eighteenth century; a work with early and beautiful woodcut illustrations, known as Breydenbach's *Peregrinatio*, etc. Next come the chief works of George Cruikshank, Leech, Rowlandson, and the minor works of

the famous French illustrators of the last century—Gravelot, Eisen, Cochin, etc., who illustrated books with plates of much beauty, much daintiness, and in one sense of the word, much delicacy, though, alas! in one sense only. These are worth, roughly speaking, if in good condition, from £5 to £10.

Any volume that fetches less than £5 by auction is not considered to have yet attracted much attention, so that the works of Mr. Lang and Mr. Stevenson do not come within the category of books that representative collectors are very keen on possessing. Thackeray, Dickens, and Lever only pass the line in some books that are very rare, and which those who possess the others, and desire to own perfect and not imperfect sets, are obliged to compete for at high prices in order to achieve the beatific state, if only in a very small way. In the beginning of this article another reason was given for certain early works of these authors fetching a seemingly unreasonable price.

Pickwick is a book that conjures up so many associations and which holds such a unique position in the literary history of the century, that I cannot think it dear in the original green parts at about £10, more or less, according to the presence or absence of certain alterations, all connected with its history, that were made while it was passing through the press.

To see a book, with associations like *Pickwick*, exactly as it appeared, is, or ought to be, to a person interested in literature, like what the field of Bosworth, or Nelson's Pillar, ought to be to a patriotic person. If any one who reads this thinks the comparison overstrained, does not see it or does not feel an interest in the old battlefield, the pillar, or the book, I have only to say I do not feel called upon to explain truisms to dull folk, and the sooner they acquire these feelings the better.

Of the books in my first list centuries may pass before such lovely things are produced again, and the wonder, therefore, is that any one would see their way to argue that the cost of a second-rate carriage, a court suit, or a ball of the humble kind once given by Mrs. Perkins to the Mulligan

and others, is ridiculously spent on possessing them, even if this was the cost; for let no one suppose that when a bookworm gives £50 for a book, he does not consider that he is only putting aside the interest of the money and a small part of the capital, yet getting as much pleasure as he would by buying something else he desired nearly as much and which would also cost him £50 to possess. For the book, however, he will always be able to realize, even under the most adverse circumstances, £30, perhaps the whole £50 under favorable ones—for its rival perhaps nothing.

There are some collectors, whom I like not to think of, and who are apparently most in favor with the periodical floggers of book-lovers in the newspapers, judging by the very mercantile taunts they ring in our ears between each switch of the birch. These collectors buy books to re-sell *en-bloc* at a profit. Such people, in my opinion, prostitute the avocation of the collector, as they change what should be a fine and discriminating passion into a very low and sordid thing. Apart from the self-respect that is sacrificed in delving in the hovels of poor booksellers and screwing bargains out of people more deserving of a charitable gift than a "beating-down," they never succeed in their aim. I would advise all young collectors to beware of such methods, if only because it is quite notorious that the only collection that sells well at auction is one that shows itself to have been formed by a true book-lover, one in which every volume is first cousin to the other, not the straggling thing that shows neither

taste, learning, or even honest dulness, nothing indeed but unlimited indiscrimination and the brutal power of money.

In some cases our English auctioneers are in great measure responsible for the existence, or apparent existence, of such things, as it is their custom to mix up a defunct collector's working books with his library books, a thing that ought not to be done either for commercial or artistic reasons.

On the other hand, as regards the good sense, not to say the wisdom of collecting, I will quote an anecdote (a very short one) of a collector who was remonstrated with on his extravagance in the buying of handsome books. He answered: "You approve, do you not, of a man sometimes going to the theatre with friends, of his keeping a horse to ride, or his playing a game of whist, or making an occasional bet, if he feels inclined?" "Well," he answered to the obvious reply, "I practised these things as relaxations from the time I was twenty till I was thirty. Within that time, I think, I must have spent two thousand pounds on pleasure, all of which was not income. Since then I began to collect, and now I have recouped this sum and am besides £500 to the good on the purchase of things that give me permanent pleasure, that all my friends are interested in seeing, and which are as saleable as bank-notes, though not, perhaps, shilling to shilling, for what I gave for them. Can you say as much, my friend, for the orchids or the yacht you are so fond of?"—*Fortnightly Review*.

AN INDIAN STATION.

BY E. O. WALKER.

A HUNDRED years ago the Mahratta Cavalry were scouring the plains of Singhpur and harassing the timid peasants, who knew not whether to fear more the exactions of the Peshwa or the encroachments of Tippoo, seeking to make fresh conquests of the fertile

river lands north-westward of Mysore. The fine old fort of Singhpur was garrisoned by the Peshwa's troops, however, and with some others dotted about this quiet corner of Western India served to remind the people to whom they owed allegiance, and to

secure the sullen submission of the local chiefs. After the overthrow of the Peshwa in 1818, a British force came this way and cannonaded the fort for three weeks, when the garrison surrendered. Its ramparts, faced with red stone, and its massy round bastions still bear the marks of the assault, while the setting sun gilds the simple headstones of the British officers and men who fell and were buried near the western gate, and lights up the inscriptions which the tropic rains each year make more faint. The fort is so large that it will take half an hour to walk round the margin of the wet ditch which has been dug deep in the rock around it. As you look upward you will see tufts of weeds and grass luxuriating in all the cracks and crannies, and thick trees of peepul here and there that have forced open fissures in the stout stonework, while deep down in the shade of the moat clusters the bright-green maidenhair. Fair-haired children now play upon the crenellated battlements, and a British soldier is fishing in the dark weed-choked waters. Within are two ancient temples becoming ruinous by age and neglect, a few red-tiled bungalows shrouded with creepers bearing purple and orange blossoms, and a small barrack for infantry. Looking to the west from the ramparts the native town is seen lying in a hollow, the crowded roofs overshadowed by frequent tamarind and mango trees; toward evening a blue haze rests over all as the wood fires are lighted to prepare supper; further away again, on rising ground, amid the scarlet blossoms of numerous acacias, are barracks, houses of the English people, and a little church. Beyond again, where the thick clouds and mists, blown up from the sea, bathe with grateful moisture massy stumps and orchid-laden boughs, the darkly-forested spurs of the Syhadree Mountains shut out from view the last red streaks of the sunset glow.

On an isolated hill, bare of other trees than an avenue of funereal Casuarinas leading to the house, is the residence of the judge of the district, who for twenty-five years has presided in the Singhpur Court, since the time when that town was only approachable

by cross-country tracks. The twinkling lights of bullock carriages and the weird shouts of the native drivers show that to-night there is a periodical big dinner in the lordly house that is usually so quiet and even desolate. It is a quaint entertainment to a stranger, although dull to the habitual actors. Big dinners must be given by big officials, and every one must be asked in turn, without regard to the compatibility of the guests, and to the fact that they have all been meeting daily at the club for weeks past, and are for the most part a little bored with each other. There is a wealth of lamps, of stephanotis and arum lilies on the white cloth, and a troop of native attendants in snowy turbans and dresses flit about arranging the preliminaries for the repast, or bearing sherry and bitters to the guests. A tall, old jemadar of peons, with scarlet girdle and cross-belt, stands in the porch to open the carriage-doors. As the various comers alight, the bullock coaches crawl round to the back of the house, where the animals lie down to spend a few hours in a drizzle of rain, chewing paddy straw, and the drivers congregate in the stables and squat round a fire with the solace of conversation and tobacco. The Judge's timid daughter, with the dark gray eyes, sits palpitating in the drawing-room, striving to put a little animation into the proceedings. Her responsibilities at these receptions make her shake with apprehension, and her only comfort is the presence of a young subaltern, who is her frequent companion and *cher ami*. There are a few ladies, cool and at ease, in handsome evening dresses, and double the number of men fretting in dress clothes. The company files in to dinner according to official precedence. The Judge takes in the Collector's wife, the Collector gives his arm to the wife of the Chaplain, the latter takes the Judge's daughter, and the colonel of infantry the young lady of the Collector's family, while a senior major, a policeman, an engineer, the doctor, the Assistant Collector, and the Forest officer follow promiscuously. A varied dinner compounded largely of tinned delicacies, called in native parlance "Europe Stores," with a

"roast" of Goa turkey served with York ham, and a course of amazingly hot curries and chutneys, is partaken of with languid appetite, stimulated with good champagne. Conversation runs a risk of being dull, but the presence of the few ladies brings a never-failing charm to redeem it from mere commonplace. The men are agreed that it is necessary to take enough liquor to be cheerful, and the fair ones allow themselves two glasses, and perhaps a thimbleful of Chartreuse with the excellent ice pudding upon which the Judge prides himself, and which is certainly the best in Western India. In an hour the ladies are sympathetic, and the men inclined to be tender; eyes sparkle, and faded color comes back with something of its old tone. General topics of conversation, such as yesterday's Battery sports, the tennis finals, and the last London letters, are now suspended, for the Judge's stock story is brought forward and requires the attention of the table. It is part of the history of the Singhpur country which he has made his own, and goes back some thirty years. It comes on with dessert, and is repeated regularly at the six dinner parties held by the Judge during every rainy season.

There were few English residents in the Singhpur districts in those days, and when the echoes of the great Mutiny reached this remote part of the country, some of the local chiefs thought they saw an opportunity of regaining their lost prestige. Baba Rowji, chief of Gurkoond, secretly got his pikemen together, sallied out one night, and having shot down the British Resident as he sat in his veranda defenceless, cut down most of his escort, and retired with his own force to his stone fort to await further events, after sending round invitations to neighboring sirdars to join in the demonstration. One of the sowers of the murdered officer escaped, and rode by night sixty miles into Singhpur and gave the alarm. Our Judge was at that time the responsible Government official. He collected all the residents in the fort, barricaded the approaches, and detached almost all available troops to proceed against Gurkoond, which was in due course besieged and re-

duced, and the rebellion thus nipped in the bud.

Before the finish of the story the Collector, who has heard it for several years, is dreaming of land settlements and road cesses, and the Major has the decanters in front of him while he critically holds his glass to the light. At the close the ladies gather their gloves and fans and retire, an attendant places by each gentleman a round coir mat to spit upon, and a tray of warmed Indian cigars is handed round with coffee. All compose themselves for half an hour's real comfort. Work and sport, as is usual among Anglo-Indian men, go to furnish the topics for a somewhat desultory conversation; the climate is against long and serious discussions, and they are rarely attempted. Tolerance and broad views prevail all round, especially when the weeds are good and there is an iced drink at hand. The Forest officer has just come back from his teak plantations on the seaward slopes of the Syhadree Mountains; the undergrowth was burnt in the dry weather of the spring, and the young trees are sprouting nicely. The rains have set in heavily along the coast line, and the dead leaves have softened, and gave him a chance of a "stalk" after sambur and bison. He bagged a fine stag, and marked several bison grazing on the young grass at the Singhpur Ghat. He and his party were detained two days at the river, unable to cross owing to floods, and eventually got over on a raft, the bundles of tents being towed across through the water. The engineer knows the place well, and says that an estimate for a bridge has been before Government for years, but never seems to get any "forrarder"; all the money seemed to be going for State railways, while imperial roads were being neglected. There was hardly enough allotted this year to pay for metalling the Ghat sections. Ten lakhs had been simply thrown away by the late Governor upon the Gotnoend Road, which carts did not travel upon, and where the grass was obliterating the track. It was now to be classed as a "famine relief" work. He must confess that the people in the Secretariat made a regular mess of affairs.

He should like to show them what he would do if he were there for a few days. The Judge agreed that Government seemed to select men for that establishment for mere proficiency in fine writing. He would not go to Bombay upon any terms, although he had repeatedly been asked to take a seat in the High Court. He was always bored to death there with the priggishness of headquarter sets. He had been thirty years at Singhpur, and here he meant to end his service. The Collector thought that Bombay was not to be despised; you could at least get a decent dinner and a game of whist at the club; a newspaper with your "chota hazri"; and a run with the hounds at Santa Cruz. The Judge only asked to be left alone, and said a quiet evening in a suit of flannels, with a long chair and a cheroot, was worth all the confounded receptions and parties at the Presidency. The horsey men present thought Bombay took the cake of most places; there you might see a likely quad or two, and put in an hour or two in the morning at the stables, while nothing ever came near Singhpur but a few weedy country-breds. By the way, Ali Mahomed had brought down a couple of Arab ponies, and the policeman had bought one to enter for the Sky Races for four hundred rupees; he thought he would be good enough to run at Poona. He was being timed every morning at the course. He would probably make a capital polo pony. The doctor was run away with yesterday, and upset in his dogcart by that wretched little Dekkani "tat" he bought from Furdonji, the mail contractor; he was going to see what he could pick up at the next sale of artillery "casters." If, the Major said, he would go round with the Vet. tomorrow morning he could see the lot that had been marked; there was a chestnut "waler," a four-year-old, not up to work with the guns, that was worth picking up. Here a distant gong rang out the hour of ten, the Chaplain was fast asleep, all the rest were drowsy, and it was time to join the ladies. These had exhausted the subject of their English boxes, the pattern plates of the last "Lady," and the "expectations" of Mrs. So-and-so,

and the entrance of the men comes as a relief to the growing *ennui*. The piano is opened, and some sweet ballads suggest thoughts of the dear homeland made more dear by distance, and more romantic by the dreamy haze that the lapse of time wreathes round all things. Few ladies can sing, and the only sweet voice in Singhpur was that of the Collector's wife, so she was always of necessity at the piano, a *petite* lady with brown eyes of velvet who refined all she touched. Even the native servants, Mahomed Bux the butler, Antone the Portuguese cook, and the jemadar of peons, who were skulking in the back veranda waiting for to-morrow's orders, came to the venetians to listen, and the guests who had been lounging in the front of the house were brought back to the drawing-room by the melody.

"The light of other days is faded" almost brought a tear to the eye of the immovable Mussulman, and the butler told the cook that "Mem Sahib" was like an angel. She was not long for this world, she ate almost nothing, always spoke gently, never made trouble with the servants, and, since her little child had been laid under the cypress trees in the burying ground, she had been growing whiter and thinner month by month. Most men can bawl a tune to a piano accompaniment, so that in India comic songs and popular ditties are frequently heard at evening parties; a well-trained male voice is, of course, a rarity. So, after all the men had had a turn, except the old ones, it was time to summon the bullock coaches. The judge liked to go to bed at eleven o'clock, and was fidgety half an hour before that time. The jemadar had orders to muster the conveyances behind the house at this juncture, and the long line slowly wound round under the porch. Entrance to a bullock coach is by a door at the back, across which is a seat, which moves upon hinges, which must be held up as the traveller goes in. On two wheels, and with rather stiff springs, progress at a walk or a trot is not unpleasant, although the pace of bullocks is slow; the up and down motion on the back seat to those of torpid habit, as are most English in the East,

is agreeable and aids digestion ; and if too pronounced may be tempered with soft cushions. For a *tête-à-tête* this carriage is unsurpassed, as the thoughts of those within are undistracted by the attention which has of necessity to be given to a skittish or timid horse. The driver often goes to sleep, with his head shrouded in a coarse gray blanket, and the bullocks never go into danger, though if left to themselves they often turn into wrong houses. In such circumstances retiring young ladies have suddenly arrived at the door of a bungalow inhabited by lark subalterns having a turn with the gloves or foils in light costume in the veranda, or guests dressed for dinner have by accident presented themselves before a solitary bachelor finishing off his curry and rice with a lamp drawn close to him, and a French novel propped up against a bottle of Bass, his lower limbs clothed with silk pyjamas.

As at dinner, official precedence rules the order of departure, so the Collector, wife, and daughter go off first, and the other guests fall into their own places. Whiskey and soda and cheroots are served at the time of going, a common practice in India to send every one away in a good temper. Solitary men relieve the tedium of the drive home with a smoke. Even in India ladies do not drive in the dark in bullock coaches alone with men other than those of their own families, so that a journey *en garçon* in one of these vehicles in the sleepy hours is apt to be dull. Should the night be fine one can lie back and admire the lustre of the tropical sky ; inhale the voluptuous scents of flowers ; watch the countless hosts of fire flies sparkling around the lantana bushes, or listen to the all-pervading hum of the Cicada. All is lonely and serene, and the soul should be responsive to the harmony that reigns in all, were it not that the very life one has to live, as one of the ruling class, narrows the sympathies and does not minister to the more tender faculties of one's nature. The glories of the tropic night appeal, as we drive home, to those whose senses are not dulled to the inspiration. But not to all is their refreshing influence lost, for at an upper

window of the vast house we have quitted, her evening costume thrown aside, and wrapped in a soft silk robe, sits the young girl whose life is set in such strange and dispiriting surroundings. She looks across the wide moonlit plain to where the tumbled sea of forest-covered hills has the aspect of the distant ocean, and the surging of the wind through the feathery foliage of the trees that stand around the house makes a music grateful to her ears. With those who are little understood by their fellow-creatures communion with nature is often a special gift, and all the girl's faculties seem to be in tune with the melody which the elements of nature combine to make ; at this hour and in this scene the asperities of the daily life are forgotten, and a veil is drawn over the *brusquerie* and indifference of an unappreciative parent. First love had awakened in the young heart such feelings as woman's nature only knows, and the silence of the night of human life seemed specially to bring them to the surface, and to let them find expression. She had risen above the superficiality and frivolity which the men about her seemed to encourage and to take pleasure in, and which are so generally acquired by her sex in India, where few Englishwomen are expected to do useful work or to set a lofty example. Love had in her case taught the girl that life was not only to be for the gratification of her own passion and her own whims, but, first, and in the main, to be the expression of that self sacrifice upon which the harmonious working of all terrestrial things must depend. Not only to those of her own family and circle of intimate friends, but to the lowly among the nations, was the spirit of tenderness and self-forgetfulness displayed. In a country where fell diseases are often rampant, and where the lower classes live in deprivation of safeguards against them, and often in surroundings which court their ravages, she had known how to detect the aching hearts beneath the impassive exterior of some poor servant who waited upon her in due season, punctual, without murmur, at his regular duties. Her sympathy had elicited the story of his

grief, and her help and kindly presence amid the squalor and wretchedness of the hovel which he called his "home," had often cheered and raised from the sick bed his suffering wife or child. "Madame," one said, "we poor natives all admire English ladies and gentlemen, but if they were all like you, we should adore them." Truly if that spirit of sympathy were kindled, England need no longer hold India by force of arms. She sits to-night in the enjoyment of those happy thoughts which a life such as hers can alone bring; the more serene and grateful that she had made a new man of that brave young fellow sleeping yonder in the camp, on the grassy slopes to the west. It was but yesterday that life to him was irksome: full of duties that were a nuisance, and to be got through as quickly, albeit perfunctorily, as possible; and such leisure as he had to be given up to self-indulgence. But under the influence of her love everything had assumed a new meaning. Each thought and action was to have a purpose, and to be brought into line with a high principle. He had never known before what it was to do his best. He was now to take his part in the wide sphere of work for humanity. The reflection that such a change in a man's nature had been wrought by her influence was a grateful one to the girl, and brightened her somewhat lonely existence. It is late, and she closes the venetians of her window, the stillness broken only by the weird hoot of the brown owl that haunted the coppice, the discordant notes of the flying foxes making raids upon the fruit trees, and the creak of cart-wheels in the distance, as the lumbering train of vehicles starts with loads of country produce upon the night journey toward the coast.

The dawn in India is made noisy with the notes of birds, and the sounds of men and women astir. The daylight in all the occupations of the peasant is so precious that not a moment of it is wasted. Although some artisans, such as wood-carvers and workers in metal, labor in the evening by the light of dim lamps, it is necessary for the farmer and the field laborer to rise with the first call of the kingcrow,

as the eastern sky begins to whiten. The smoke curls upward from every cottage while the morning meal is prepared; the cattle are turned out of the yards and driven to the pasturage on the hills by a few naked children armed with sticks; figures are seen in the half-light like ghosts, wrapped in white sheets, and gliding, the men one way, and the women another, with brass pots in their hands, to the scenes of their usual ablutions. Some are squatting outside their huts cleaning out their mouths with finger and a piece of bamboo, others smoking, or "girding up their loins," and twisting their turbans before starting out to work. As the first rays of the sun gild the mango blossoms all the men are on their way, and unless it be a day for weeding the crops, or for gathering the harvest, when their presence is required in the fields, the women begin their daily task of cleaning the house, plastering the floor with cow-dung, and sprinkling the threshold and portico with wood ashes in symbolic patterns. Then they start with the water-vessels and the children of the family, for the tank or pool where they all wash both their bodies and clothes, and carry back water for the household wants. Some, if they have leisure and substance, are carrying offerings of fruit and rice to the temple of Devi or Lakshmi, where the bell is ringing out to attract the faithful.

A string of carts has just arrived from the coast bringing merchandise from Bombay for many of the traders in Singhpur; drivers and bullocks who have been travelling since nine o'clock last night look lean and tired, and are covered with ochrous red dust. There are two bales of gray shirtings for Premchund, the cloth merchant, six cases of "best old Scotch" and two of Geneva for Hormusji, the Parsi shopkeeper, as well as "Europe stores"—such as tinned salmon, sardines, jam, and biscuits—a cartload of bar and hoop iron for Vellappa, the ironseller, a box for the Collector's daughter, with a new hat, a ball dress, ribbons, artificial flowers, and some bargains in the way of remnants, put up and packed with the aid of a friend at Whiteley's or Barker's, another for a

young lady at some station away in the jungle, with her bridal outfit complete, and the cake, too, by the late arrival of which her wedding has been put off for a fortnight, a load of coarse gray blankets from one of the sheep-grazing districts, for sale in the Singhpur bazaar, and a number of other articles. The drivers are having a row with the toll-keepers about payment of the municipal impost. Under English rule "local self-government" has been bestowed upon the people, so the board has to look round for means to pay for water and drainage schemes and town conservancy; the barrier dues are one of them, and the carters, who have just come in, are as discontented as the people of the town, who pay, one way and another, two shillings per head annually for local rates. "Four annas for each cart entering Singhpur, in addition to four tolls on the road from Pánhunder! It is monstrous! How will they get food to-day for themselves and their bullocks?" Here some women, passing on their way to the tank, halt to listen to the dispute, and join in the complaint that "the 'takkus' is grievous, the children's food is being taken away." The toll contractor has no concern with their feelings, and only observes that it is the "hukm" or command of the Government, and proceeds to rake in his dues. The district officers say that the ingratitude of the people is most discouraging; latrines have been put up, the filth is carted away daily to a distance from the town, street drains are cleansed, stray dogs are destroyed, oil lamps have been erected in the streets, water of good quality distributed to stand-pipes for public use, and they have a local board presided over by the Taluq Native Revenue officer, and yet they are not happy. It really is too bad. Some of the people will positively not drink the water coming to them in metal pipes, and some still neglect to use the public latrines, preferring to resort to the open country outside the town according to old custom. A native hand-loom weaver, of whom there are many in Singhpur, told one of the Collector's peons, who told the head clerk, who told his superior, that the people were not un-

grateful, but they were all queer, and liked their own ways, which the English did not understand; they did not notice the odors which the English called bad smells; they liked to take their drinking water from the village well, or the temple tank, especially the latter, which had been blessed by the presence of Vishnu; and they did not like the dung carts parading the streets and standing in the market place. Least of all did they like paying a week's earnings every year to the local board when the cost of food was increasing steadily. They were very poor men; what should they do?

So early as seven o'clock the Sheristadar, or manager of the Magistrate's Court, is on his way to see the Collector on this very matter of the Municipality, and other affairs which that functionary likes to dispose of with his morning cup of tea. The Sheristadar is clothed in voluminous folds of white muslin, and wears red leather shoes turned up at the toes, and without heels, and a Mahratta turban; at a respectful distance behind him walks one of his clerks, and again, at an equal interval in the rear, a peon or messenger wearing a belt and badge. When the great man halts, the others halt with due regard to intervals. He is known to have immense power, and he is courted and respected accordingly. All the clerks in the district office owe their appointments to him; some of them are his sons and nephews, though not so designated in official records. If one should incur the enmity of the Sheristadar he had better resign his place, for go he will on some pretext before long. The Collector is seated in a cane chair in the corner of the veranda of his house, embowered in climbing roses. He does not feel well to-day; at 7 A.M. few people do who have lived in India for twenty-five years; the Judge's cigars of last night have also contributed to a dry eye and a furred tongue; the *Bombay Courier* has just been delivered by the dák peon, and its columns have two bad pieces of news, one, the failure of the Asiatic Bank, by which the Collector loses a thousand pounds, the savings of several years; and another, the decline in the value of the rupee to one

shilling and fourpence; he throws down the paper with a sigh of disappointment; higher remittances must be looked for month by month for the school bills of his two sons in England, and his furlough must be postponed. "Never mind about the dibs, father," his daughter had said as she hurried off to the club for morning tennis, but she had but little realized in her youth how potent a factor is money in all our social relations. The exigencies of an official position, when the incumbent discharges all the duties of his station, leave but a small margin between expenditure and income. The Collector's very butler charges him fifty per cent. more for market supplies than the young Forest officer pays, and the dignity of his office prevents him from going to the bazaar to inquire about prices. It is a daily trouble to the timid little wife to settle accounts with a retinue of servants, and although she sees what is bought she cannot account for more than half of it at table, and the grain for the horses, which is measured out before her every day, invariably runs out before the calculated date. It is all very vexing. She thinks that life in India would positively be happy were it not for these worries. After they are over she puts on her sun-hat and garden-gloves and saunters in the carriage-drive to tend the roses which stand in pots on either side, and to gather flowers for the vases. It was but a short time back that a child was running at her skirts and playing at helping in the garden, but a short sharp illness, such as is rife in the tropics, had withered the young blossom of her life. It is a daily pilgrimage to the child's grave to lay a fresh bunch of flowers upon the turf; and upon the resting-places of other infants who have gone before. The white headstones rise among the dark junipers and cypresses, and amid a careless profusion of bright leaves, upon the higher slopes of Singhpur, looking to the eternal hills.

The Sheristadar makes his obeisance to the little lady as he approaches, with the courtesy always shown by natives to English ladies, although he has his own ideas as to the inferiority of the female to his own sex, which

are apparent in his domestic circle. He sits on a mat in the veranda with his clerk, and goes through vernacular reports with the Collector. Some of these relate to the state of the crops, to water supply, and to sanitation, but quaint allusions and curious facts occur here and there which would raise a laugh, if such a thing could be at early morn in the hot weather with the thermometer at eighty degrees.

Out in the camp the troops are at their morning exercises; the bugles have gone at 5 A.M., at which hour the officers' "boys" have been in attendance at the bedsides with uniforms and boots ready laid out. Fifteen minutes for dressing, a hasty cup of coffee, and they are out on the parade ground in the delightful cool air that is wafted across the plains before the sunrise. Two hours of this with battalion drill enable one to square accounts after a late night at mess and an extra "peg." Some of them have to spend the hot forenoon with a company for musketry practice at the bleak, sun-dried range lying up against the hills. Then at noon they strip and get into cool garments and lie under the punkah; when again all is still save for the shrill cry of the kite as he swoops down upon some incautious chick, or the hoarse chuckle of the crow perched upon the cook-room gate and watching the servant eat his rice. In our veranda, closed in by bamboo lattice work and climbing plants, a subaltern is at practice with his revolver, and his chum keeping his eye in for Chitral shooting by taking quick sights with a sporting carbine. Another is dressing himself in visiting clothes to pay calls upon the ladies of the station, who are visible between 12 and 2 P.M. only for these social ceremonies, and to see his lady-love at the Judge's house. Some of the fair themselves, bent upon these functions, are braving the heat and the unbecoming glare of the sun, and crawling round by bullock coach to their friends' houses. The little societies of Anglo-Indians scattered about the country are tenacious of these customs imported from their native land. It is perhaps felt by women that to suffer an abatement in social ceremonies is to incur loss of some of the re-

gard which they have by tact won from men. Certainly the practice of visiting, dressed in a black coat, at the hottest part of the day in India, witnesses to the homage men are ready to pay to the other sex. Of course, at times the duty is no longer irksome when the visitor can look forward to a pleasing reception, and rarely to a *tête à tête* tiffin with a charming hostess.

The roads in the station are thick with red dust, which besprinkles the lantana bushes and prickly pear that form the hedges. The nim and Indian fig-trees branching overhead give grateful shade from the fierce rays of the sun. Here and there is the rude gate leading to a white-walled and tiled-roof bungalow. The main street of the cantonment bazaar is furnished with little open-fronted shops for the sale of mostly English goods—millinery, china, glass, stationery, furniture, and cooking utensils. Some of the proprietors—all natives—perambulate the station with a box of their wares borne upon the head of a coolie, for the purpose of obtaining the custom of the European residents. Ali Khan, for instance, has just taken up his position in the porch of a bungalow in the Fort behind the tiers of pots luxuriant with calladiums and lilies, and by his silent approach has left the inmates unaware of his presence; and the lady who is reclining in a lounge chair in the cool of the inner room, darkened with draperies and blinds, is startled by the bass voice—"Bombay borah (merchant), Mem Sahib! Got Pear soap, writing-paper, Holway's pill, silk and muslin things." He rarely fails to draw. She comes to the steps in the porch somewhat impatiently. "Well, Ali, what have you got to-day? You are a regular old bother!" "I got nice silk dress, Mem Sahib, just come from England, very cheap—two rupees a yard. Mem Sahib like see?" As it is unrolled and displayed with the greatest good-nature, she says, "That is too dear, Ali; you want too much profit." He

replies, "No, Mem, I no make large profit; I only want the Sahib logs' mihrbani" (that is, "the goodwill of the gentry"). So the dress is left, with a promise of payment next month. Ali does a thriving trade with the East Indians of Singhpur and neighboring towns in cheap muslins, violet-powder, perfumes, and patent pills, to which they are partial, and is very accommodating as to settlement of accounts. He meets with an occasional rebuff even from Europeans; he has been pelted with golf-balls by a "beery" gentleman as he retreated from his house; and even the contents of a tumbler of soda-water have been hurled at him, but with most he has no cause of complaint. Perhaps the memory of an unpaid bill rankles. One old gentleman, on the eve of his retirement from the service, was heavily involved all round, and Ali and his *confrères* both at Singhpur and Bombay were forced to watch his movements in self-defence. He was only, it was given out, going to Bombay to see his wife off to England. Everything seemed to give color to this report. He went on board the steamer with the lady and her boxes, and left his own luggage at the hotel, returned to shore as the steamer weighed anchor at dusk, and was at dinner at the *table d'hôte*. His creditors seeing so much went to their homes in the bazaar in an easy frame of mind, suspecting no fraud. But late at night, when Bombay was quiet, a boat put out from a secluded part of Buck Bay bearing the delinquent to the offing in time to overtake the steamer, which had slackened speed and was waiting to pick him up. In the morning the news of the exile's flight was abroad; the injured creditors rushed to the magistrate's court to apply for issue of warrants, but too late. Legal process in England is little understood by a native of India, so the crafty debtor got off free. Happily such a case is so rare that Ali Khan still retains belief in British probity.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

CAUGHT NAPPING.

BY PAULINE W. ROOSE.

"I WISH," said Edwin Landseer as he stood before Frith's portrait of Dickens, "he looked less eager and busy, and not so much out of himself, or beyond himself. I should like to catch him asleep, and quiet now and then." So too, no doubt, would those who lived with him. For though, as Forster remarked, there seemed to be no rest needed for that wonderful vitality, there must have been times when the perpetual flow of it proved too stimulating for those around him. It would seem, indeed, almost as unlikely to catch Dickens asleep as the proverbial weasel. But a charming description of the creator of the immortal sleepy fat boy, subdued himself in slumber, is given us by Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke. Having owned to being a "little tired" after his tremendous exertions with his travelling dramatic company, he was prevailed upon to lie down.

"In that small inn-room" (by Loch Lomond, the rest of his party having gone out exploring), "there was of course," relates the genial chronicler, "no sofa; so we put together four or five chairs, on which he stretched himself at full length, resting his head on his wife's knee as a pillow, and was soon in quiet sleep, Mrs. Dickens and I keeping on our talk in a low tone, that served rather to lull, than disturb him. That modest inn-room among the Scottish mountains, the casement blurred by recent rains, the grand landscape beyond shrouded in mist, the soft breathing of the sleeper, the glorious eyes closed, the active spirit in perfect repose, the murmured voices of the two watching women—often rise with strangely present effect upon my musing memory."

A more lovable picture of one of the most lovable beings that ever dwelt on earth surely does not exist than that in which De Quincey portrays the slumbers of Charles Lamb. No exquisite was the gentle essayist in many of his ways, "no Quaker," as he himself expressed it, at his meals. We all know

how he would come home "smoky and drinky" of an evening, how he left grease stains on the leaves of books, and dropped sealing-wax over the floor. But in his sleep the pure ethereal nature of the man was manifest. All grossness dropped from him. The face, whose intellectual beauty was of too restless a character in his waking hours, showed spiritualized through the mists of sleep, which descended on him "as softly as a shadow." In a gross person, says De Quincey, in that spirit of keenly-critical yet impersonal observation, as if he himself were a being apart from others, which was peculiar to the opium-eater, "In a gross person laden with superfluous flesh and breathing heavily, this would not have been discoverable. But in Lamb, thin even to meagreness, spare and wiry as an Arab of the desert, or as Thomas Aquinas wasted by scholastic vigils, the affection of sleep seemed rather a network of ethereal gossamer, than of earthly cobweb—more like a golden haze falling upon him gently from the heaven, than a cloud rising upward from the flesh. Motionless in his chair as a bust, breathing so gently as scarcely to seem entirely alive, he presented an image of repose, midway between life and death, like the repose of sculpture."

Charles Lamb, for all his eccentricities and the drop of wildness in his blood, was of a more conventional character than De Quincey, and, bachelor though he was, of more domestic habits. While we have that glimpse of him asleep by his own fireside, he was never, we believe, caught napping out of doors, as De Quincey himself might often have been, and in the dead of night, his lantern extinguished by his side, his thought-worn head pillowed on the bare ground.

Leigh Hunt dilates on the exquisite delight of sleeping under the sky. "Are there many moments more delicious," he asks, "than the one in which you feel yourself going to slumber, with the sense of green about you,

of an air in your face, and of the great sky arching over your head."

Here is a glimpse of the philosopher of evolution indulging in such slumbers as might overtake a child tired out with picking flowers on a summer's day. After strolling, as he describes, amid the fresh dark green of the grand Scotch firs, set off by a fringe of distant green from the larches, "at last," he says, "I fell fast asleep on the grass, and awoke with a chorus of birds singing around me, and squirrels running up the trees, and some woodpeckers laughing, and it was as pleasant and rural a scene as ever I saw, and I did not care one penny how any of the beasts or birds had been formed." The sense of poetry in Darwin had evidently at this time not been wholly atrophied.

None better than Rousseau, sensuous dreamer that he was, knew the delights of "sleeping with the earth," as Walt Whitman phrases it. He has left on record a description of a night thus spent, which is enough to make a vagrant of the most confirmed house-lover. It was on the banks of the Rhone near Lyons, and tired out with prolonged rambles, "I slept voluptuously," he says, "on the sill of a kind of niche or false door opened in a terrace-wall. The canopy of my bed was formed of the tops of the trees; a nightingale was just above me; I fell asleep under his song."

"Of all gods," says an old writer, "sleep is dearest to the muses." Here are two glimpses of Wordsworth asleep. The poet went to church with Haydon. "We sat," says the painter, "among publicans and sinners. . . . I was much interested in seeing his venerable white head close to a servant in livery, and on the same level. The servant in livery fell asleep, and so did Wordsworth. I jogged him at the gospel, and he opened his eyes."

To be caught napping in church is bad enough. To fall asleep with one's back to the Venus de Medici might be thought still worse by some. Yet of this last enormity our own Wordsworth was likewise guilty, and says he was not ashamed to confess it, the day being very hot in Florence, and he worn out with sight-seeing—thus add-

ing another image, though it exists but in fancy, to those contained within that treasury of art, the Tribuna of the Uffizi; that of a supreme English poet sitting dozing with his back to the statue that enchants the world, as insensible to its charms as one of his own mountains would have been.

"I never take a nap after dinner but when I have had a bad night," said Johnson, "and then the nap takes me." Mrs. Carlyle, with whom bad nights were the rule, was not taken by a nap in church, one Sunday afternoon, but deliberately took one. And the recording angel no doubt made light of the offence on the part of the tired hard-pressed woman, if he did not actually blot it out. This is how she confesses it, with not the smallest show of compunction, in a letter to her husband.

"When the sermon began I made myself, at the bottom of it [the Bullers' deep pew] a sort of Persian couch out of the praying-cushions; laid off my bonnet, and stretched myself out very much at my ease. I seemed to have been thus just one drowsy minute when a slight rustling and the words, 'Now to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,' warned me to put on my bonnet, and made me for the first time aware that I had been asleep."

A touching picture, more interesting in its way than that of Rousseau falling asleep to the nightingale's song, of Wordsworth nodding in church, even of Darwin asleep among his beasts and birds, is the heroic figure of Sir Walter struggling against the sense of bitter bereavement, an adverse fate, his own failing powers, and indulging in "drumly" slumbers, in spite of all his efforts to keep awake, over Anne of Geierstein, finding matter for sorrowful jest in the lack of stimulating interest in his work which, lit up with gleams of his old genius though it is, he feared might exercise the same somnolent effect upon his readers that it did upon himself. "I took up *Anne*, and wrote, with interruption of a nap (in which my readers may do well to imitate me) till two o'clock"—an interruption to which he was subject throughout the task.

In nothing is the contrast between

those two men, Scotchmen both, Carlyle and Scott, more strikingly shown than in the matter of sleep. Nothing short of a "treacle sleep" in which he could lie "sound as a stone" for hours could satisfy Carlyle. His naps were serious things, and if any inroad from without or within were made upon them anathemas and "waes me's" would be sure to follow; while constant nights of waking and aching would be met by Scott with scarce a grumble, or but a playful one. A dog, whose yelping had disturbed his slumbers, moved Carlyle to the jocosely savage wish that he had the animal by its hind legs within reach of a stone wall. "Bilious and headache this morning," notes Scott, under the influence of a like infliction occurring in the very midst of his sea of troubles. "A dog howl'd all night, and left me little sleep: poor cur!" with an outgoing of sympathy toward the unconscious troubler of his repose; "I dare say he had his distresses, as I have mine."

But as De Quincey said of Mrs. Siddons, for whom he seems to have cherished an almost passionate admiration, that the worst of her presence was it seemed to dwarf that of every one else, even of otherwise most presentable people, so to read of Scott makes most

others, even of the noblest and best, appear small by comparison.

There is something of pathos always in the sight of a great man lost for a moment to the responsibilities of his position, the burden of his own fame, and wrapped in such slumbers as might overtake the meanest son of toil. Whether it be Nelson snatching a moment's oblivion in sleep amid the restless scene of a Paris gambling-saloon, his head on Lady Hamilton's shoulder, she "playing furiously" the while (as Mr. Frith, quoting from the lips of a bystander, Lord Northwick, records), yet evidently taking care not to disturb her hero's slumbers. Or Napoleon, before one of his great battles, asleep up to the last moment from sheer exhaustion. Savonarola, on the eve of his execution by fire, resting with his head on the knees of his black-hooded and veiled attendant, and smiling and speaking in his sleep. Or General Lee, that noblest figure in a fallen cause, lying sleeping, wearied out by the way-side in Virginia, while an army of fifteen thousand men trooped past, so silently that his slumber was not broken. Or only Pope, nodding, as he is said to have done, whenever the conversation failed to be epigrammatic.—*Temple Bar.*

AN AFFECTIONATE SON.

THE name on the card was Maddox, but at the first sound of his voice I recognized the man shown into the office as Sydney Carstairs. He didn't notice me; he was too eager to get audience of Mr. Maciver, who managed the firm's advertising. We do a good deal in that way, and I've no doubt that Maddox's card had been sent up a good many times before our Mr. Maciver would grant an interview. So I leaned back and listened while my old school-fellow let loose the flood of his eloquence.

"The 'Lamp of Truth,'" he said, "is a publication which is of almost unique value to such a firm as yours. We have only just begun, but we have a great future before us. We spare no

expense to make our paper attractive to readers in all parts of the country. We have a weekly sermon by the Rev. T. Baggs Calshott, the famous preacher of the Balls Pond Tabernacle; Lucy Markham, the well-known novelist, writes a serial story for us, and we have each week a poetical contribution from Catherine Herbert, the talented authoress of the "Rainbow of Hope." With these attractions we shall go in hundreds of thousands of Christian households throughout the land, and shall form a simply unrivalled medium for such high-class advertisers as yourselves."

Our Mr. Maciver turned an amused face toward me. I knew very well that Mr. Maddox had been admitted

in order that I might have an object-lesson. I was new to the business, and had to be taught all branches of it. So he stopped the full tide of Mr. Maddox's eloquence by the remorseless question:

"What present circulation do you guarantee?"

While poor Sydney was delivering himself of an entirely evasive reply I had time to observe him closely. He was the last man I should ever have expected to see figuring as an advertising canvasser, and I knew already enough of these people to see that my old friend belonged distinctly to the lower varieties of that interesting genus. His hat alone was enough to show the hardest pinch of poverty. He had been such a dandy at Oxford!

Mr. Maciver had tossed "The Lamp of Truth" contemptuously aside, but Carstairs tried a second chance.

"The Footlights," he said, speaking as fast as he could, for fear he might not be allowed to finish, "has a splendid circulation, not only with the profession, but also among the large and increasing class who are deeply interested in the drama. Actors are especially fond of savory additions to their dishes. There are some, I believe, who almost live upon pickles, and as a medium for your unrivalled products—"

But our Mr. Maciver had amused himself enough, and signified pretty plainly that there was no business to be done and that Sydney might retire. The poor man's briskness vanished. He seemed, as it were, to resume a look of settled disappointment as he slowly turned to the door.

"Dormy," I called out, "dear me, Dormy—*Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*."

Sydney Carstairs had once made this particular false quantity, and so earned himself more than one nickname.

He looked round at the sound of the old appellation, and saw me. He turned very red and let fall the papers he was carrying.

"Mr. Maciver," I said, "this is an old friend of mine; we must do something for him. Something good. A whole page and a series, you know."

Mr. Maciver looked rather disgusted

at this unbusinesslike procedure, but commenced an examination of the two journals.

Sydney, meanwhile, seemed very awkward and ill at ease, and assured me several times that he had not expected to see me; that he did not know that I took an active interest in the business, and so on.

He approved faintly of the choice Mr. Maciver had made, which preferred the "Footlights" to "The Lamp of Truth."

"Neither is a really good medium," Sydney said, with sudden frankness, "but you are doing it to oblige me, and 'The Lamp of Truth' expects the heaviest lying;" and he departed, looking several degrees less unhappy, but not before I had arranged to meet him again.

A day or two later Sydney dined with me, and we talked for a long time over old days and old friends. It was at my place in the country, and we sat out of doors after dinner and smoked. As the twilight deepened Sydney became more confidential and a little more cheerful.

"I daresay," he said, "you were surprised enough to see me trotting round to tout for advertisements. It is not a grand position for a banker's son. But I daresay you know the bank failed and my father died suddenly, and there was nothing left for me. I had been called to the Bar, but had never seen a brief, and did not even expect to see one. I tried journalism—tried very hard, very hard indeed—but I suppose I wasn't clever enough; at any rate, I could not make it pay, and so I drifted into what I'm doing now. Sometimes I don't do so badly." Sydney was silent, and I quite understood that those times did not come very often.

"I'm awfully obliged to you," he burst out again, "for helping me. An order from a firm like yours is worth something. I've shown it all round, and I've got Condensed Cocoa on the strength of it, and I've half a promise from Black's, the soap people. Why, when I went back to 'Footlights' office with your order in my hand, they nearly fell on my neck for joy."

To change the subject I turned back

to the old days, and reminded Carstairs of a school holiday I had spent at his father's house.

"I had a very jolly time of it," I said. "I used to ride races across your father's park with your sister Mabel, and once her horse ran away, and your mother was terribly frightened."

Carstairs sighed. "Poor Mab is dead, and the park was sold for building sites." Then he added as an afterthought, "But wouldn't you like to go down and see my mother some time? She is living at Kew. When the crash came and all our furniture was sold, we saved enough to furnish a tiny cottage. There was a little money settled on her, and she manages on that. There's a young lady who lives with her. The dining-room will just seat four, and my mother has often asked me to bring a friend, and, as a rule, I haven't any one. The friends I have now are not exactly *salonfähig*, as they say in Germany. My mother would be sure to recognize you."

Sydney's prediction was completely fulfilled when I went down with him a week later to the tiny cottage he had spoken of. Mrs. Carstairs recognized me at once, and reminded me of several things which had happened during my stay at her house. But I certainly should not have known her again, though I had a clear mental image of the lady I had known before. But time had not dealt gently with Mrs. Carstairs; the comely, cheerful matron of my remembrance had become an old lady with furrowed cheeks, bent shoulders, and white hair. The only other guest was a young lady whom Mrs. Carstairs called Lucy, and Sydney, Miss Hilton. She was quite a pretty young lady, not in her first youth, and I divined at once that Mrs. Carstairs had formed plans in which her son and Miss Hilton were greatly interested. Sydney looked very different from the shabby being who had been so exceedingly deferential to our clerk. His dress-clothes were faultless, and he had an orchid in his buttonhole. He expressed himself with considerable decision on many points, and I noticed that the younger as well as the elder lady listened to what he

said with a great deal of attention. Mrs. Carstairs contrived that a good deal of her son's conversation was directed to Miss Hilton, and after dinner she manoeuvred them both into the little patch of garden, while she sat in the veranda and talked to me. I suppose Carstairs had foreseen this, and had guessed what would be the subject of his mother's conversation, for on the way down he had given me a caution.

"My mother," he had said, with some confusion, "isn't aware at all of what I am doing for a living. I've told her that I am connected with the Press, and she hasn't any idea of the precise nature of the connection. Please don't enlighten her."

So I was not altogether surprised when Mrs. Carstairs asked me if I had ever had any connection with journalism. The negative reply that was expected served as a starting-point for the proud mother.

"Sydney writes a great deal, I believe," she said; "in fact, it's his only real occupation. His practice at the Bar amounts to nothing. He has never told you, I suppose, the papers that he's connected with?"

"I have never heard him allude to himself as contributor to any particular organ," I replied; "but then, you know, I have hardly seen him for a great many years."

"It would be all the same, I expect, if you had seen him every day," the old lady returned very quickly. "Sydney is very reticent about Press matters, though he's frankness itself in other things. And I suppose he is quite right to be discreet. He always says that the anonymity of writers for the daily or weekly Press ought to be most carefully maintained. We can never get him to admit the authorship of a single article. For a long time we didn't even know what paper he was permanently connected with."

"But you know now?" I queried.

"Yes; we found it out by accident—Miss Hilton and myself. We had been talking politics one evening, and the next day we found everything we had said in a leader—much better expressed, of course—and when we taxed him with having written the article,

he couldn't deny it. And do you know what paper it was?"

I shook my head.

"The 'Times,'" said the old lady impressively. "And now we've got so far that we can tell which articles are his. Sometimes there isn't anything by him, and then, you know, I think the paper is very dull," she added, with a little laugh.

"How do you tell your son's writing?" I asked.

"Oh," she replied, "there are a lot of little signs that we know. There are certain words he is very fond of using, and, and—I can't explain it, but there are lots of little things. Lucy and I always read the paper, and we each of us settle in our mind which is his, and in almost every case when we come to compare notes we find we agree perfectly. So you see," she concluded, with a lively nod. She was silent for a few moments, watching the two who were pacing about in the little garden, but she soon returned to the subject.

"It's a great responsibility," she said, "to write for a journal like the 'Times,' and I am sure my son feels it. Sometimes he seems quite absent-minded, and—and almost as if he had too much to think of. And sometimes he doesn't come down to see us for weeks and weeks. He is too busy, he says."

Mrs. Carstairs then began to question me about myself, but the fact that I had been married only a few months before rolled the conversation back to the favorite topic.

"I wish Sydney would marry," she said; "but he always tells me that he hasn't time, and he doesn't like being pressed on the subject."

The return of the pair from outside made the conversation general, and before very long Carstairs declared that he was obliged to leave. We drove back together in a hansom. Carstairs was silent and depressed. He seemed to be relapsing into the weary mood of the underpaid drudge.

"Did my mother say much about me?" he queried timidly.

I told him the substance of the conversation. "She thinks that you write for the 'Times,'" I said.

He shook his head sadly. "And I

let her think so—in fact, I've encouraged the idea. Poor soul! if she saw me going about my work day after day, waiting for hours in offices, hanging round doors, in the hope of getting a word in with the big man as he comes out, and not only with firms like yours, but with small people—dirty, greasy, illiterate tradespeople, who, all the same, look down on me and snub me at times, and are offensively familiar at others—if she saw this going on when she thinks I am meditating on deep affairs of state, I am afraid it would almost break her heart. I lead a dog's life, and my worst fear is that my mother may come to know of it. You may think it is very wrong of me to let her deceive herself so, but I can't help it."

"Wouldn't it be better to let her know how things are?" I asked.

"I can't tell her the truth; I can't tell her that I'm deep down in the mud and that I shall always stick there. It's not my fault," he went on, in passionate tones, "that I am where I am! I tried my best. I worked early and late, and covered reams of paper, but 'twas all of no use. I was determined to do something for my poor mother—to give her some of the luxuries which she was always used to. I meant to do a great deal, and I've done just nothing—absolutely nothing. I am too miserably poor to help her in any way. The only pleasure I can give her is to let her think that I am prosperous and happy. And even that is hard. I can't manage at times to keep a decent coat to wear when I go down to see her."

He buried his face in his hands and groaned audibly. I tried to cheer him up by the hope of brighter days, but he refused to be comforted. With an attempt at jocularly, I said:

"You'll be lucky in time, perhaps. A rich wife is being saved up for you somewhere."

He looked up suddenly. "Did my mother say anything about that?"

"She'd like you to be married," I said.

He sighed profoundly. "She wants me to marry Miss Hilton," he replied, "who will have some money by-and-by—not that she imagines I need it."

"Well," I said, "why don't you? She struck me as a very charming young lady, and evidently fond of you."

He was silent a few moments, and then said, in a low voice:

"The fact is I am married already, and I have two small children to provide for. That's another secret I have to keep. My wife is not a lady—she doesn't even pretend to be."

My curiosity was excited, and I couldn't help showing it.

"She was a waitress," he said, "at a cheap restaurant in the City. Steak and kidney pudding for 7d.—that sort of thing. She was very pretty and quiet, and I was solitary. I had given up any hopes of succeeding at anything, and I fell in love with the waitress. I couldn't help it. It is not good for man to be alone, I suppose. At any rate, we are married; there are two children to look after, and there'll be another before long. My mother-in-law lives with us," he went on with an air of stolid resignation, "and looks after things. She is a good manageress, but her temper gets the better of her sometimes, and when I am unlucky and can't bring any money in, she—well, she doesn't do much to console me."

Before we parted I asked him if I could help him financially a little.

"You know," I said, "there's a profit on pickles, and we don't sell our jams at cost price. I can always spare a little money. Won't you let me help you now and then?"

He thanked me heartily, but declined the offer.

"I'll bear it in mind as a last resource," he said; "but I don't want to begin borrowing little sums. I should never be able to pay them back, and it might become a habit. Leave me what poor shreds of self-respect I have got left."

I had thought of doing something more than occasionally advancing small sums, but I saw he had misunderstood me, and I did not press my offer further. I determined to bear the matter in mind, and to see if I could find any better opening for my old school-fellow. But nothing occurred for some time; I had plenty to think of, and the idea of helping Carstairs receded

more and more into the background. But I got my wife to call at the cottage at Kew. She liked Mrs. Carstairs very much, and took her and Miss Hilton sometimes for a drive through Richmond Park. They were invited, too, to some of the milder functions at our house. Mrs. Carstairs' conversation was always full of her son's supposed contribution to the "Times." She showed us some of these, and claimed our admiration. One afternoon, after five-o'clock tea, she consulted me, in a carefully contrived *tête-à-tête*, as to the probable remuneration.

"Sydney does three or four leaders a week for the 'Times.' What do you think they would pay him?" She looked at me inquiringly.

I disclaimed all knowledge, but thought 1,000*l.* a year would be something like it.

"That's what I should have said," the old lady rejoined, evidently pleased at my views concurring with her own. "And then, of course, Sydney writes for other papers. I've been thinking of this, because he has been very economical lately in one or two little things. Cabs, for example. He never comes in a cab, and even when it rains he won't let us send out to fetch one. He says he prefers the railways. And once, when I knew the train he was coming by and met him at the station, I actually saw him get out of a third-class carriage—fancy that for Sydney!—a carriage full of the most dreadful-looking people. Now you know he wouldn't have done that without some reason. Can you guess what that was?" and she looked me right in the face with a smile on her lips.

I could guess easily enough, but it was not my duty to shatter the dear old lady's illusions. So I murmured vaguely something about the democratic tendencies of the age—many people of the best position always travelled third class; one or two peers, I had been told, always did so, etc.

"Or perhaps," I suggested, as an afterthought, "he was studying the manners and customs of the working classes, preparatory to writing some article?"

I felt rather ashamed of the plausibility of this suggestion. Mrs. Car-

stairs shook her head in vigorous dissent.

"No," she said; "Sydney doesn't condescend to that style of journalism. Politics—*la haute politique*—and literature form his department. And the democratic tendencies of the age are not the reason either. Sydney isn't democratic any more than I am. Quite the reverse. There's one bit of Latin that I know, because I've heard him quote it so often when he was a young man—*Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo*. I know that's in Horace, and I know what it means. No, I'm sure that it is for a special motive that he has become so penurious lately. He wants to save money for some very particular purpose, and I know what that purpose is."

I was evidently expected to be curious, and I satisfied expectation.

"I can speak to you," the old lady went on—"speak to you as an old friend. You know, when the creditors came down on us and things were sold, there were dividends paid. I don't know exactly how many, or what they amounted to, but I am afraid they didn't come to twenty shillings in the pound. And that's what Sydney's saving for—to pay everybody everything. I am sure of it. When the crash came I remember his telling me that that was what he was going to do. He's never said anything about it since, and I had quite forgotten all about it, and I was puzzled by his penuriousness, till all of a sudden I remembered what he had said, and then everything was clear. I knew that he was patiently accumulating till he had got quite enough to pay off everything with interest—I'm sure he'd want to pay interest as well—and then he'd come forward, and call the creditors and pay off everything, and then come to me and say: 'Mother, I've cleared our good name from all reproach. Now I am a free man, and I can marry the girl of my choice'"—and she looked across to Miss Hilton, who was chatting with my wife at a little distance. "And I think you will find," she went on, dropping her voice to a whisper, "that it won't be very long before all this takes place. I have reasons for thinking so."

I was weak enough to say something indefinite about this paying off of old debts being very rare. "And it's very noble conduct," I said, "but—"

"You think it a little quixotic," the old lady replied, quickly; "perhaps I do, too. But there would be no use trying to persuade Sydney—he couldn't be got to take the business view of the subject."

Our *tête-à-tête* was interrupted, and the theme of conversation changed. But before we left the old lady pressed me very earnestly to dine at Kew on a certain date she named.

"It's my birthday, you know," she said, "and Sydney is sure to be there. We haven't seen him for a long time—we can hardly expect to see much of him now that a general election is going on, but I'm sure he'll be there then. He has never missed my birthday yet."

I promised to be of the party, and the evident pleasure which my acceptance gave was painfully significant. I could see that the old lady was quite sure in her own mind that that evening was the time fixed for the scene which was to mark the triumphant issue of her son's strange lapse into penuriousness.

Only the day before the evening of the dinner Carstairs called at our offices, and contrived, not without difficulty, to get admitted to my sanctum. He looked even shabbier than he had done when I saw him first. Things were going very badly with him, he said. "The Footlights" had been sold to a man who did his own canvassing, and "The Lamp of Truth" had gone out entirely.

"Condensed Cocoa gave them a short order," Carstairs said, "and when that came to an end the paper died. But I haven't come to talk about that," he added, after a short pause, "but to ask you to lend me a few pounds. I know I refused when you offered before, but perhaps you won't mind that."

"Of course not," I said. "Dear me, Dormy, don't make a fuss about a trifle."

"It's for to-morrow's dinner," he said. "I've always kept up my mother's birthday. I always managed it all

right, but this year I can't. My dress-suit isn't—isn't available, and I want to take a few flowers and some little trifle."

He named a small sum, and I handed over the money.

"I don't know when I'll pay you back," he said; "perhaps never, for things are getting worse and worse with me."

I met him the next day at the station at Kew. He was irreproachably attired, and carried a big bouquet of choice flowers. His looks were gloomy.

"I don't know," he said, "if this was all to be done over again whether I would do it. But I've kept up appearances so long that I must go on doing so to the end. It would be cruel to undeceive my poor mother now."

He shook off all outward signs of depression before he reached the house, and responded warmly to his mother's effusive welcome. He talked a good deal during dinner, and interested the ladies with gossip of the great world, gained as I guessed by a careful preliminary perusal of the society journals. Mention was made of the approaching marriage of an ex-Cabinet Minister, and the ladies were curious about the bride.

"Is she so very good-looking?" Mrs. Carstairs asked. "You've seen her scores of times, of course?"

"Not lately," Sydney said, with a hurried glance at me. Then he added, "But she was quite the belle of last season."

Mrs. Carstairs looked gravely at her son. "You mustn't let yourself drop out of society," she said, "not even for a general election."

After dinner the evening was very warm, and we all sat out in the little garden. After a time music was suggested, and Miss Hilton agreed to play a sonatina.

"It's your favorite, Sydney," his mother said, "and you must turn over the leaves, and we'll stay out here and have a little chat."

As soon as the other two had passed into the drawing-room Mrs. Carstairs opened fire on me with—

"Wasn't it a beautiful bouquet that Sydney brought me? It must have cost a great deal," and she looked at

me significantly. I knew what was passing in her mind. She meant to say, "The self-imposed task is over, the period of penury is gone, and the revelation will soon be made."

I was so sure that this was passing in her mind that I hastened to change the subject. But she soon got back to the favorite topic.

"Don't you think poor Sydney looks a little fatigued?" and without waiting for a reply she went on:—"He has had to work so hard, you know. But what a triumph it is for him to have overthrown the Government! It is really he who has done it, you know. Everybody says it is all due to the 'Times.' But I hope there won't be another general election just yet."

I acquiesced vaguely in the wish.

"You know," she went on, "when Sydney was a boy, and did so well at school, I used to be very ambitious for him. I used to think he would enter Parliament like his father, and that he might win a great position there—"The applause of listening senates to command," you know—all that sort of thing, and it was a great disappointment to me when that was all put aside. But now I ask you, isn't the journalist, who, by the mere force of his pen, can mould public opinion, who can remain unknown, or at least almost unknown, and can overturn one Ministry and dictate a policy to another—isn't that man much greater than a mere member of Parliament, who is expected to vote as he is told? How many of our public men are there whose influence is half as great as Sydney's?"

Mrs. Carstairs spoke vehemently, her eyes flashed, a tinge of pale pink colored her thin, worn cheeks.

We were interrupted by a disturbance in the drawing-room. The sonatina had ceased, and there was the sound of loud, angry voices. We found two unexpected visitors. One was a stoutish woman with a red face, apparently about fifty; the other was about half that age, and with a very fair share of good looks, in spite of evident signs of weakness and indifferent health. She carried a diminutive baby. Both were shabbily dressed, though the younger woman had made some ineffectual at-

tempts at finery. The elder woman was brandishing Sydney's bouquet and screaming wildly at Miss Hilton.

"What 'ave you got to do with another woman's 'usband, I'd like to know. Sixteen shillings and sixpence he give for them flowers. I seen him. Sixteen shillings and sixpence, and his poor children crying because they haven't had enough to eat, poor little dears, and his lawful wife as he promised to love and cherish hardly able to stand with her baby not six weeks old, and not a penny has he brought into the home for the last month, and I may toil and moil, and he can dress himself up as if he was the lord of the land, and chuck his money away as if his pockets were stuffed with bank-notes—him that can't earn ten shillings a week, and can't find nobody to trust him with half-a-crown! Him a canvasser, indeed! Why, he had much better stop in the shop than wear out his boot-leather when he can't do nothing a'cause of his being so shabby. Why, they turn him out of any respectable place. And my daughter, as might have married a plumber's young man who has now got a shop of his own, and makes his four pound a week regular!"

This is only a sample of the lady's oratory. She said a good deal more, while the younger woman sat down and attended to the claims of the baby, who had begun to cry.

We all remained speechless while the tirade was being delivered. Miss Hilton, very pale, stood clutching the piano, and gazing alternately, now at Sydney, and now at the woman with the baby. Mrs. Carstairs stood in wide-eyed astonishment, not comprehending the scene or what she was hearing.

"Sydney," she said at last, turning to her son, "what does this mean? Who are these people?"

He had been standing motionless with downcast head, but at his mother's appeal he came forward, and with an air of forced calmness said:

"Mother, this lady is my mother-in-law, Mrs. Thompson, and this is my wife, and this is my youngest child. There are two others. Your ideas about me need some slight correction.

I don't write for the 'Times,' nor for anything else. It is true that I am connected with the Press, but I am only a canvasser, and a canvasser for some of the poorest and meanest papers that ever were printed. On the whole, I am a little superior in rank to the men whom you see carrying boards in the streets. I earn very little money, and sometimes none at all. I couldn't get on without Mrs. Thompson, who has just been expressing her views so powerfully, though perhaps a trifle incoherently. She keeps a shop, where we sell bottles of lemonade and sweets and marbles and penny weekly newspapers. And sometimes we do badly, and then we don't have enough to eat, and sometimes we do better, and then we have shrimps for tea. And, mother—"

He stopped; a sort of spasm seemed to check his utterance and to run like a wave through his whole body. Then crying—

"My God! my God! I can't bear it!" he fell on the sofa and buried his head in the cushions. The poor mother tottered to his side.

"My poor Sydney!" she said, softly, "my poor, poor boy!"

Miss Hilton was the next to speak.

"Don't you think," she said, turning to me, "that there are too many of us here? Perhaps Mrs. Thompson and the new Mrs. Carstairs would like to retire."

Mrs. Thompson followed her daughter out of the drawing-room, but her tongue was not to be silenced. She felt bound to explain the order of events: she had seen the address on a letter her son-in-law had written; she had watched, and had seen him go to a coffee-house and emerge in evening dress; she had followed him to Covent Garden, and witnessed the purchase of the bouquet, and then she had gone home and shut up the shop, and had come down by train, bringing her daughter with her. She expressed her determination to take Sydney back with her, but a bank-note astonished her into silence and compliance with my views, which were that she should leave at once. An empty cab happened to be passing and received the party. But before that Miss Hilton

had a short colloquy with Sydney's wife.

"So," she said, in a harsh tone, "you are his wife, and that's his baby! Does he ever beat you, I wonder?"

The woman looked astonished.

"Oh no, miss!" she said; "he's a good 'usband, and he does what he can when he has the means. Only, I don't hold with him buying flowers when his children haven't got enough to eat."

"I don't believe he's a good husband," Miss Hilton replied. "He's a treacherous coward. But if he beats you, you deserve it. It is you that keep him down in the gutter—you and your precious parcel of babies."

The poor woman was frightened at the young lady's violent tone, and shrank away in a corner of the cab. But she was unwilling to leave without her husband, and Mrs. Thompson took the same view of the position. They had, however, grasped the fact that Sydney was with his mother, and they were persuaded to drive off. After the sound of the wheels had died away Miss Hilton, with a hasty good-night, rushed off to her own room. When I got back to the drawing-room Sydney hadn't moved from the sofa. The failure of the well-meant efforts at deception which he had maintained so long was the cruellest blow fortune had dealt him, and it broke him down completely. He was sobbing like a child, and his mother, sitting by his side, was trying to comfort him, in the same way that she had soothed his infant troubles, with tender caresses and only half-articulate words. She waved me a mute farewell with her disengaged hand, and I left the house.

I never saw her again. My wife called twice at the little cottage at Kew, but the mistress was not to be seen. A third visit after some lapse of time found the house untenanted and empty, and inquiries in the neighborhood elicited nothing.

But nearly two years later I was introduced to a Mrs. Malcolm, a newly married lady, in whom I recognized the former Miss Hilton. From her I learned that Mrs. Carstairs had been dead for some time.

"She never got over that night," the young lady said; "all her life

clung round those illusions as to her son's career, and the revelation killed her. She tried to put a good face on the matter; she went over to see the children once or twice, and when the baby had measles the two grandmothers made a great fuss about him, and became almost friendly. But she could never really reconcile herself to the state of things: the little shop where they sold lemonade and sweets and horrible little papers, and Sydney, shabby, penniless, almost despairing—all this was too much for her. She died. Pneumonia the medical certificate called it."

Mrs. Malcolm was silent for a few moments, and then began again:

"Do you think you will ever see Sydney again—Mr. Carstairs, I should say?"

I expressed my doubts.

"If you do," Mrs. Malcolm said, "give him a message from me." She hesitated, and looked down. "You know there were two of us who had illusions. Tell him I forgive him, and wish him well."

Mrs. Malcolm's message had to wait nearly three years to get delivered. Then one day I had a visit from Carstairs. He came to repay me the 10*l.* he had borrowed for his mother's birthday dinner, and explained why he had not seen me before.

"I've been living in the Midlands, and then I wanted to come with the money in my hand."

I gave Mrs. Malcolm's message, but I could see that the mischief he had done in deceiving that lady had never occupied a prominent position in his thoughts.

"Then you know of my mother's death?" he said. "It was sudden at the last, and I suppose it was what people would call a happy release. There was nothing for her to live for when I had turned out a failure. Her mind was a little disturbed some weeks before she died, and there were times when she seemed to forget all about that terrible evening, and to think of me in the old way. Then she died, and it was I who killed her."

He was silent for a moment and then said: "It's the saddest thing in life that some men seem doomed to

break the hearts of those they love best."

To change the dolorous direction of his thoughts I asked if he was doing better in business.

"Yes," he replied gravely, "things are not so bad as they were. I work for a good paper and get a regular salary. I secured Condensed Cocoa and two of the soap people. We are not so poor as we were; mother left us all she could leave, and it makes things easier, and Mrs. Thompson is really very good now. My eldest daughter too is a great comfort; we are all so proud of her, she is so good and does so well at school."

Since that interview I have never seen Carstairs to speak to, or heard of

him. But I caught sight of him once coming out of Charing Cross Station; he looked gray and bent—premature old age had plainly set its mark upon him. A very sweet-looking child of about eleven years of age was with him. They had evidently had a day in the country together, for his boots were dusty, and she held in one hand a bunch of wild flowers; the other hand clasped his, and as I watched them slowly crossing Trafalgar Square I was pleased to think that Destiny, which had meted out such hard measure to my old school-fellow, had sent consolation for his latter years in the guise of that graceful child.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

To Patrick Henry and his contemporaries belong whatever honor there may be in having stirred the American colonies to revolt. To Washington is the infinitely greater glory of having conducted that revolution to an honorable and successful close. But the work so far had been that of destruction only. The past was broken with, it is true, but the future had to be considered; and the domestic chaos out of which that future had to be evolved seemed to thinking men more formidable than the British tax-gatherer and more threatening even than British bayonets.

It is no mere language of eulogy to say that Alexander Hamilton was the greatest statesman that America has produced. Yet it is only within comparatively recent years that his achievements and personality have been dealt with at any length by capable biographers.* To few Englishmen probably does the sound of his name convey much meaning. Even in America, where an educated minority assign Hamilton a place to himself in their history above all his successors and,

with one illustrious exception, all his contemporaries, it is doubtful if to the mass of the people his name is as familiar as that of more popular and showy politicians who followed or feebly opposed him. Talleyrand, who knew Hamilton and America well, repeatedly declared that he considered Napoleon, Fox, and Hamilton the greatest men of that epoch, and that if he had to pronounce between the three he should without hesitation give the first place to Hamilton. This is strong language, but it helps at any rate to illustrate what an outstanding name his was at a period which Americans regard as the most conspicuous in their annals for political ability.

It was through his own famous periodical, *The Federalist*, that Hamilton's masterly essays on Statesmanship became known to the world. They were reprinted in Europe and made a profound impression on those select circles who were capable of appreciating them. "They exhibit," it was said in *The Edinburgh Review*, "an extent and precision of information, a profundity of research and an accuracy of understanding that would have done honor to the most illustrious statesman of ancient or modern times." "For comprehensiveness of design," declares another English critic,

* *THE LIFE OF HAMILTON*, by Chief-Justice Shea; Boston, 1879.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, by H. C. Lodge (*American Statesmen Series*); New York, 1886.

"strength, clearness and simplicity, they have no parallel, not excepting or overlooking those of Aristotle and Montesquieu, among the writings of men." Guizot declared that in the application of elementary principles of Government to practical administration it was the greatest work known to him. And yet the subject of these eulogies was a colonist born and bred; unlike many of his contemporaries he had never even set foot in Europe. It seems strange that fame in a popular and vulgar sense has not been busier with Hamilton's memory. Of all the men of his day there are none whose career and personality are so calculated to stir the imagination. He was as precocious as the younger Pitt without a tithe of his advantages, and his versatility seems almost without parallel. He was attractive in person, winning in manner, melodious in voice, honorable and single-minded to an extent that even his bitterest enemies in their bitterest moments had grudgingly to admit. He was a brilliant advocate and an ardent soldier, skilful in discipline and brave in action. And all these virtues and accomplishments were added to those great gifts which made him easily the first statesman and financier of his day in America. If a dramatic touch were wanted to lift him still further above the somewhat commonplace level of most of his contemporaries, his assassination, for it was little less, in the very prime of life should supply it. For Hamilton may fairly be said to have died a martyr to his love of country and to his fearless denunciation of those whom he conceived to be her enemies.

He was born in 1752 in the little West Indian island of Nevis. His father was James, son of Alexander Hamilton of Grange in Ayrshire by a daughter of Sir Robert Pollock. His mother was a French Huguenot, and from her he is said to have inherited in a great measure both his mental gifts and personal attractions. She died, however, when he was quite a child, and his father's affairs falling into disorder, the boy was cast early upon the world. His mother's relatives took charge of him, and in his thirteenth year he was placed in the

office of a merchant at St. Croix. That his education had not been neglected and his precocity was considerable may be gathered from the somewhat remarkable epistle penned by him at this period to a young friend: "To confess my weakness, N—, my ambition is prevalent, so that I condemn the grovelling condition of a clerk or the like to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character to exalt my station. I am confident that my youth excludes me from any hopes of immediate preferment, nor do I desire it, but I mean to prepare the way for futurity." But if young Hamilton was beating his wings against the bars of his West Indian counting-house, he was not, as some other great men in like situations, of no use there. On the contrary, extraordinary confidence seems to have been reposed in him, and shortly after entering the office he was left for some weeks in sole charge of the business. Letters of that time are extant in his handwriting, full of details and precise instructions to merchants and ship-owners. They are written in the first person and signed with his name as of one in sole authority, and fill one with amazement when one realizes that they are the work of a boy in his fifteenth year.

In St. Croix young Hamilton was fortunate in finding a scholarly Irish parson with whom he read the classics zealously. The necessities of his locality and his business had occasioned him to speak and write French fluently, so that upon the whole he had a good foundation upon which to proceed to the more regular course of studies which now awaited him. For at fifteen his friends recognized his talents as so much out of the common that they decided to send him to New York, and give him the benefit of the best education that now powerful and opulent colony afforded. Proceeding thither armed with the best introductions, he was fortunate in finding a home with the Livingstones, the most distinguished family of British blood in the colony, and closely allied by marriage with the heads of the Dutch colonial aristocracy. From their manor-house in the neighborhood of the

city he attended a good grammar school for a couple of years, and went on in due course to King's College, New York, now known as Columbia, where he was chiefly noted for his intense application to study.

The Revolution was now at hand, and the atmosphere of all the colonies was charged with excitement. For a youth of Hamilton's brains and mental activity, a keen partisanship on one side or the other was inevitable. For a time he seems to have hesitated in his choice. New York at this time had a strong Tory element, and its government was wholly loyal. Some unknown influence, however (a visit to Boston, it is said, but more likely his own reasoning faculties and boyish ambition), turned Hamilton's sympathies to the colonial side, and from that moment he threw himself into the cause of independence with his whole heart and soul. His first appearance in public was at a large meeting convened in New York to protest generally against the policy of the mother-country. The future Founder of Empire was then an unknown student of seventeen. Nothing daunted, however, either by his lack of years or reputation, he waited patiently till the notable speakers had finished their orations, and then, mounting the platform, he proceeded to harangue the crowd with such success as to establish himself at once as something of a public character. A war of pamphlets was fiercely raging between the two parties who were so soon to engage in a deadlier strife. The Tories had so far somewhat the best of this, and had delivered some printed challenges to which no adequate replies had yet been forthcoming. A thunderbolt at last descended upon their heads in the shape of an exhaustive and masterly arraignment of their attitude, which delighted the Revolutionists; and when it was discovered that the anonymous author was the youthful Hamilton, the stir was sufficient to have turned a less steady head.

Pamphlets and orations, however, soon gave place to sterner implements of war. Volunteer corps had long been in existence, and to one of these Hamilton had attached himself, to some

purpose it would seem, for at the outbreak of war he was appointed to the command of an artillery corps raised by the province. He was then just nineteen, and was to prove himself as adroit in soldiering as he had already done in the elements of commerce and politics. When active operations broke out he at once attracted attention by the smartness and vigor with which he handled his men. When Washington, with his still raw troops, was making his memorable retreat through New Jersey at the point of the British bayonets, Hamilton, then unknown to his chief, delighted him on more than one occasion by the way he protected the rear with his battery and checked the confident pursuers. His gallantry on this retreat caused Washington to seek out the young artillery officer, and at the first convenient moment to make him his aide-de-camp. "Well do I remember," said a participator in those events to Washington Irving, "the day when Hamilton's company marched into Princetown. It was a model of discipline. At their head was a boy, and I wondered at his youth, but what was my surprise when, struck with the slight figure, he was pointed out to me as that Hamilton of whom we had already heard so much." "I noticed," says another spectator, "a youth, a mere stripling, small, slender, almost delicate in frame, with a cocked hat pulled down over his eyes, apparently lost in thought with his hand resting on a cannon, and every now and then gently patting it as if it were a favorite horse or a pet plaything."

The war came a few years too soon for Hamilton to achieve the military fame of which it seems likely that he was capable. It was just as well, for future years and a different work were waiting for him, and if we have to pass briefly by his military career, it is in no sense because the latter was not sufficiently brilliant for his youth and opportunities. For, after winning his way into Washington's household, he passed rapidly to the confidential and important post of military secretary, and gained the lifelong friendship and respect of his great chief. To his ready and able pen was committed,

throughout the most trying periods of the war, the whole of Washington's correspondence, under circumstances in which words had to be weighed and susceptibilities considered in a fashion far beyond that required of a commander serving a strong or established government.

It soon came to be recognized throughout the army that Hamilton was no mere amanuensis. It was not only his lucid style which was utilized by the Commander-in-Chief, but, boy though he was in years, his individuality soon began to take shape in the mass of correspondence that passed through his hands. Though not a leader, he became a personage in the war, without which no picture of it would be complete. And this was no wonder, seeing that he was amusing himself in his leisure hours by writing essays on national finance to Morris, who eagerly read and valued them, while he was struggling to feed the depleted exchequer for which he was at the time responsible. Through all Washington's campaigns Hamilton was at his side; but a trifling and temporary disagreement caused him to resign his secretaryship near the close of the war. This was more than compensated for, however, by the separate command which Washington gave him at Yorktown, where he had the honor of leading the assault upon the British outworks in that last sharp struggle.

At the close of the war Hamilton found himself penniless save for those arrears of pay which looked at the time almost hopeless of realization. He had just married a Miss Schuyler, of a famous New York family, daughter of the general and granddaughter of that excellent lady from whose hospitable mansion at Albany so many British officers had gone forth twenty years before to the fatal field of Ticonderoga. Hamilton's father-in-law now offered him assistance, but with characteristic independence he declined it and applied himself at once with all his energies to the study of the law. At that moment politics offered no field whatever, more especially to a man who had to earn his bread. There was no money and there was scarcely a government. Congress had deteriorated

almost out of recognition. The loosely-knit confederacy lay gasping and well-nigh paralyzed by the military successes which it had done so little to facilitate, and by a consequent load of responsibility to which it was hopelessly unequal. At the opening of the war men had cried in their enthusiasm, like Patrick Henry at Richmond, "I am no longer a Virginian, but an American;" now, when the great peril was removed that all could see and dread, and dangers of a more subtle and complex kind had taken their place, the same men began to remind the weak shadow of what had once been a notable Assembly that they were Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and what not first, and Americans afterward. The average provincial politician was dazzled with a success in which he almost believed himself to have had a hand. He certainly had more than his share of political capacity in a limited sense, but those limits did not include the founding of a nation out of thirteen distinct commonwealths in the face of a disturbed Europe whose shadow reached threateningly across the Atlantic. State jealousies waxed and warmed with the removal of physical danger. Among much that was admirable ugly features had developed during a long tedious war, in which a fraction only of the people fought and a minority in all probability had directly suffered. A drifting policy seemed the order of the day, and disruption grew within measurable distance. All this Hamilton, as he worked hard at his law-books, saw and lamented. He turned naturally in the meantime to the profession that best suited his genius, and waited for that call to public life which he knew would surely come. In due course and in the year 1782 he was admitted to the Bar, and in the same year was elected to Congress and appointed continental receiver of taxes for the State of New York. This appointment, as a preliminary to greater things, was, with Hamilton's fierce contempt for provincial obstructions to national unity, by no means ungenerial. It will be sufficient here to state that in this invidious task he was conspicuously successful.

Hamilton's first session in Congress brought home to him more forcibly than ever the desperate state of the country. The decay of patriotism in its nobler sense shocked him. The sectional selfishness, the financial dishonesty, coupled with the unfitness of the legislators to arrest that catastrophe to which the new launched ship of State seemed already hastening, filled him with disgust and dread. How to irritate England, how to prostrate themselves before France; how to shuffle out of their just debts, including the very payment of the army which had created them, and how to hunt down and persecute Tories, seemed to Hamilton the highest aims of the precious Assembly into which the famous Congress of former years had sunk.

He wasted no time, but with a scathing eloquence, that lost none perhaps of its force from the well-remembered melody of the voice that uttered it, attacked the apathy which was personified on the benches around him. He was only now twenty-five, with far more experience, it is true, than such a period of life usually finds itself in possession of, but with a greater gift even than experience, the gift of genius. His was one of those rare intellects that seemed to divine by intuition what to ordinary men can come by experience alone. As a mere boy, in the intervals of letter-writing and fighting on Washington's staff, he had amused himself by sketching out the financial schemes that were ultimately to save America; he now carried, though the time to produce it had not yet arrived, much of the new constitution of the United States in his pocket. In this old Congress there was no one to match him; but eloquence and plain speaking were thrown away on that moribund assembly, and it was in other quarters, moreover, that Hamilton would have to look for effective co-operation in those schemes of Federal Unity which filled his vision.

At home in New York he rose easily and quickly into fame as a lawyer. His first notable speech was in defence of a Tory who had incurred the special hatred of the patriot mob. In his spare hours his busy pen threw off pamphlets illustrative of his views on

the various measures which he conceived to be so urgent for the safety of the country. He helped to found the State Bank, and was mainly instrumental in forming the military society of the Cincinnati in which the populace, with howls of alarm, scented the germs of oligarchy and aristocracy. He gathered round him some staunch allies and devoted admirers; but he made also many bitter enemies whose fear of him was so great that they actually, it is said, concocted a scheme for calling him out one after another till he fell.

An opportunity now showed itself. Virginia in a dreamy fashion invited the other States to send delegates to discuss the somewhat elementary step to National Unity of Commercial Uniformity. Four States only took sufficient interest in the matter to respond at all; but Hamilton, shrewdly guessing he might make this sleepy affair a starting-point for movements of more serious import, secured the co-operation of his own State, and got himself without much difficulty appointed a delegate. During the meeting he drafted an address to the country at large, setting forth in forcible terms its dangerous condition and urging all the States to send delegates armed with general powers to a great convention. His address was adopted by the small company present, and the first stone of the American Constitution was laid. Hamilton's own State was deplorably provincial, and obstructive to a degree as regards national affairs. At an earlier period, in spite of his entreaties, it had actually refused to vote any supplies to Congress. It consented now, however, to send three delegates to the convention, with a view to discussing the future, though without, probably, any serious, and certainly with no definite intentions. Hamilton, with great difficulty as a notorious Centralist, got himself appointed as third representative; and this was only possible in view of the fact that the States were to vote corporately and not by individual representatives; and as the other two delegates were resolute to do nothing, his own vote would be powerless.

The Convention met in May, 1787, and nine States put in an appearance.

Hamilton was thankful to have achieved this much, and, anxious not to unnecessarily irritate his own colleagues and the majority in his own State, he contributed very little to the first and least important days of this momentous discussion. But he found himself in the company of many of the leading minds of the country, and upon them he brought to bear in private the whole weight of his personal influence. So far as the Convention was concerned he reserved his power for one great effort, and in a speech which made a profound impression on the assembly, he detailed in a masterly and exhaustive manner his views on government. He had no hope of seeing his scheme for a Constitution adopted in its entirety, or the powers he asked for handed over by the timorous representatives of the nine suspicious provinces. That the President and Senate, among other things, should be elected for life and elected only by freeholders, struck terror, as may well be imagined, into the minds of people to whom popular government in its widest sense had become almost a fetish. They had forgotten, if indeed they had ever understood, that Washington had succeeded in spite of, rather than with the aid of the National Legislation. But Hamilton had not forgotten; as Washington's secretary no man in America had been brought in closer contact with popular assemblies and their ways in time of national danger. Congress, it is true, had probably by this time begun to suspect that they were no longer the admiration of the world; but Hamilton and his friends had more than a suspicion that they were fast becoming its laughing-stock, and felt keenly the ignominy of the position. He had no hope of seeing his own strong measures literally embodied in the new Constitution: he was fully prepared for the compromise which in the circumstances was inevitable; but by his strenuous advocacy of the national ideal in opposition to the provincialism so widely prevalent, he greatly strengthened the draft of the Constitution, which was finally adopted by the Philadelphia Convention for submission to the various States. His fellow-delegates from New York either

felt that he was too much for them or that the whole question itself was beyond their powers; at any rate they went home before the close of the Convention, and Hamilton signed alone on behalf of his State. With the draft itself he was anything but satisfied. All that is now recognized as the best in the American Constitution is credited to Hamilton's inspiration, but to its many imperfections he was keenly alive. In the frequency of elections, in the precarious tenure of high offices and their subserviency to mob favor, he foresaw that debasement and corruption which has so often and so sadly discredited American politics. In the tenderness with which States' rights were treated he recognized those grave dangers to national safety and unity which, after threatening the country more than once in its very infancy, eventually plunged it into the most terrible war of modern times.

Hamilton, however, was well satisfied to have got a Constitution, even though an imperfect one, upon paper at all. But this step was a mere preliminary one. The real struggle, the question of adoption, had now to be fought out in every provincial legislature, and Hamilton could of course take part in one only of these many contests. It was perhaps fortunate that he was a New Yorker. This province, though not individually the most powerful, had a special importance from its geographical position in the centre of the country; and no other man in America could have won over a State so wholly devoted to provincialism and Anti-Federal ideas as New York then seemed to be. Her legislators were not wanting in ability, but all the ability was ranged in opposition to the new Constitution. Hamilton, however, was in no way daunted, and making his private work secondary to what he conceived to be his public duties, he prepared to face the overwhelming odds. The legislature of which he was a member was shortly to meet. Preparatory to the Session, the party opposed to the Constitution organized against it a paper crusade. No step could have been more ill-advised; they had overlooked a common saying of that day, that he who put himself on

paper with Hamilton was lost. Upon this occasion these provincial pamphleteers brought upon their heads the first instalment of those famous essays which Guizot has called the greatest work of their kind known to him. They provoked in short the ever-notable *Federalist*, which fell like a sledge-hammer on those comparatively puny pamphleteers on the banks of the Hudson. But *The Federalist* did far more than this; it circulated freely throughout the whole of America and began gradually to sap that majority which on paper had looked so overwhelming.

The struggle in the New York Legislature reads like a political fairy-tale. In a house of sixty-five members Hamilton found forty-five actively opposed to him. Day after day, however, the young *Federalist* was upon his feet and with untiring energy and persuasive eloquence confronted the solid phalanx of his enemies. Signs of defection in their ranks began to show themselves; one after another the other States gave in their adhesion to the new Constitution; nine had already ratified, and now the news that Virginia had done so, in spite of the vehement opposition of Patrick Henry, roused the ardor of the swelling minority in New York. Fired with enthusiasm by this unexpected triumph of his great project, Hamilton made the last important public speech of his life. When he had finished, a scene ensued that is perhaps unique in the history of Anglo-Saxon political strife. For the leader of the opposition rose and with generous and unprecedented candor declared that Hamilton had converted him and he should vote for the Constitution. A division followed which resulted in a majority of three in favor of ratification, and with this joyful news Hamilton hastened to Congress.

Of the many grave questions which the first Congress under the new Constitution had to face, the finance of the country was by far the gravest. There was no hesitation for a moment as to whom the solution of this difficult problem should be entrusted, and Hamilton, answering with ready alacrity his country's call and cheerfully giving up his lucrative practice at the Bar, undertook the formidable work of the

Treasury Department at an almost nominal salary. A confused mass of accounts, a chaos of accumulated arrears, a hundred loosened threads, the tightening of each one of which would gall some private interest, were thrown into Hamilton's firm and fearless grip. Washington had profound confidence in his friend and former secretary; but the task seemed to him, and to others conversant with the state of affairs, too great even for Hamilton's genius. The new Secretary of the Treasury, however, proved himself equal to it, and in 1790, in his thirty-second year, he presented the masterly report upon the public credit out of which, says his best known biographer, "sprang the whole financial basis upon which the government of the United States rests to-day."

The debt of the old confederacy, small as it now seems, appeared to the Americans of 1790 truly stupendous. Hamilton divided it into three classes, foreign, domestic, and that incurred by the various States. It was the assumption of the last that opened the flood-gates of sectional and party jealousy. The party of States' rights opposed it on the very ground that Hamilton pressed it, namely that of strengthening the central government by binding to it as creditor the influential moneyed classes. All his other measures, some because generally popular or logically irresistible, some by his own indomitable energy or powerful pen, he easily carried. In the matter of the State debts, however, he had but a bare majority, and this at the division was swept away by the members from the ignorant and backward State of North Carolina, which had only just accepted the Constitution. Hamilton was in despair. He was not given to lobbying, but he felt that the inopportune advent of such dullards at such a crisis was a case for strong measures. Now the opponents of Hamilton's federal policy were mostly Southern, and at this time Jefferson had become decidedly the most influential politician south of the Potomac. Though an Anti-Federalist, he was not yet such a violent one or so inimical to Hamilton personally as he afterward became, and was moreover, in

common with most of the Southern party, just now greatly concerned about the locality of the national capital, and eagerly urging the site which it now occupies. The North not unnaturally were in favor of a higher latitude, and there was something of a deadlock. Hamilton thought the matter unimportant in comparison with those schemes for national solvency that he had at heart. He asked Jefferson to dinner, and promised that the new capital should be on the Potomac if Jefferson would use his influence with the South in the matter of the State debts. The latter, who was quite ignorant of finance, agreed; a bargain was struck, Hamilton's measures were carried through Congress, and the capital was established on its present site.

The opposition to Hamilton, among that party who were afterward known as Democrats, was very great, and none the less bitter because they felt they had no one to face him. They accused him of favoring England and her institutions, and of aiming at the establishment of an aristocracy. Patrick Henry, who had violently combated the Constitution, declared he was squinting at monarchy. There was a considerable party in America, more or less represented by Jefferson, whose notions of political economy were singularly crude. They professed to regard manufactures as a national curse, and to consider that the greatness of the New Republic would be best realized by a nation of farmers pure and simple, whose requirements would be limited to those articles that could be created inside the plantation fence. Hamilton, they declared, with his schemes for promoting commerce and manufactures, wished to corrupt their simple Arcady. As yet they had not even got a name under which to organize a resistance; as Anti-Federalists, however, and under the lead of the crafty Jefferson, they resorted to every conceivable measure but that of logic. No one for a moment doubted Hamilton's high integrity, but again and again the opposition, in hopes of finding some flaw, called for his accounts. They organized newspapers to libel him; but the libels were laughed at,

except by their author, on whom they rebounded in a fashion that made it for a time very disagreeable indeed for Jefferson. Hamilton, and the Federal party he had built up, were in truth too strong for such feeble tactics, and were growing stronger. They had the confidence of the country; they had restored its credit; the vast number of persons who held government securities and had despaired of them, now looked on the Head of the Treasury as their saviour. But far beyond this a feeling of national honor and true patriotism was kindled by Hamilton's enthusiasm and lofty public spirit. Washington was with him heart and soul. Foreign countries began to speak and act more respectfully: England sent a minister; and when the French Revolution developed its horrors, the extremists discovered to their chagrin that, while the less educated class in America shouted itself hoarse in caps of liberty, the government was in the hands of men who openly showed their disgust, and met the imperious demands for an alliance with a curt but dignified refusal. It was then that both Washington and Hamilton were assailed in louder tones than ever as Anglophiles; and yet it is characteristic of the noisy democracy that, when shortly afterward England became somewhat high-handed, it was Hamilton who took practical measures for resistance, and Jefferson who opposed them.

An incident known in American History as the Whiskey Rebellion was one of the earlier results of the Federal Administration, and was much more serious than the name would suggest. The borderers of the South-West, to whom free whiskey had been a valued if pernicious inheritance, and taxes of any kind little more than a name, met Hamilton's excise-officers by reaching down the long rifles that hung over every mantel-shelf and turning out by thousands with loud threats of defiance and secession. They were ugly customers and the situation was serious. There was no dallying with timid vote-calculating governors of States on that occasion, such as we too often see now in like emergencies beyond the Atlantic. Washington and Hamilton

marched straight for the mountains at the head of fifteen thousand men, and before such an irresistible force the rebellion collapsed without a shot being fired.

After six years of office Hamilton retired. He had inaugurated and successfully nursed the new Constitution; but he was a poor man, and could no longer afford to neglect a profession which in his case offered an almost certain road to wealth. When at the same time Washington's last term of office expired, Hamilton was recognized by all as too strong and leading a personality for the succession. He left the Federal party to his friend and colleague, Adams, of necessity perhaps rather than with confidence. The party were immensely strong, it is true; but Adams and his friends lacked not only the genius, but the fair and well-balanced mind, the wise statesmanship, in short, of Hamilton. How power and success turned their heads and brought upon them ultimate defeat at the hands of Jefferson, is no business of ours; but while Hamilton was carrying everything before him at the New York Bar, times were troublesome in the young Republic. England, with whom many unsettled questions were still pending, contrived to provoke the wrath of the Americans to such a pitch, that it required all Washington's influence and his contempt for popularity to avert a war. When this danger had passed another arose in the capricious moods of the French Republic, whose repeated insults wore out the patience of even their noisiest friends in America till the nation was almost unanimous for war with their old allies. Washington was once more called from his retirement at Mount Vernon to the chief command of the army; Hamilton was summoned from the law-courts to take the second place, but owing to Washington's advanced age and his own stipulations, he took the practical leadership till war should actually break out. Once again was Hamilton immersed in public business, organizing the army and the defence of the country, and preparing for the invasion of Louisiana and Florida. The French, however, wisely considered that they had enough on

their hands without plunging into a distant war in which they had everything to lose and little to gain, and the crisis passed over.

It was in 1800 that the once powerful Federal party collapsed. Hamilton's guiding hand had long been removed, and it was in vain that he threw himself with fiery zeal into the elections to avert defeat. If he despaired of his country when he saw Jefferson, dangerous demagogue as he considered him, elected its chief citizen, he had not much time to brood over it in the mass of legal work that came to his hands; for it can be well imagined how great was the demand for an advocate who was the chief author of *The Federalist*, and had practically given a Constitution to the United States. Yet once more was Hamilton to show his single-minded patriotism, and that in the very hour of his party's downfall. Aaron Burr was coupled with Jefferson in the Democratic candidature; their votes were equal, and the House of Representatives had to decide which should be President and which Vice-President. The defeated Federalists proposed to revenge themselves on Jefferson by casting their votes for Burr. The former had given Hamilton, of all men, most cause to hate him, by the personal virulence with which he had attacked his reputation; Burr was entirely unknown to him, but he considered him unfit to be even mentioned for so great an office, and, exerting all his influence, he secured the election of his most persistent foe as third President of the United States.

This action was characteristic of Hamilton, and it perhaps signed his death-warrant; but it was not till later that the cup of Burr's wrath was actually filled. Hamilton had no personal feelings whatever in regard to Burr; but he believed him to be an unprincipled scamp, and when he stood for the Governorship of New York in 1804, Hamilton felt it to be his duty to secure his defeat if possible, and succeeded in doing so. Thus, twice baffled, Burr decided to shoot Hamilton, and, selecting some personal allusion in the latter's recent speeches, sent him a challenge. There was not

much duelling at that time in America: Hamilton, curiously enough, had been most energetic in trying to suppress it entirely when at the head of the Army; but he never hesitated for a moment about accepting the challenge, though Burr was a man of somewhat tarnished character and a notoriously good hand with a pistol. He spent the interval before the meeting in setting his own affairs and those of his clients in order, and in writing letters of affection and devotion to his wife. Burr spent it in pistol-practice in his garden. They met upon a hot July morning in a spot specially dedicated to such affairs by the banks of the Hudson, and where Hamilton's own son, strange to say, had recently met his fate. Hamilton fell at the first shot mortally wounded. Burr was untouched, and lived to be put upon his trial for high treason against his country, and to talk, with pride rather than remorse, of "how I shot my friend Hamilton."

Very different was the feeling that arose from Canada to the Carolinas when the news went out that Hamilton had fallen before the pistol of the ex-Vice-President and expired after a few hours of terrible agony. The indignation aroused throughout the country was tremendous. Men of every party and all shades of opinion forgot their differences for a moment and remembered only that a true patriot and a great statesman had been foully destroyed. This memorable duel was in fact, from its circumstances, a moral murder on the part of Burr, who became an object of general execration. As for Hamilton, though only forty-seven years of age, the business of his life had been done. Anything that he might have accomplished in the future, had he been allowed the usual span of human existence, must of necessity have been overshadowed by the great and enduring work that will be forever identified with his name.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

CLASS SYMPATHIES.

BY E. LYNN LINTON.

A GREAT deal has been said and written about the class exclusiveness of the 'aughty aristocrat, and the doctrine that Jack is as good as his master, and Tom, Dick, and Harry—especially Harry—are the equals of my lord, and a vast sight his betters, if all things were fairly reckoned up, has found its adherents, now in prose and now in verse. From Burns's rank as but the guinea stamp while the man is the gold, to the blatant orator under the Reformer's Tree advocating anarchy and universal equality, the intrinsic worth of the man has ever been insisted on. And rightly insisted on—barring the small mistake that is constantly made of assuming all my lords to be worthless scoundrels, and all Harrys to be honest men. The intrinsic value of the manhood claimed for the one is denied the other; and if fustian, *per se*, confers moral nobility, ermine, also *per se*, includes moral turpitude. This is a detail which perhaps only the cap-

tious would cavil at; nevertheless, of such details is our life made, and correct premises are somewhat essential for right reasoning. Class exclusiveness, then, is one of the Black Beasts of the roaring democrat, whose hostility to the rank above him, if carefully dissected, would be found to consist of the bones of envy clothed with the flesh of desire; and to break down the dividing barriers, and let the whole world roam at will through the secluded gardens and holy places now fenced off from the crowd, seems to those envious Peris in fustian a righteous effort and a good deed well done.

Most social reformers ignore the established facts of human nature, as we have it, in favor of some idealistic scheme which would work magnificently if we were all cherubim and seraphim, but which, under existing conditions, and remembering that we are but poor frail mortals, with those apple-pips still clinging to our teeth, are as

impossible as the air-woven garments of the self-deluded king. This doctrine of universal social equality is one of them, and class sympathies, which, by their nature, include class antipathies and class exclusiveness, are of the very fundamentals of human nature. Like goes to like; and the intrusive alien has a hard time of it at the hands of those whose countersign he has forged and whose camp he has invaded. As food consists of more than the elemental bread and meat, so human life is made up of more than the simple virtues and vices. In a complex civilization like ours, tastes and shibboleths play an important part, even as *entrées* and sweets come into the ordering of our dinner; and the honesty, integrity, and magnanimity of a man are not sufficient, by themselves, to warrant his social inclusion among those who have added taste and culture to the roll-call. He may be the best fellow in the world when you get below the crust and into the core; but that crust is terribly hard to digest! He eats with his knife and drinks with his mouth full; he would lose his right hand rather than set it to a base or foul action, but the cleanliness of his heart does not relieve his nails of their perpetual mourning, and it would take more than ordinary soap and water to wash those Esau-like fists clear of their ingrained grubbiness. His knowledge extends to one or two points only, and his talk wanders about these, expressed in the purest Doric. Of cultivated taste or educated intellect he has not the very faintest line; all the same, he is as true a man, and as honest and good a fellow as ever lived, and no man could possess more of the elemental virtues of humanity than have fallen to his share. Which does not make him a fit companion for my lord or my lady, a proper classmate for young master, or a possible husband for the young lady. Class sympathy excludes him here and attracts him there. To the young lady he is no more than a fine, big, trustworthy, two-legged dog, while to Joan gathering berries in the next garden his is his last expression of manly delightfulness. Young master would as soon think of consulting his horse as of taking him into his confi-

dence; but to his own mates he is a pattern to go by, and the leader of life and opinion. And all this is the result of class sympathy—of class likeness and parity of education—of class equalization in taste and the right manner of pronouncing *Ciceri* and shibboleth; and the intrinsic value of the human nature within has no more to do with it than has the man in the moon.

An extreme instance oftentimes proves a principle better than a more moderate example, and *ex uno* is an aphorism that carries far. What no one can deny in the case of my lord and the virtuous peasant is equally true in the more subtle but still undeniable gradations of taste and culture. The lines of demarcation are slighter of you will, but they are more numerous. The differences between the gentleman and the rustic are broad and bold, but not so complex, because one at least of the two is simple, by which points of unlikeness are reduced in number. There can be no points of unlikeness between two creatures of a different order altogether; for blank negation is not unlikeness. Where the types more nearly approach, there, if you will, come in those shades and lines of difference which in human society cause class sympathies and class antipathies.

The lady is pretty, with delicate features and a charming smile. She knows something of art and more of music, and is creditably up in the modern poets and historians. But she says *gläss* and *gräss*, and *bäth* and *cöffe*; cuts her sweetbread with a knife; and *drinks* her soup from the point of her spoon. Her French is of the school of *Atte Bowe*; she puts her elbow on the table when she raises her cup to her lips, and she spreads out her last two fingers like the wings of a flying bird. Her sister is a fine, frank, favorable young woman, who wears diamonds in the morning, and hangs herself about with massive gold chains and dog-collars, bracelets and bangles, till she tinkles as she goes like one of Moore's slaves with golden anklets; and, ask yourself, how would Lady Hermione, your mother, and Gladys and Gwyneth, your sisters, like either of these young women as the future Lady Four Stars and mother of the perpetuating

race? The father is a good sort enough; but the warm burgher of a country town is scarcely the ideal father-in-law of my Lord Four Stars. It may be very small and mean and degrading to the higher levels of humanity to consider these extrinsic matters as of more importance than the central facts of amiability and the like. But so it is; and the more complicated the society the more important do these subtle differences become.

When we read of the surreptitious loves of some mediæval Lady Margaret and her squire, we think what a burning shame it was to ban that sweet idyl and make that exquisite love a crime. Our indignation arises from the fact that we have lost the perspective. All the subtle shades of difference are merged in the broad line of a common humanity and an idyllic love; and we blame that ruthless father, the irate baron, for his brutal interference, and think the fair youth was hardly dealt by when he was packed off to the Crusades with no consoling message, "Take care of Dowd" sent with him; while Holy Mother Church took the imprudent daughter into sacred custody until such time as she should repent of her folly, and agree to marry the bold knight who was her father's nominee. But bring the thing home to your hearth and bosom. Make the squire your dashing groom, your handsome footman, or haply a smart young tradesman in the town where you are the local magnate, and then say what you would do if your young daughter's vagrant fancy travelled down so far, and she lowered her standard to that base level. We blame Lady Clara Vere de Vere, not because she flirted with the yeoman so much as because she refused to ratify after she had flirted; but if she had married him, heavens! what a cat and dog life they would have led when she had recovered from her infatuation and realized the mistake she had made! This, after all, is the grand test of class and race—the crowning proof of difference and inferiority. Where the women marry freely, the men are their equals or superiors; where they marry not at all, or only shyly and by rare exceptions, the men are their inferiors. Colored women

give themselves willingly to white men; how many white women take colored men for their lovers or husbands? A few—here and there one and another; but these very exceptions prove the rule; and, if it were not so, racial differences would be at an end. If the white women of America married negroes, and the English ladies of India married Hindus, the several races, now so separate and antagonistic, would gradually amalgamate and fuse together. And if our high-born dames chose yeomen and grooms and all the rest of "nature's noblemen," but not class gentlemen, as freely as they now choose those class gentlemen themselves, we should come to the complete and thorough democratization of society, where eating peas with the knife, and saying "putt" for "put" and "pullpet" for "pulpit," counted no more than to our ears counts the difference between thalassa and thalatta. But until we do come to this we shall have our class sympathies and corresponding antipathies—our class exclusiveness and our racial enmities.

Like goes to like. Nowhere is this seen so plainly as in a small private hotel, where the most incongruous materials are jumbled together like beans in a bag, and where selection of companionship comes only gradually and after better knowledge. Then, like draws to like, and the sympathies of class are made manifest. The cotton-spinner from Leeds talks on the mysteries of trade and the doings of the Chamber of Commerce with the silk-weaver from Macclesfield and the cloth manufacturer from Bradford; and their joint experiences refresh each and all with the flavor of the familiar and the accustomed. And what a relief it is to a literary man say, when after a spell of companionship with one who knows no more of art or literature than he does of grammar or the fourth dimensions, to fall upon a student and a scholar, one who knows all about books, and subjects, and the classics, and the old dramatists, and who can talk of congenial matters till "the sma' hours ayont the twal." See two lawyers who have just made each other out, how they employ their time in discussing this Q. C. and that learned

judge, and in speculating on the future of A. who has made a decided hit in his last case, and B. who has taken silk. So with two army men, when they have broken the ice and come to the water. These, however, draw together sooner than most others, the sympathy of the mess-table evidencing itself by look and bearing before the first dinner is well over. So, too, of sailors; and so of the clergy, who are kenspeckle from the beginning. All these flow together with a sympathetic understanding that stands instead of knowledge. So, too, with people of the same quality and degree of taste and breeding. Is it to be wondered at if a genial kind of woman say, accustomed to society and seeking to be amiable to her neighbor, opens the conversation with a simple question such as: "Are you interested in natural history?" and receives for answer a curt sharp aggressive, "Not in the least"—an answer delivered with a snap, like a slap on the face—is it to be wondered at if she leaves that unsympathetic person alone, and quietly ignores him for the remainder of their associated mealtimes? Can a cultured person find much intellectual fellowship with those who talk ecstatically of 'Ighbury, 'Olloway and Hoxford?—those who are noisy, slangy, loud and rowdy?—those who are confidential as to their intimate disorders, which they detail at full length over the soup and the fish?—those who quietly suppose him or her capable of a breach of good manners which would have made each individual hair stand on end to contemplate?—those whose difference of opinion is given in a flat contradiction, perhaps backed up by some such expression as "rot," "rubbish," "ridiculous," to emphasize dissent?

How can one who is perhaps a Soul, and superfine at that, coalesce with another who does not know the very rudiments of the æsthetic religion? Like Freemasons, congenial spirits of a Superior Order recognize one another in a crowd of the uninitiated, by a word, a sign, a touch. They know who is of the Elect, and who are still outsiders grovelling in the dust of common things, with no knowledge of the delights of the supernal—the mysteries of

the esoteric. These outsiders they discard while congregating together in a closer union, discoursing on matters caviare to the general—caviare, perhaps, to the extent of being classed with tommyrotics. Wherever two or three congenial spirits are gathered together, there you have a little band of brothers and sisters with the whole meaning, if not the circumstances, of a secret society, whereof the profane world sees but the bricks of the building, but knows nothing of the holy places within. This is essentially class exclusiveness because of class sympathy; but this is just the kind of thing that brings down odium on the heads of the exclusives, with sniffs and snorts from those who are denied admittance. Even in Plato's Elysian Fields, were not the initiated, who had led virtuous lives, nearest to the Gods and most forward in the light? So universal is the feeling of class likeness and class solidarity!

The broad doctrine of a common humanity which binds us in one great family is true so far as the elements of life go. But we have got past the elements and have come into the complexities of culture and civilization. A common humanity does not fill all the interstices, nor touch all the points of the filigree-work. Taste and education come in as disturbing influences, and that doctrine of a common humanity only answers to circumstances as elemental as itself. When we come into the presence of pain and disease, death and sorrow, then indeed are we all brothers, and the modern Good Samaritan is not particular as to an *h* too much or too little—to the abomination of crude colors in unholy combination—to the want of the æsthetic sense in art and music. The filigree dissolves like gold in a furnace, when touched by these elemental needs; but outside this as elemental compassion, the doctrine of a common humanity does not hold water. People may be good. Grant it—they are good, worthy, honest, truthful, God-fearing; but that does not entitle them to take rank as your intimates, unless they have other gifts and other graces. The æsthetic needs of your life may be purely artificial—things superimposed on the orig-

inal block, and not in any way integral to the first design. That does not make them less necessary for your happiness, even for your self-respect, now that they are so superimposed. Had you been left in the original block, left to be a mere human being without intellectual aspirations or artistic culture, you would have asked nothing more than these simple virtues, and you would have been grateful to fate and fortune when you had found them. But you cannot accept them now as the total of your requirements, any more than you can live on bread alone. In a desert, on board a shipwrecked vessel, on the battlefield, wherever action is simple, strong, and direct, these virtues, simple, strong, and direct in themselves, will be priceless; but, in the drawing-room, at the dinner-table, in the smoking-room, at the meet, something more is wanted, just as in the banqueting-hall more is wanted than the flooring and the rafters, the four walls and the trencher-board.

Your visitor is the worthiest man you know. You would trust him with a blank check and uncounted gold, and you would know that the loveliest maid or wife in Christendom would be as safe in his hands as with her mother. But he speaks with a broad provincial accent; runs amuck at all your prejudices and shibboleths, faiths, and practices; asks, in a loud whisper that carries farther than any level voice, "Who's you? what's he done? who may she be?" when strangers to him are introduced into your circle; and criticises your friends quite frankly and with amazing shrewdness, also in the same loud carrying whisper that is heard all over the room. Are you to be blamed because you forget his honesty, his virtue, his manly straightforwardness, and wish him at the bottom of the Red Sea because of his class-unlikeness? Your shrinking from him—your cold shoulder because of his conventional vulgarity, is all in the way of human nature; and we cannot call it degenerate. Artificial it may be, and is; but where is artificiality to be trodden under foot, and naturalness—that is, unsubdued instincts and untutored manners—to be supreme? All social life is artificial, and always has

been, so soon as the savage man emerged from the brute pure and simple, and became the cotyledonous gentleman. From the cradle to the grave but very narrow strips of pure naturalness are left to the human being; and when we fall upon them we do not always prize them, and we do not always believe in them. A very natural person is apt to be credited with as much affectation as sincerity; and enthusiasm, openly expressed, is sneered at as gush. It is against the tone of society on a certain level; and when it comes it breaks in with a certain sense of discord, by which the prearranged harmonies are disturbed. It was always so, and always will be so. Glaucus, who wore his chlamys in the right way, fastened on the shoulder just so, and falling into the prescribed folds—Glaucus, mean, shift, ungenerous, spiteful, would be more considered in the Agora and the Prytanæum than clumsy Cleon, whose brooch was in the wrong place, and whose brodered hem was dragged in the mud. Yet Cleon was honest, brave, and true, and, man for man, he was the superior of the other ten times over. But—he was not of the same class. He offended the tastes he did not share; and those who were permitted to wear the Golden Grasshopper in their hyacinthine locks despised those whose fillet was all askew, and whose hair was as dusty as a wisp of littered hay. Class sympathies, together with class exclusiveness, ruled in Greece as in England. The sojourner had not the status of the Autochthone; and the free-born Athenian maid would have had a hard time of it had she sought to win her father's consent to her marriage with the coldly-tolerated, not heartily-adopted alien. Like ran to like, there as elsewhere, and in that "dear city of God," that home of freedom—as the Violet-crowned has often been called—caste was as exclusive as elsewhere. It is so even in pure democracies like America, where the lines of demarcation are more subtle and shadowy than in old-established oligarchies and monarchies; but, though more subtle and shadowy, and less patent to the outsider why or how, they are as strong as where more openly confessed; and the "first fami-

lies" of Philadelphia, and the untitled aristocracy of Boston, know the whole literature of class sympathy and class exclusiveness as well as it is known and rehearsed among the *crème de la crème* of Vienna, and the Born of the German Court.

The culmination and final expression of this sentiment is, of course, to be found in India, where religion lends its sanction to the arbitrary division of man, and for the God Brahma's sake and to his honor, those who sprang from his head may have no dealings with those who crept out from his feet. Among these believers in the divinity of caste things are made so rigid as to be simple. The fusion of castes is so impossible as to be undesired, and men and women remain in the rank into which they are born as do eagles here and carrion crows there. We do not see a golden eagle mated with a carrion crow, nor this with a nightingale; and what nature has done for the birds and beasts, this long-engrafted rule of caste has done for India and the Indians. The purdah lady and the travelled ayah are irreconcilable as equals—as class companions. The one bides within the safe seclusion of her home, shadowed by the curtain which separates her from the gross world outside. The other bares her face, crosses the sea, talks freely to men of all nations, accursed as they are; and between her and the curtained lies not one grain of sympathy—nay, not so large as a mustard seed. Where is the common humanity there? Between a high caste Brahmin and a dying Pariah, which would be most powerful, the impulse of compassion or the restriction of caste? The Pariah might die the death of the dog, than which he is no better, according to the stately gentleman passing that way; but the sacredness of class exclusiveness must not be broken, and holy hands must not be defiled by an unclean touch. This feeling of caste and class is universal, though not always manifested with equal fervor. The Jews had it as a nation against other nations, rather than as class distinctions among themselves. Though they were not wanting in this, as witness the contempt felt for the Nazarene and the Samaritan, and the

cold welcome given to the Gentile who had become a proselyte. Wherein they and the Athenian Autochthone shook hands—the one showing that it was not only religion they regarded—not only the acceptance of Jehovah as the Supreme God over all other gods—the other that the liberties of Athens so much boasted of were in their nature partial and restricted, and more in name than in substance.

Good or bad, this class sympathy, with its concomitant, exclusiveness, is one of the inherent qualities of human nature, and the levelling idea wars against the very foundations of that human nature in its social expression. Something has to be made a test of exclusion or the warranty of inclusion. Now it is birth, and now wealth; sometimes it is personal prowess, and sometimes education; but there must always be the Upper Ten seated above the salt and beneath the canopy—the exclusive knot of Souls to whom the rest of the world are "worms"—the "warm" men, who regard poverty as a crime, and reckon merit by the banker's book. To attempt to throw all these finer shades and narrow lines into one undistinguished splotch, would be disastrous could it be accomplished; but, as it cannot be accomplished, it is only ridiculous as an effort. Like goes to like in all things, and human society is not exempt from the general law. To the refined and cultured, refinement and culture are indispensable, but the indispensable to them are so much impedimenta to others. When our philanthropic ladies carry high art and classical music down to the slums they carry that which is unfamiliar and can never be amalgamated. We cannot always say the same of the converse. In many of the West End drawing-rooms coster songs and music-hall refrains are as popular as in their own natural habitat. Which, however, does not disprove our thesis. For a great deal of our apparent delicacy is only apparent, and the coarse grain of the original nature remains untouched beneath its shining veneer. To such as these the coster and his donah give the piquancy of a relish that is not without its value in the silken smoothness of our artificial refinement—that silken smoothness

which, with natures of an intrinsically coarse grain, always a little irks, and is gladly thrown aside when possible. Let that pass. We come back to the main theme—the instinctive character and social value of class sympathy and class exclusiveness, and the worthlessness of the endeavor to make men equal and society homogeneous. All Para-

dises are not open to all Peris, and those who are born eagles had better keep to their own, and not descend to the society of carrion crows; while, in their turn, the carrion crows run a few untimely risks if they aspire to the eyrie and attempt to look at the sun.—*National Review.*

ANTS AS MUSHROOM GROWERS.

BY ANNIE LORRAIN SMITH.

So much has been told in recent years of the doings of ants, that it seems impossible that any further marvels could be recorded of these tiny creatures. The German botanist, Alfred Möller, has, however, added yet another chapter to our knowledge, in giving us the results of his long and patient study of the leaf cutting ants, and he has most satisfactorily answered the question as to what they do with all the leaves they carry home: they do not eat them, as they were naturally supposed to do, they make gardens of them on which to grow fungi, the "mushrooms" that form the food of the leaf-cutting species.

Darwin says in his "Voyage of the Beagle": "A person on first entering a tropical forest is astonished at the labors of the ants: well-beaten paths branch off in every direction on which an army of never-failing foragers may be seen, some going forth, and others returning, burdened with pieces of green leaf, often larger than their own bodies." There is a further and much more detailed account of them in Belt's fascinating book, "A Naturalist in Nicaragua." He lived there for some years, and had many opportunities of watching them. The ants, as a rule, build their nests on a clear space at the edge of the forest, but sometimes they settle at the base of a tree, taking advantage of the inequalities of the roots in the work of building. Belt tells us of one colony that took up its abode under the steps leading to the veranda of a house. A broad path leads from the formicarium into the forest, and smaller roads diverge from the main

thoroughfare toward the trees selected for pillage by the ants. The whole system, so liable to damage and disturbance from careless passers-by, or from the violent tropical showers, is kept in repair by a band of road-makers that hasten to remove any *débris* fallen on the path which would obstruct the passage of the leaf carriers. All are tremendously busy, going and returning in countless numbers; the homecoming ants carrying their loads, and looking, Belt says, "like a small edition of Birnam Wood." Some of the little creatures that had got a particularly unwieldy bit of leaf-stalk or midrib had great difficulty in getting along, but the out-going, "empty-handed" ants seemed to have no consideration for their over-burdened fellows; they knocked them over in their eagerness to pass, and walked over their loads in the most careless fashion; each was intent on getting its own bit of leaf to carry home, that being the one idea that prevailed in the small head.

The mandibles of these leaf-cutters are very strong, and have saw-like edges, which they work like a pair of scissors, keeping fast hold of the uncut part of the leaf. Having secured the desired portion, generally about the size of a sixpence, they seize it with their mandibles, and bearing it vertically aloft they retrace their way back along the branch, down the tree to the ground, and so home to the formicarium. Möller carefully followed an ant carrying a bit of leaf twice its own weight: he found that it covered a distance of about twenty-nine yards in one hour and ten minutes.

As we can well suppose it takes no long time to strip a tree of its leaves, they do it so thoroughly that the tree usually dies. Great numbers of tropical trees have, however, thick leathery leaves which they cannot attack, and others, owing to some special development of sap, remain intact. We have all read, too, of the trees that give shelter to the little black warrior-ants, and where these are housed no leaf-cutter dare approach. Newly imported trees with tender leaves fall a ready prey, and gardeners experience great difficulty in their attempts to rear fruit-trees if the ants are in the neighborhood. It is fortunate that they do not confine themselves to any special trees; they exercise, indeed, a most curious and varied selection: to-day it is one kind, to-morrow they are off to a distant part of the forest for another. They evidently think their fungi flourish best with a change of soil; they have a great predilection, too, for certain kinds of fruit, and they are especially fond of the inner rind of oranges.

During his stay in Nicaragua, Belt made many examinations of the ant-hills of the leaf-cutters, which, he found, were burrowed through and through by tunnels or gangways varying from half an inch to eight inches in diameter. These, in the case of the Nicaraguan ants, were enlarged at intervals to a roomy chamber about the size of a man's head, and generally three-quarters filled with the well-known ant-food. In no case did he find any stores of green leaves. The ant-food was a soft, brown, spongy mass, grown over and over with the mycelium of a fungus, and he concluded, or at least made the very shrewd guess, that the ants used the leaves as a vegetable soil on which to grow the fungus; that in fact they were "growers and consumers of mushrooms." Alfred Möller, by a minute and prolonged study of the ant-gardens in Brazil, has confirmed this supposition, and the record of his investigation is of absorbing interest. Though he extended his observations to many varieties of ants, those he specially studied belonged to a small brown species, *Atta discigera*. Their nests were not divided into chambers; they contained

one large, loose mass of garden material. It was easy to test and prove the exceeding value they set upon the ant-food, for if a nest was disturbed and the contents dispersed, they never rested until every particle was gathered up and conveyed back to the nest or to some place of safety; they were careful to carry off the upper layers first, which were fresher and of a bluish-black color; the lower portion was yellowish-red, and, though evidently less valuable, it, too, was secured. On one occasion he tells us that he scattered the contents of one of the chambers at some little distance from the ant-hill. The ants present hastened to place the larvæ and the food under the shelter of some leaves, while scouts were sent out in every direction to look for the nest; when they found it they removed their treasures thither, and in two hours everything was cleared away.

In the dry state the ant-food seems formed of loose dirty-brown layers of some thin substance like felt covered with little white dots; but when examined by Möller it consisted, he tells us, of innumerable little lumps of material all permeated and bound together by some mycelium, or fungus-spawn, and that on the surface there occurred little white knobs formed of aggregations of the swollen ends of the white hair-like filaments. As he found later that the ants fed on these little knobs he calls them "cabbages."

In one of his first experiments he removed a few ants to a glass dish half-filled with moist sand, and supplied them with rose-leaves, of which they had seemed specially fond; they made tunnels in the sand, but the leaves they left untouched, and within fourteen days they were all dead. He repeated the experiment, but at the end of a few days placed some of the little white "cabbages" from the same nest on one of the leaves, and with his forceps lifted one of the imprisoned ants on to it. The little creature at once rushed off with the news of food to its starving comrades, and all came hurrying back and were seen eagerly devouring the fungi. When these were consumed Möller gave them a supply that he had gathered from the nest of another species of *Atta*, and he was again able to

watch them eating, though occasionally they did not eat quite so readily of the strange food. He then transferred a quantity of the material comprising the "ant-garden" and watched the result. The ants that had been transported along with the garden at once began to put it in order, carefully removing any loose pieces of earth, which they piled up against the walls of the vessel, evidently seeking to exclude the light; the few cabbages in the garden, however, were soon consumed, and the ants died of starvation.

There remained no further doubt as to the real food-supply of the ants, and on examining the garden material with a microscope he saw that it was composed of infinitesimal fragments of leaves; little bits of the epidermis, leaf-hairs, plant-cells, etc. The fungus filaments were everywhere alike, the white threads divided by numerous cross-walls and growing very luxuriantly, but with no further development than the continual production of the club-shaped, swollen ends of filaments gathered into dense little clumps. He removed some of these and cultivated them in an artificial solution. The result was curious and interesting; the growth was very abundant, long filaments branching out in all directions, and, if he renewed the nutriment on which he was making the culture, in the course of a few days the cabbages were again formed on the filaments. If the fungus was starved, that is if he did not supply it with fresh solution, the filaments began to form innumerable spores, till very soon there was but a mass of brownish spores and shrivelled mycelium. This catastrophe, however, could not occur in a well-kept garden where new soil is constantly supplied by the indefatigable leaf-cutters.

With Möller we have seen the busy toilers cutting down the leaves and fetching them home along the carefully kept roads. We are now to watch the further stage in the process of culture. He placed a number of ants with a sufficient nucleus of garden in his glass dish, and supplied them with leaves to their taste. While some rearranged the garden, others cut portions out of the leaves, and taking a

very small bit, much less than what they were accustomed to bring home as one load, they snipped it round the edges, scratched over the surface, and finally rolled it together and kneaded it into a little round pellet about the size of their own heads. This part of the operation would last about a quarter of an hour. When they had got it formed quite to their mind, they selected a suitable corner for it, placed it in position, and then gave it a shove to push it securely in. The smaller ants, that did not go out foraging, were not allowed to be idle; to them was allotted the task of weeding, removing all impurities, and preventing any undue growth of the fungus. They snipped off any filament that threatened to become too long, and by incessant pruning prevented their mushrooms from "running to seed." Möller had often marvelled that no other fungus should get a footing in the gardens, seeing how quickly all kinds of moulds spring up where the conditions are suitable; but there was never a trace of any but the one kind of filaments, and the pieces he took and grew in his laboratory gave him an absolutely pure culture. On one occasion he transferred a garden with very few ants; these were, alas! too few to cope with the mass. They worked incessantly, but the growth of the fungus got ahead of them; the cabbages, as in the artificial cultures, sent out long filaments, such thick masses that the poor little gardeners were unable to penetrate the thicket. They rescued their larvæ while yet there was time, and sat disconsolately crowded together round the edge of the dish; surely a most pathetic spectacle. The fungus ran its natural course now unchecked, first the luxuriant growth of filaments, then production of the masses of brown spores.

This growth of mycelium and subsequent spore-production was presumably but the earlier stage of some higher form of fungus—just as the spawn or mycelium that we plant in our hot-beds is the earlier stage of the edible mushroom. Möller had the good fortune to be able to verify this and so to complete his investigation in every detail. His friend and colleague, Herr

Emil Gärtner, found one day on a dis-used ant-mound a large mushroom that they had never previously observed, and he noticed that it seemed part and parcel of the remains of some ant-food. It was a large handsome species, the cap reddish-purple and dotted over with small scales, the gills and stalk were white, the spores of a yellowish color. He took some of the spores and cultivated them in his solution. To his great joy he was able, in about five weeks, to grow "cabbages" which the ants ate readily. He produced other cabbages much more quickly by coaxing into growth a bit of the tissue of the plant, and he even induced some

hungry ants to eat bits of the mushroom itself. He named the new plant *Rosites gongylophora*.

I think we may surely give the palm for intelligence and forethought among insects to *Atta discigera* and its kindred species. They are such minute creatures and yet so full of capacity that we are compelled to admiration, and our attitude in regard to them must remain very much like that of Goldsmith's rustics toward the village schoolmaster :

" Still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew."

—Good Words.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

WHEN we were boys, the farthest horizon from the windows, to our childish eyes, was a stretch of rolling blue hills at ten miles or so of distance. Blue they were generally, but often in that moist western county shrouded with the sweeping curtains of the rain-storms which rolled up under gray skies from the Atlantic ; sometimes, when the sun shone with an unwonted treacherous brightness, painted distinctly enough in the colors of the seasons. When the distant hills stood forth thus clearly, with fine-cut outlines and colors of Pre-Raphaelite hue, they would tell us, "The hills look too close, we shall have rain."

It was generally a safe prophecy. We tried to draw better augury from the laugh of the green woodpecker who spent much of his time pecking away in the rough tussocky lawn which sloped down from the house toward the arable land below. We believed that the green woodpecker knew whether it was going to rain ; but we did not believe that the human people about us knew. We had often found them wrong, but the green woodpecker we had never found wrong. We had often thought that the intonation of his laugh had said rain, and rain had not come ; but we knew that it must have been we who were at fault, and that in our stupidity we had failed to understand him. We were

certain that the woodpecker intended to tell us about the weather, for Joe said so, and we did not think that any one was his equal for general knowledge. Joe was by a few years our senior, and we believed in him as unreservedly as in the woodpecker. It appeared to us that he knew everything,—everything, that is, which was knowledge in our eyes. By birth he did not belong to our county but to Cornwall, whence he had come up, along the North Cornish coast, in a succession of carriers' cars. He used to tell us wonderful stories of the people whom he had met on his journey ; folk who lived on the cliffside facing the sea, and never had any communication with a town save through the medium of the weekly carrier ; a folk sufficing to themselves. We have often wondered since whether these stories of his were quite true, but have never had the opportunity of testing them ; at the time we accepted them as absolutely above suspicion. But, once arrived from this momentous journey, Joe's experiences had been no more extended than our own. He could tell us nothing of what was beyond the line of blue hills which presented themselves to us as the edge of the world. How we longed to get to the top of them and to peep over ! We never doubted for an instant that what we should see from them would be a vision

nterly new and unlike anything of which the world within them gave examples; and it was the one gap in Joe's knowledge which seemed to put him into touch with our own finitely informed humanity, that he was ignorant of this world beyond. More than that he seemed strangely incurious about it, as it struck us, evincing an indifferent attitude which inspired us with mixed feelings; for whereas we revered it as betokening an extended experience which nothing could astonish, we also criticised it severely as showing a deficiency of imaginative power. Joe thought that beyond those hills we should see just another world,—a succession of hill and dale and hedgerow—very like that in which we lived. It was the sole point on which his judgment appeared to us open to criticism.

On going out of our front door you found yourself on a broad circle of gravel slightly sloping down to the lawn on which the woodpecker was so often pecking. In rainy weather the water used to run down and collect in a little pool at the junction of the gravel and the grass, and here, so soon as it collected, used to come a water-wagtail to hunt for insects. We often used to lay plans for the destruction of this wagtail, but he was always too clever for us. In point of fact he did not give us a fair chance. The width of the gravelled stretch was twenty yards or so, without a blade of cover. From the windows of the house the little puddle was within practical catapult-range, but then the windows were rarely open in rainy weather and in dry weather the wagtail was not there. He was off instantly, with his dipping flight and squeaky note, on the slightest sound of the most cautiously opened window. It is true that there were two doors to the front entrance,—the house-door proper, and the door of a porch under glass, in which were plants—and that the outer, or porch-door, was sometimes left open, even while it rained, for the benefit of these exotics; but the inner door never opened without a considerable noise, and the wagtail was always alive to it. After a certain age we ceased to try to molest him. Attempts at stalking him

had failed so often that we grew weary of them and used to sally forth, even when fully armed with catapult or cross-bow, regardless of the wagtail who would fly up to the roof of the house and wait there till we had disappeared. He was safe from us there, even if we could still see him, for it was a three-storied house, and reverence for the windows had been severely instilled into us.

Probably, of all the common birds, wagtails are those which least often fall to the weapons or snares of a boy; they are so very quick and wary and, though bold enough, generally frequent places where there is little cover and where they are likely to see before they are seen. Their black and white plumage blends well with wet stones and glistening water. Joe said that the right name for the water-wagtail was "the dish-washer," a name under which he is always known in Devonshire. It is not hard to guess its derivation; he is always running about on the edges of streams and places where the cottagers are likely to be washing their dishes.

From the circular gravelled stretch gravelled drives led off in two directions; one toward the left which bent upward to the entrance gate, past the stables and the little house in which Joe lived with his father the coachman, and the other, toward the right, past the croquet-lawn, past an orchard, bending in a wide circle to embrace the rough lawn beloved of the woodpecker. It completed its circle, and the embrace of the lawn, at a point very little below the stables. Below the lawn, as we have said, was an arable field, and on either side of this field the gravelled drive joined a rough macadamized road leading on the right through a series of gates to the main road, and on the left to a footway along the banks of a little stream which prattled through glen and marshes down to a broad tidal river. The sea was only at two miles' distance, though not within sight of the house.

This path to the left of the arable field, as one looked from the house, led also to certain pastures which sloped down toward the stream; and up this path, in the evening time, the cows were driven for the milking, to take

their place in the lin-hay, as we, in the Devonshire parlance, called the cowshed. Joe's abode, where he lived with his father and mother, was above this lin-hay, and the access to it was by a flight of stone steps leading from the stable-yard. On the opposite side of the yard were the stalls and loose boxes for the horses, and the harness-room. The north side of the yard had a pump-house and wood-house. The third side of the little quadrangle was open, and a cartway led round to the back of the stables, where were the finest of our preserves. For, first of all, there was the pigs' place, enclosed by the wall of the stables, by a boundary hedge, and, on two sides, by paling. In the corner was the sty, tenanted by pigs in numbers varying as they were killed off or replenished; but the sty-door was always open and its occupants spent most of their royal leisure either in grouting among all the beautiful refuse of stables, garden, or lin-hay which was indifferently tossed into their charming place, or in lying prone, in the glorious sunlight, on the kindly germinating heat of the manure heap.

It is impossible to think of a better occasion for the high beating of little hearts than that which was offered by the stealthy cat-like approach, round the corner of two outbuildings of the stables, to get a shot, with stone or catapult, at the little cloud of sparrows which invariably flew up from contesting their dinner with the pigs. It was seldom that one had a shot on the ground. The sparrows learned the manoeuvre very quickly, and between us and them were the palings and gate of the pigs' place. Occasionally one had a shot through the gate-bars; and then, if the missile were a stone, it as often as not rattled with a clang on the gate or the paling, and the uprising of the cloud of sparrows was accompanied by a hysterical outburst of porcine consternation and a scamper which recalled the Scriptural miracle. Moreover, if the stone evaded the timbers and flew home to the heart of the pigs' place it remained there, a testimony to our misdeeds, an occasion of wrath to the under-gardener who had charge of the pigs and objected to stone-throwing

which might injure one of his cherished ones. The catapult was the better weapon, and it told no tale. But, after all, it more often happened that the appearance of a little head round the corner was the signal for the uprising of the cloud before a shot was fired. At the back of the pigs' place the hedge was crowned with elms of moderate height. In these the cloud would settle clamorously and pause to reconnoitre. There was a chance for a shot or two then, but it was always an open question if it were not better policy to steal forward yet a pace or two in case of some greedy laggard having stayed behind among the pigs, who would give us a better shot than any of those in the hedgerow. Often we would steal forward with this hope in view, tantalized the while by the chirps of definite farewell coming successively from the elms as one after another the sparrows took their departure, only to find that after all no loiterer had stayed. Then we cursed fate by all our childish gods and repented us sorely that we had not taken the chance which lay before our hands. Or again, if we tried the other venture and assaulted the elms with all our batteries, it seemed as if it must then always happen that a bird would rise from the very spot on which we might with most advantage have assailed him. One could cry with vexation now at the annoyance of it all.

Generally, after the dispersion of the sparrows, there would yet be left in the elms a chaffinch, uttering his sweetly monotonous note of protest, and we could send a shot or pebble from the catapults spattering among the branches by him, till he, too, took the hint to leave.

"Oh, I say, that *was* a shave!" That was the invariable formula with which we concluded the unavailing assault. Once in a while, but so seldom that *invariable* is not too strong an epithet, we would fondly hug to ourselves the belief that we had seen the bird fall. Then we would climb through the hedge, or, if it were summer-time and the brambly defences defied a breach, go round by way of the front gate and push ourselves into the bushes of the great overgrown hedgerow in search of our quarry, knowing well in

our heart of hearts that we should find nothing, yet saying to one another again and again, to keep hope warm,—“I know I hit him; I’m certain I saw him fall.”

When the flock of sparrows had gone from the alms it was not to say that they were lost to us. We knew where they went to then, to a big elm-tree at the back of the coach-house which was close to the main house, some fifty yards from the stables. Thither we could follow them, but with no good prospects of a shot. They had no clinging affection for this elm-tree; they only occupied it as a post of observation from which they could drop down into a tiny little yard just outside the kitchen, or fly over, behind the house, to a matted thicket of thorn and bramble which was beyond the wash-house and was the corner of the boundary-fence of the orchard. Thither it did not well suit us to follow them; unless for an extended campaign in the orchard, for such pursuit entailed going through the back premises of the house (which was forbidden by Authority both above and below stairs), or trespassing on land which was not ours behind the house (and we had a respect, which we have since wondered at, for the law of trespass), or finally going round the front of the house, a matter of some hundred yards, and this did not seem good to our invincible boyish laziness.

Our laziness we have since wondered at quite as much as at our respect for the law. The latter is fairly explicable, the terrors which surround any breach of it are so indefinite to a boy; he is so ignorant, so utterly unable to measure the violence of the penalty which “old So-and-So,” the farmer, will exact on his hide if he be caught red-handed. It is excellent that it should be so. If a boy were to know that old So-and-So would be looked upon as a villain and a butcher too bad to live if he were to give a trespassing boy any but the mildest of castigations, there would not be a field or coppice or orchard that would not be black with boys in the bird-nesting season. The laziness is a wonder beyond explanation. Later in life, with a covey of partridges before one, one would walk

a quarter of a mile for each one of the yards which seemed too long in those days for the pursuit of the sparrow-covey; yet assuredly we were filled with as much ardor then for a sparrow as a partridge can inspire in us to-day.

Plato has written, with justice, that of all wild beasts none is so savage as a boy. He might have added that none is so little known. This invincible laziness which is so large a factor in a boy’s character is hardly recognized and never analyzed. It is hard to recognize because it may coexist with the greatest keenness in pursuit of an immediate object. It is only when the object is at a distance that the laziness shows itself; but then it shows itself in a degree which is almost terrifying. A boy cannot be made, of his free will, to choose the greater good in the future in preference to the present lesser good. He may be induced to do so by motives supplied by another’s will, but of his own will never. It is only after he has come into his inheritance, in the shape of an ability to apply his reason to the moral problems of life, that he begins to do this; and when he begins to do this he is no longer a boy but a man. It is all of a piece, this, with his laziness, analogous on the mental side to the looseness of limb in all young things. When we went our walks abroad we found it impossible to reach the goals of our errands without much loitering by the way. One can perceive now that we made tacit confession of this weakness, for when a man with his solid purposeful trudge passed us, as we tarried searching the road-side hedges for birds or their nests, we would say, one to the other, “Let us keep up with him and try to get there as soon as he.” It was no use, however. For a quarter of a mile, perhaps, we would keep on the pedestrian’s heels, sorely, no doubt, to his annoyance; but then a chaffinch would fly up off the road or a tit be pecking in the hedgerow, our childish powers of concentration would fail us, and when we had finished with this passing diversion the wayfarer would be far on his road ahead. Measuring distance by the full-grown standard of to-day, one laughs often and often to think of the length of time which we deemed

requisite for traversing the distance of a mile, and this not at all by reason of any weariness of our sturdy little legs, but simply on account of the lightness of our foolish little brains. To all which divers causes the sparrows generally owed an immunity from further persecution when they betook themselves across the back premises of the house to the neighborhood of the orchard.

Our hunting-grounds at the back of the stables were not exhausted when we had chased the birds away from the pigs' place. The hay which the pasture-land furnished in the summer, was stored in one large stack within the boundaries of the hedge, part of which served as one side of the pigs' enclosure. Behind the hay-stack, and between it and the hedge, a blackbird was generally pecking among the rubbish at the stack's foot. He gave us little sport. The moment the head of a stalker appeared round the corner of the rick, and long before a catapult could be brought to bear upon him, he would be away, up and over the hedge, like an arrow, with an hysterical laugh of terror which we felt to be affected. This is a very favorite manœuvre of a blackbird, the darting up from the foot of the hedge as you approach him, then the dart downward on the other side so soon as he has topped the branches; and you hear his wild laugh growing more and more distant as he goes away, low-flying and invisible, to dart into the thickest cover of the hedgerow further on. If he has a nest in your vicinity he will perform a similar acrobatic movement, but will not fly so far. His laugh will break off shorter, and you will hear instead, from a bush at no great distance, his anxious chuckle of alarm. If you do not move away, his alarm will grow more intolerable, his chuckle louder, until it does not permit him to remain concealed, but he must needs hop up from his hiding-place to see what you are doing, restlessly flitting from branch to branch, telling you (foolish bird!) as plainly as a bird can tell it, that you are hard by his nest on which his mate, perhaps, is sitting, almost within arm's length of you, motionless,

silent, but watching you with an intently anxious eye.

Joe always knew what the birds were saying, and it was he who taught their language to us. None of the other people about us understood a word of it; it was no wonder that we gave them no credit for knowing anything about the weather. How could a boy be expected to have faith in people some of whom actually believed, on the strength of a foolish nursery story, that Jenny Wren was the consort of Cock Robin? We really did find people, grown-up people, who positively believed it; and to the days of our respective deaths we shall remember the shock that the discovery caused us. It seemed to us incredible that any human being could be so foolish when we could show them, at the season of the year, half-a-dozen robins' nests, cup-shaped, with the ruddy-speckled eggs lying in them, possibly even with the red-breasted mother in person seated upon them; when we could show them, too, as many wrens' nests in quite different situations,—nestled against the ivy growing on a tree or an old wall, whereas the robins' would be by preference in a hole or ledge of some hedge-bank—dome-shaped nests utterly unlike any that ever a robin built, and entered by one tiny little hole in the side through which no robin could possibly squeeze himself, filled, likely enough, with many more eggs than a robin was at all likely to lay, much smaller eggs, besides, marked with darker speckles on a much whiter ground. How could a boy, having all these things most clearly before his mental eye, be expected to credit any wisdom to people who could believe that Cock Robin and Jenny Wren were man and wife?

Close beside the hay-rick was the shed in which the one cart, sufficing for the agricultural business of our home, was laid up. The butt-lin hay Joe called this building, *butt* being the Devonshire word for cart; and in its roof there often was a dome-shaped wren's nest. The first year the dome was never used for family purposes. Joe, absolutely denying that he had ever so transgressed, asserted that one

of us must have put a finger into the hole, and he had repeatedly warned us that if ever one so invaded the sanctity of a wren's nest before the eggs were laid the mother always deserted. We stoutly declared that we had done nothing of the sort, but it is possible that once, in the hope of finding a tiny egg within, we may have been guilty; really it is very hard on a boy that a bird should build a round nest and put it in the roof of a shed so that he is not able to see into it! However it happened nothing came of the wren's nest that year. We watched long and zealously, but no little, creeping, fluttering, brown bird came to see what we

were doing there, nor scolded crossly from the bushes. Since those days we have read that so many wren's nests are found deserted and unfinished that it is the opinion of many naturalists that the wren habitually builds one or two trial nests to get its hand in for the one it means ultimately to finish and inhabit. It is easy to put these theorists into the difficult position of those who have to prove a negative, and we are quite as much inclined to Joe's view, though later experience has taught us that he too was not absolutely exempt from human error.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

OVER a hundred members of Congregation at Oxford have signed and forwarded a petition to the committee appointed to consider the question of admitting women students to the degree of B.A., urging that this question is "serious and fundamental," and asking that the proposal should not, "at present," be submitted to Congregation. At the same time they ask that a university diploma may be granted to women who have qualified in any of the ordinary subjects by public examination.

ONE of the many interesting points in the biography of Lord Tennyson will be the Laureate's relations with the Queen. These will be best indicated by some letters which he addressed to Her Majesty, and which, despite their very flattering terms, the Queen has not felt she ought to withhold from publication.

PROFESSOR HARDIE and Professor Saintsbury have both printed their inaugural addresses at Edinburgh. Prefixed to Mr. Hardie's is a valedictory poem "Ad Græciam Scriptoresque Græcos," in which he bids adieu to his Oxford associates on exchanging Hellas for an Ausonian home. His first extra-academic lecture was one to the Celtic Society on "The Vein of Romance in Classical Literature."

THERE has been no undue haste in the work of preparing for publication the letters of Matthew Arnold, a circumstance that is likely to render the two volumes to which they extend all the more acceptable to the class of readers

to whom they will specially appeal. Mr. George W. E. Russell, M.P., who was a personal friend and an ardent admirer of Arnold, completed his work a short time ago as editor of the letters, which Messrs. Macmillan will have ready for issue about the end of the year.

THE town authorities of Mayence have decided to celebrate in 1897 the fifth centenary of Johann Gutenberg's birth. It is to be a festival on a large scale, to which representatives from other countries will be invited. Preparations are being made in Germany by the teaching profession to celebrate on January 12th, 1896, the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Pestalozzi.

MR. SWINBURNE has no sympathy with new-fangled ways of spelling the name of the world's great poet. He will have neither Shakspeare, nor Shakespere, nor Shakspeare, but is fain to abide by the good old-fashioned form of Shakespeare. "Why not Fletcher, Meddletoun, Messenger, and a few other *novi homines*?" asks Mr. Swinburne.

AN interesting Goethe Museum on a small scale has been founded at the village of Sesenheim, famous through the idyl played there between the student Goethe and the pastor's daughter Friederike Brion. Among the principal promoters of the museum—which consists of a collection of all the "documents" relating to the charming love episode, of autographs, portraits, souvenirs, etc.—were a descendant of the Brion family and the Stiftsdame Ulrike von Levezow. The latter,

who is now in her ninety-second year, had in the years 1822 and 1823, when she visited with her mother Carlsbad and Marienbad, inspired in the septuagenarian poet such a passion that he dedicated to her in 1823 his famous elegy in the cycle "Trilogie der Leidenschaft."

NYM CRINKLE declares that "fifty years ago we used to shut our insane people up in asylums. Now we encourage them to start Chap Books and coddle them with admiration for their art aberrations. Consequently, the insane asylums, like the consumptive ward, are sending out a permeative influence through the land. We patronize monomania with a wink and call it genius, and insanity that runs to line and color, if it escapes the treadmill, is pretty sure to escape mediocrity." He adds that "all the ideas of the new geniuses are negatives with frills. They remind you of a Barmecide feast, at which every dish is smilaxed, or the decorative efforts of the æsthetic barmaid, who winds ribbons round a brickbat."

In order to enable the Berlin Academy of Sciences to issue a complete edition of Kant's works, the Government of Russia has consented to place at its disposal for a time the philosopher's MSS. belonging to the University of Dorpat.

ONE thing of which the late Baron Tauchnitz, the great publisher, was especially proud was the fact that, although Leipsic has long been a hotbed of socialism, no strike has ever occurred at the Tauchnitz printing works.

In the new series, *Short Histories of Ancient and Modern Literatures of the World*, which Mr. Heinemann has projected, and of which Mr. Edmund Gosse is the general editor, "French Literature," by Professor Dowden, of Dublin, will in all probability be the initial volume.

THERE is one time-honored story which Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Thomas J. Wise will have to exclude from their forthcoming work, "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century." The writer of an article in the *Westminster Review* for October discredits the story of Charlotte's uncle searching London for the *Quarterly* reviewer of "Jane Eyre;" and with reference to Hugh Brontë's refusal of admittance to the publishing house of Murray, he gives the following extract from a letter from the present head of that firm: "There is no

record here of such a visit having taken place, and I never heard my father allude to it as a fact." By the way, why has the editor of the *Bookman* abandoned the purpose which he announced some time ago of issuing the complete works of Emily Brontë in one volume?

THE death is announced of Miss Knatchbull Hugessen, whose Christmas stories may be remembered.

WE understand that Mr. Saintsbury is withdrawing from all literary work not closely connected with the subjects of the chair at Edinburgh to which he has been appointed. He will, however, contribute the prefaces to Messrs. Dent's "Balzac," which were entirely written before his election.

THE programme of the next Congress of the Association Littéraire et Artistique Internationale, just to hand, mentions, besides a number of "Reporters" upon various important subjects from Germany and France, some from other countries, but England seems to be conspicuous by its absence, in spite of our flourishing Society of Authors. We may add that there will be an equal division of work and play, four days being assigned to each. The presidents of the Dresden *Festausschuss* are Dr. Wolfgang Kirchbach, the dramatist of "Gordon Pascha," and the historical writer Dr. H. Schramm-Macdonald.

It is proposed to celebrate on December 4th the centenary of the birth of Thomas Carlyle.

MRS. MENNELL has made a selection from the poetical works of Mr. Coventry Patmore, which will be published very soon in book form.

GEORGE MEREDITH'S PECULIARITIES.—These samples are taken from a novel entitled "The Amazing Marriage": "Nor could he quite shape an idea of annoyance, though he hung to it and faced at Gower a battery of the promise to pay him for this." "But the appearance of the woman of the burlesque name and burlesque actions, and odd ascension out of the ludicrous into a form to cast a spell, so that she commanded serious recollections of her, disturbed him." "Her eyes were homely, though they were such a morning over her face." "She wrestled with him where the darknesses rolled their snake-eyed torrents over between jagged horns of the nether world. She stood him in the white ray of the primal vital heat to bear unwithering beside her the test of light. They flew, they chased, bat-

tled, embraced, disjoined, adventured apart, brought back the count of their deeds, compared them—and name the one crushed.” “She had the privilege of a soul beyond our minor rules and restraints to speak her wishes to the true wife of a mock husband—no husband; less a husband than this shadow of a woman a wife, she said; and spoke them without adorning the bowed head beside her to record a promise or seem to show the far willingness, but merely that the wishes should be heard on earth in her last breath, for a good man’s remaining one chance of happiness.” “Her mind was at the same time alive to our worldly conventions when other people came under its light; she sketched them and their views in her brief words between the gasps, or heaved on them, with perspicuous humorous bluntness, as vividly as her twitched eyebrows indicated the laugh. Gower Woodseer she read startlingly, if correctly.”

A PUBLIC SCHOOLS and Universities Association has been formed in New York, for the purpose of establishing clubs there, and in Chicago, San Francisco, and Toronto, membership of which is to be confined to British public school and university men.

MISCELLANY.

HUMORS OF ELECTIONEERING.—Rural audiences are now much more enlightened, and consequently much easier to address, than they were fifteen years or so ago. When the Constitutional Union—now merged with the United Club—was formed in 1880, one main object of the association was to supply lecturers to visit districts where, through the spathy of those who should have been the leading members of the Conservative party, the principles of that party had never been adequately laid before the rural electors. As I was an active agent in founding the society, so was I among the first to be told off to deliver a series of addresses in places where a Conservative speaker was something of a rarity. My first address was given in the sanded parlor of a village inn—a long low room dimly lighted—with a paraffin lamp at one end and two candles placed on the table at which I was to stand. A neighboring farmer had promised to preside, but at the last moment pleaded illness, of a diplomatic character as I was subsequently led to think, and

the village carpenter somewhat reluctantly took his place. I had to wait some time for my audience, but at length from twenty to thirty men, mostly, I should judge, farm laborers, slouched in by twos and threes, and with much shuffling of hobnailed boots settled themselves as if they were half ashamed of being seen there on the benches round the wall, while the *habitués* of the inn took possession of the chairs by the fire. My chairman was commendably brief, and I began a speech which, for all the interest it excited, might have been uttered in Greek. Nothing is so trying to an inexperienced speaker—and such I then was—as dead silence, and I suppose my embarrassment was noticed by the carpenter, who intervened with the well-meant suggestion that perhaps the gentleman would like a drop of something to drink, and if so would he give it a name. I named whiskey and water, which was promptly brought by a servant girl. In my confusion I did not observe that she had placed two tumblers on the table—one of whiskey and one of water—and hastily taking up the nearest I swallowed half its contents, which turned out to be raw spirit of a peculiarly fiery blend. Of course a fit of choking followed, which raised a hearty laugh at my expense. This mishap, however, broke the ice. The affair from that moment took a conversational turn, and I was soon on friendly terms with my audience, by whom I was invited after speaking for about half an hour to sit round the fire with them and smoke a pipe. That I had not created a wholly unfavorable impression was proved by my receiving shortly afterward a special request to address another rural audience in a part of the same county. I was told that it was a rough neighborhood, and if I had a thick stick I should do well to bring it with me, a piece of advice which I took for a joke.

Some years ago I was wired for to assist at a bye election in a large town in the Midlands. As generally happens on such occasions, more platform assistance was asked for than was needed, and I was sent off to speak at some ward meetings. At the first of them, although as the hour was early the attendance was thin, I was much struck with the excellent spirit of those who were there. Not content with giving us an enthusiastic reception, a number of young men insisted on shaking us warmly by the hand, and pressed so closely round us as we left the hall, chanting at the

same time the refrain of a popular political song, that with difficulty could we make our way to the carriage. As we drove off I remarked to my companion, a son of the candidate, how gratifying it was to note the interest the young took in the cause, seeing that the future of the country depended on the rising generation. His reply startled me. "Confound the rising generation!" he said, fumbling in his pocket, "they have taken my watch! How about yours?" I looked down: watch and chain were both gone. These young politicians whose enthusiasm had so roused my admiration were swell mobmen from Birmingham. We drove straight to the police station, and, finding that no train for Birmingham left for two hours, set detectives on the trail of the thieves. Mine was a cheap silver watch bought some years before to replace a gold one of which I had been robbed in a crowd on Ludgate Hill, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales returning thanks for his recovery from illness, but my companion's was a valuable chronometer, the gift of a relative, and prized on that account. How the matter was managed I do not know, but as a fact this gentleman on payment of a considerable sum subsequently recovered his watch. At supper that night the robbery was the subject of conversation, and the Conservative candidate, a very wealthy man, turning to me said, "Don't trouble about your watch; you've lost it helping me, and I will get you another to-morrow." In the excitement of the election, which he won, I assumed that he forgot the matter; but some years after, when I had also been elected a member of Parliament, I found myself seated next to this very gentleman. In a jocular tone I reminded him of the watch incident. "I remember it perfectly," he said, "and I have a watch put away in a drawer for you somewhere. I'll look for it." My old friend has long since gone over to the majority, and the watch I suppose still remains in the drawer.

Of course odd mishaps occur to one at times. For instance, I was to speak at an evening meeting in a country town, and had been invited to dine first at the house of two elderly ladies who lived in the neighborhood. When dressing for dinner I discovered to my dismay that my servant had omitted to pack up my waistcoat. What was to be done? There were no gentlemen in the family of whom I could borrow, so I applied to the butler—a stout elderly man. Fortunately he

had a spare waistcoat, which, though not indeed a match for my clothes, would pass muster, but it was miles too big. The guests had arrived, and the dinner was ready. My dilemma had become known to the servants, and a sympathetic housemaid knocked at the door, and producing some pins deftly took in a large pleat at the back of the waistcoat and made me fairly presentable. Dinner over, we drove to the meeting, where I was to make the principal speech. The platform was raised several steps above the general level of the room, and the speakers stood almost at its edge. I had spoken for about ten minutes, and was warming to my work—the subject, so far as I recollect, admitted of energetic treatment—when I felt one pin give way, then after a short interval another, and so on, until at length I appeared in all the capacious bulk of the true owner of the garment. The general body of the audience did not seem to perceive the transformation I had undergone, but I noticed some tittering among the ladies in front, and one gentleman observed to me afterward that public speaking evidently agreed with me, for that when I sat down I was twice the man I was when I rose.

Occasionally doubtful compliments are paid one. Some years ago my friend, Mr. Byron Reed, then one of the members for Bradford, asked me to take his place and speak at a large gathering of the Primrose League in the North of England, where he has long established a reputation as a powerful platform orator. Breaking the journey from London at York, I arrived at my destination pretty early on the day of the demonstration. My host, who had given the use of his grounds for the occasion, and his family were too much engaged to pay me attention, but a neighboring clergyman, who also came early, showed me round the place, and put me up to several matters of local interest with which it was desirable that the chief speaker should be acquainted. It is a trying ordeal at the best of times to fill the position of stop-gap in place of a deservedly popular favorite, and this good cleric did not dispel the nervousness I felt by descanting at length on the charms as a public speaker of Mr. Byron Reed, of whom he was evidently an enthusiastic admirer, and on the disappointment to the assembly which his absence would occasion. However, he took some comfort in the reflection that Mr. Reed was a man of sense, and would be certain not to send an utter duffer

to represent him. When the meeting was over, and I was leaving the tent, my clerical friend was waiting for me. "There is a working man who wants to speak to you," said he, and he took me off a little distance to where the gentleman in question was standing. He was a big, burly north-countryman, who could have taken Byron Reed up in one hand and me in the other and held us both at arm's length with scarcely an effort. This gentleman wasted no words. Gripping my right hand in his as with an iron vice, he said, "Mon, I should like to hear thee in a chapel," and that was all. From his manner and the warmth and strength of his salutation, I took his aspiration for a compliment, but he may have implied that my speech was as dull as a sermon. At any rate, if my discourse on that day would be considered to be suitable for delivery in a chapel, the worshippers must be treated to some strange examples of pulpit oratory in that district.—*C. W. Radcliffe-Cooke, M.P., in the English Illustrated Magazine.*

THE POSSIBILITY OF LIFE IN OTHER WORLDS.

—The standard argument in support of the belief that certain other planets might be inhabited, was of this kind. It was noticed that the sun lies at the centre of a system of bodies which revolve around it, and that among these bodies the earth holds an intermediate place. It is nearer to the central luminary than are some of the other planets, while, on the other hand, it is more remote than others. The warmth and light received by the earth from the sun would therefore be greater than that received by some planets, and less than that received by others. If some of the planets are much larger than the earth, then it must be remembered that other members of the same system are smaller than our globe, and that some of them are very much smaller. It was also pointed out that the earth in another respect is, as it were, a fair average specimen of a planet. Some of these bodies have moons revolving around them. It is quite true that Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus are more richly endowed with attendant globes than is the earth; but then Mercury and Venus appear to be unprovided with any moons. It was thus seen that in the matter of satellites, as well as in dimensions and in situation, our globe is an intermediate one in the system. This conclusion was confirmed by the subsequent discovery that Mars had a pair of satellites and Neptune a single one. Indeed, the

claims of the earth to be a typical planet might be pushed still further. A notable characteristic of a planetary globe is its density, that is to say, its weight in comparison with the weight of a globe of water of equal dimensions. Here again our earth appears in the light of a fairly representative object. It is much lighter, no doubt, bulk for bulk, than some of the other planets. It is, on the other hand, much heavier than others.

It is also noticeable in this connection, that our globe is surrounded with a copious atmosphere, and this is an attribute which of course stands in an obvious and specially important relation to the question of the earth as an abode of life. Those who pondered on the possibility of life on other worlds, could not fail to be struck by the fact that some of those other worlds were also surrounded by atmospheres. If these atmospheres, in certain cases, were excessively dense and abundant, and in others greatly attenuated, this circumstance alone would tend once again to illustrate the intermediate rank, so to speak, of our earth as a member of the planetary system.

The argument then ran in this wise. Regarding our earth as a globe which constitutes a member of the solar system, it can hardly be said to possess very extreme attributes. It does not appear to be marked out in any specially distinctive manner which would qualify it rather than certain of the other globes for becoming suitable abodes for life. The qualities which the earth possesses are, generally speaking, conferred upon it in degrees intermediate to those in which other globes of the system are endowed with similar qualities. As the earth was inhabited, it would seem only reasonable to assume that in this respect also it was not exceptional, and that in all probability the other globes, some of them, or many of them, were also fitted for the abode of life, suitably adapted to the conditions which each globe had to offer.

Such was in outline the famous argument which was presented half a century ago, in support of the conclusion that in all probability certain other planets besides our earth contained organic life. . . . It is plain that the ancient argument in support of the notion that some of the planets might be tenanted with life, can be considerably reinforced by modern discoveries. For it may now be regarded as practically certain that various elements known on this earth are present in the

planetary bodies. We thus see that the components necessary for the physical framework of living creatures may, in all probability, be as abundantly provided upon some of the other planets as it is on the earth.

In this connection it is instructive to bear in mind what is known as to the distribution of those particular elements in space which appear to be most characteristically associated with the manifestation of life. No result of spectroscopic research among the heavenly bodies has been more remarkable than that which demonstrates the extraordinary abundance with which the element hydrogen is diffused throughout the universe. It is, of course, one of the commonest elements of the earth, entering, as it does, into the composition of every drop of water. Hydrogen is also a constituent part of a vast number of solid bodies, but the remarkable circumstance for our present purpose is that this same element is found in profusion elsewhere. Surrounding that visual glowing globe of the sun there is an invisible atmosphere, of which hydrogen is one of the most prominent components. A like conclusion is drawn from the spectra of many of the stars. In the case of certain specially white and brilliant gems, of which Sirius and Vega may be taken as the types, the chief spectroscopic feature is the extraordinary abundance in which hydrogen is present. Even in the dim and distant nebulae gaseous hydrogen is the constituent more easily recognized than any other which they may possess. Indeed, it may be affirmed that we do not know any other substance which is so widely diffused as hydrogen. It need hardly be said that this gas is an important constituent in those compound bodies with which life is associated. In that somewhat gruesome exhibition, which shows the actual quantities of the several elements of which an average human body is composed, the bulk of the hydrogen forms one of the most striking items, and indeed in connection with all forms of animal and vegetable life, hydrogen is of primary importance. In the argument from analogy for the existence of life in other worlds it is significant to note that an element associated in such an emphatic manner with the manifestation of life here should now be shown to be widespread through the universe.

In like manner carbon, which is, of course, an essential factor in organic substances, has been demonstrated to exist in other parts of the solar system. The most striking illustra-

tion of this fact is presented in the case of the glowing solar clouds, which there is now good reason to believe are due to carbon. Many of the comets exhibit lines in their spectra characteristic of the same element. If these bodies, as has been often supposed, are drawn by solar attraction from the remotest parts of space, the carbon which they bear testifies that this element is present through a wide extent of the universe. Here, again, modern research has gone far to strengthen the argument as to the possible existence of life elsewhere. It has shown the cosmical nature of that particular element which, if not itself the veritable abode of life, seems to be, at all events, a constituent thereof.

No reasonable person will, I think, doubt that the tendency of modern research has been in favor of the supposition that there may be life on some of the other globes. But the character of each organism has to be fitted so exactly to its environment, that it seems in the highest degree unlikely that any organism we know here could live on any other globe elsewhere. We cannot conjecture what the organism must be which would be adapted for a residence in Venus or Mars, nor does any line of research at present known to us hold out the hope of more definite knowledge.
— Sir Robert Ball, F.R.S., in the *Fortnightly Review*.

THE TYRANNY OF COINCIDENCE.—Nothing is more despotic, more arbitrary, more resistless, than the tyranny exercised by coincidence. Fate gives no more smashing blow than that which she delivers by means of a coincidence. There are thousands of men and women whose lives have been altered for good or evil, or on whom the judgment of the world has been passed irrevocably, owing to the fiat of a mere coincidence. What we mean is well illustrated by a story told by Miss Madge Symonds in a recent number of the *Westminster Gazette*. The incident is trivial and unimportant in itself, but it clearly exemplifies the tyranny of coincidence. Miss Symonds and a party of friends had driven from Athens to the foot of Hymettus, in a carriage drawn by two horses. The drive being over, the coachman proceeded to give corn to his horses. One of them, however, would not eat, but hung his head and refused all food. The driver, in a state of wild excitement, thereupon presented himself before his fares, and

declared, with frenzied words, that one of the ladies had "overlooked" the suffering horse, and that the beast was about to expire. The only way to get it cured from the effects of the evil eye was for the overlooker to spit upon it. The driver appears to have had no doubt which lady was the possessor of the evil power exercised upon his animal. Naturally enough, the lady in question had no great fancy to try this primitive form of veterinary surgery, and refused. The man's entreaties and adjurations, however, became so vehement and so threatening, that at last the alleged possessor of the evil eye had to yield. No sooner had she spat upon the horse than a most welcome change set in. The beast, which had appeared to be at its last gasp, promptly grew better, and very soon was eating like its fellow. Of course the change was due to a coincidence. Probably the horse was at first too tired to eat, but during the discussion "to spit or not to spit," he no doubt got rested. By the time, then, the ceremony was performed, he was quite fit for his breakfast. It was in fact *post hoc*, not *propter hoc*. The spitting and the recovery following each other so closely was a mere coincidence. But though we may hold this view, it was of course not held by the Greek coachman. He, we may be sure, felt at once completely confirmed in his belief in the evil eye. The coincidence gave him what he thought ample proof of the efficacy of his charm against "overlooking." If nothing had happened, and the English ladies had been able to laugh at him for making one of them do a disagreeable thing without any result, the driver might have begun to think that, after all, his juggling rites were nonsense. Depend upon it, the coincidence riveted the chains of superstition upon him tighter than ever. After the incident we have just noticed, he will probably believe as firmly in the evil eye and the way to counteract its influence as he will in the procession of the seasons, or the following of day by night.

This is what we mean by the tyranny of coincidence. It is a force which can no more be restrained than chance in any other shape, and yet it has the most far-reaching consequences. In many ways, it is more difficult to combat than accident in its more material form. A man may say: "In spite of accident or bad luck, I intend to show the world what I am, and to let them see that I am not a coward, or a fool, or a liar." Against the mate-

rial obstacles offered by fate, a man who takes up this position can usually prevail. He may not be able to make himself a great name, or to do great things, because the fall of a chimney-pot or the stumble of a horse may interfere with his career, but as a rule these accidents will not prevent him from showing his true character to the world. It is different with those accidents which we call coincidences. They may contrive to alter a man's whole moral and mental appearance—may make the honest man look like a knave, the honorable man look like a cad, the faithful and plain dealing man seem false-hearted and a liar. After all, we can only judge of men as we find them, and by the results of our observations. But it may very well happen that a coincidence will entirely obscure the true view of a man's character and acts. Coincidence shows its tyranny in nothing more than in its way of giving apparent substance and reality to rumors. Some malicious person starts a rumor that A B is secretly interested in such and such a company, though he goes about professing to have nothing to do with it. C D, a stranger, hears this rumor by accident. An hour after he happens to get into the same railway-carriage with A B, and hears him praising the company in question as a thoroughly sound concern, but adding that he has no interest in it. It is almost certain that, under the circumstances, C D will take this fact as confirmation of the rumors he has heard. Yet it may well be that the thing is a mere coincidence. A B may very likely have only spoken of this company twice in his life—once on the occasion that gave rise to the rumor, and again when, to C D's mind, the rumor was confirmed. The unlucky coincidence may, however, have produced so strong an apparent case against A B's *bona fides* that an unpleasant impression of disingenuousness will never be erased from C D's mind. It may happen, indeed, that this unlucky chance will set going a whole train of evils. C D's bias, unless he is a very just man and peculiarly on his guard against hasty judgments, may grow and grow until he gets an instinctive feeling of distrust about A B—a distrust of which he will perhaps forget the origin, but which will be stereotyped in his mind as "There's something not quite right in business matters about that fellow A B." It is perhaps foolish in people to form instinctive prejudices on evidence which may be purely coincidental, but we know that as a matter of

fact hundreds of men form important judgments on grounds quite as slight. The tyranny of coincidence is seen to work even worse evils in the nearer and more domestic concerns of life. Cases of jealousy made living and permanent by some piece of pure coincidence will occur to almost every one who knows anything of the world. It is not necessary for an Iago to steal the handkerchief and poison Othello's mind. Pure accident will do it just as effectually. A man begins to be causelessly jealous of his wife, or a woman of her husband. If chance is kindly, the jealousy may die away without injury. Every now and then, however, some coincidence, which it seems impossible to regard as pure coincidence, but which is so none the less, happens at the exact psychological instant, and appears to give solid grounds for suspicions that before rested on nothing.

Unfortunately, it is far easier to state and describe the evil tyranny of coincidence than to suggest any means of getting rid of the oppression. No man could regulate his conduct in life by saying that he will not base any action, or form any judgment, on circumstances which seem due to human arrangements, but which might have been due purely to a chance coincidence. A man who tried to do that would be taken in at every turn. Always to give the benefit of the doubt is a dangerous, nay, an impossible, rule. Those who want to do evil are not slow to avail themselves of this claim, and look forward to being able to shelter their conduct behind what they may afterward declare was nothing but a strange coincidence. When A, who is accused of robbing the till, is asked how it was that he was seen in such and such a place on the night of the theft, he answers that it was a most unfortunate coincidence. He is guilty, but he boldly appeals to the fact that things have often looked quite as black for men who have after all been proved entirely innocent. As a matter of fact, the wise and prudent man is as often as not obliged to eliminate the possibility of coincidence, and to act as if that explanation of the circumstances could not hold good. Otherwise nine guilty persons would be allowed to escape in order to prevent the possibility of one being unfairly condemned. The difficulty here is, of course, a part of the difficulty which arises in all matters of human conduct. You cannot make a hard and fast rule either to reject or to accept the explanation afforded by the plea of

coincidence. If life could be governed by such simple rules, it would be a very much easier place to live in than it is. The good man indeed would only need to be a careful clerk. Every question of right and wrong would be referred to its appropriate rule and decided accordingly, and perfection would present no greater difficulties than being punctual at the office in the morning. It is the perpetual balance between sternness and tenderness, between thinking no evil and encouraging evil by allowing one's self to be taken in, between forgiving wrong too easily and making too much of it, that makes life the struggle it is, and brings out the better qualities of human nature. The truth is, that this tyranny of coincidence and the vast possibilities of evil that may arise from it, must be met boldly and fearlessly like the other evils of life. It is a mystery, and an evil mystery perhaps; but man must not cower before it or let it paralyze his will. He must not even grow despondent over the wrong it may cause. The cases in which it does irreparable injury and brings human lives to utter ruin, must be regarded by the wise man as the soldier regards the men who die on the field of battle. If the general believes in the cause for which he is fighting, he does not refuse to order a charge because of the men who will fall. We know that a great deal of apparent injustice is bound to take place in life, and that we ourselves may often be forced to be the immediate instruments of that injustice. That knowledge must not, however, paralyze us, and make us too fearful of doing wrong to be able to do right. It is part of our duty to run the risk of doing what may be injustice. All that we are concerned to trouble about, is that we act rightly according to our ability to know the right. The rest we must leave in the trust and belief that what is imperfect and unintelligible here will in the end be made good. "On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven the perfect round." After all, the tyranny of coincidence, which sometimes seems so blind, so cruel, so oppressive, is only one fragment of the mystery of life. The injustice is not greater when some unhappy coincidence wrecks A's life by putting him under a suspicion from which he never extricates himself, than when B is born with an inherited predilection for drink and vice into a family of dipsomaniacs and prostitutes. In both cases fate seems—but only seems—to have shut the door of hope in the victim's

face. It must be remembered, also, that the influence of coincidence on life, though we mark it most when it is evil, is not always injurious. Like all the unknown and unknowable forces of the world, it works good as well as evil. When things look blackest against an innocent man, it not unfrequently happens that a strange coincidence will save him. Again, how many men have said, with a shudder of relief, "If it had not been for this or that coincidence, all the world would have believed me guilty of this or that misdeed." The tyranny of coincidence, as we have said, as often works on men's minds to influence them for good as for evil. With this knowledge we must in the end rest content. We cannot in nature and in this world have the good without the evil. We must be satisfied with doing right as we understand it, knowing that here, as elsewhere, the law of compensation is continually at work. — *Spectator*.

ASLEEP UNDER THE STARS.—There are certain days in August when the air is soft and lucid, and the pale skies have a delicate fragility which is unknown at other times. The Lammas floods have worked their boisterous will and clarified earth and air, and the drenched meadows and abundant waters sleep under sober heavens. This is the first warning of the autumn, the fore-hint of frost and decline; but as yet these things are not, and to all wearied men there is a subtle peace in the harmonious monotony. In the lowlands there may be torrid heat and all the sultriness which one associates with the harvest month; but in the hill country a cool grayness is on nature. As if to make amends for the dearth of color in the daytime, the evenings are extraordinarily splendid. Then the restraint is loosened, and the colors of sunset are things for a man to remember with delight all his days. One such evening we remember in the high glens about the source of the Tweed, when we spent the night in the solemn fastnesses of the hills. Leaving a rug in the shadow of a rock behind a belt of pines, with our rod and creel we went up a burn which loitered down a flat upland valley. The water was flooded and clear, and made a pleasant noise twining round the corner of a weather-stained rock or winding among odorous thickets of thyme. The flash of brown bees, the wavering flight of snipe, the dart of water-ousels gave liveliness to the quiet valley. At every cast the flies, as they trailed on the sur-

face, caught a glow from the sky and looked like dancing fireflies. The trout, when they rose or splashed in mere wantonness, made wide circles of light in the darkening water. The first fish we landed on a spit of green land came out so quivering with a thousand colors that it seemed almost sacrilege to break his neck and put him in a common wicker creel. But the sport was good, and many gleaming trout, three or four to the pound, were brought dripping to the crisp heather.

A strident voice hailed us through the darkness, the voice of our excellent friend the shepherd of the Redswirehead. His tall form seemed all but gigantic in the failing light, but his walk was sufficient to mark him far off. A rough gray plaid hung on his shoulders, his homespun clothes had a healthy smell of peat reek, and his hand grasped a great horn-handled stick which he dug into the earth as he walked. Clearly the stick was too old a companion to be left at home, for in his other hand he held a gun, and few men think it needful to carry both. He peered into our basket and nodded, for he was a man of few words; we looked at his gun, and he answered our unspoken question. "Ay," said he, "it's an auld bitch fox that gave me sair work i' the lambin'-time. She's hidin' in a serog o' birk on the hill there, and I'll hae a shot at her, though I should sit tae mornin'." We also were out for the night; we would come with him, for one fox was better in our eyes than many trout; so in a trice it was agreed that we two should keep watch on the hill and plot the death of this ancient mother of evil. In the upper parts of the Tweed valley this shooting of foxes is no crime, but a necessity, for they make deadly havoc among the young lambs in the spring of the year.

In the back of the pine-wood we found our rug, and there we gathered armfuls of dry twigs and some broken fir logs. With these we made for a little hollow, half-sheltered by an out-jutting crag, but commanding a wide view of the glen. Below was the patch of birch and brackens where the miscreant fox lay hid. In a few minutes we had built and kindled a fire which cast a flattering glow over the sombre hillside. The pine-splinters crackled merrily, and in the red embers we placed the finest of our trout till they were browned to a nicety. Then we found each a seat on the heather and settled down for the night. For ourselves we chose a bush in flower, but the

shepherd stoically, and with an eye to his business, selected a harder couch looking steeply down on the valley. The great dappled hills in front, over which the sun had just set, were still fired with a ruddy light. A yellow afterglow was on the sky, a shifting, elusive light which hung now over one hill and now on another, growing fainter with each passing minute. Darkness, like the clear blackness of a moss-pool, grew over the world, blotting out nothing from the landscape, but rather presenting all things in monotint which before had been a richly colored picture. "It's a comfortable sight," said our friend; and, indeed, the whole scene, the sunset and the hills, the smell of heather and burning wood, and the low cries of wild birds had a delicate comfort in it. The shepherd talked, as only such a man can, of many things, of fishing and shooting, of the hills, of the people of the place, of old world times. His racy speech, so accurate and expressive, seemed wonderful to one accustomed to the inanity of civilized talk. The moorland shepherds are a fine set of men; we know few finer. With seeing eyes and understanding hearts they go about their duties, battling with fickle weather, inured to danger and discomfort, seeing a little of the wonders of the earth. The shepherd lit his pipe and smoked with a composed pleasure.

As the evening grew late the birds of the moorland ceased their quavering concert, and except the bolder sorts, the rough riders and moss-troopers of the clan, lay still in the heather. Brown owls hooted and fluttered overhead, and we heard at intervals the long, measured sweep of their wings. A few belated curlews piped in their melancholy way, answered from the far distance by the restless call of the plover. Night, which gives strangeness to familiar things, lends a new note, a wild, unearthly one, to the cries of birds. A strange pleasure, a man might say, to be perched like a crow on a gaunt hillside among rough moors and uniform ridges; and truly, if it be put in this hard way, the pleasure seems scarce in evidence. The shepherd lay stretching his great length with his eye still fixed on the birches. We were moved to wonder by the size and powerful look of the man, and could not refrain from saying, as we regarded him with drowsy eyes, "You're a big man, shepherd; there are few like you nowadays." "Ay," said he, "and d'ye ken, some inspector body came up the glen to look at my

hoose, and he was aye threepin' that the rooms were far ower sma', and that it was un-healthy past a' tellin'. So I just lookit at the cratur, and says I: 'My man, I could mak' three o' ye, ony day, and I was brocht up in a room sae wee that I couldna get on my coat without stappin' my arm up the lum.' " It must have been far on in the night when we were startled from sleep by a loud report which awoke the echoes from every hill, and with half-opened eyes saw the shepherd fling away an empty cartridge and lay down his gun. A yellow blur at the far end of the thicket marked where the old fox had met her fate. Her executioner stretched his limbs, yawned mightily, and, settling himself among the deep heather, was asleep almost before the smell of smoke had died away in the air.

The true time of awakening is just before sunrise, as the real sleeping time is a little before sunset. Then the world awakes, and in the activity of life asleep is impossible. As we, scarce fully aroused, looked down from our perch on the valley, we felt the indefinable feeling of returning life. A rustle among the heather, a tossing of birches, a louder murmuring of streams, the first shrill pipe of a moorland bird—all told of a renewal of energy, an electric thrill passing through the earth. The air was cold and fresh, and over the opposite hills the gray fore-glow of the dawn was spreading. The birds awoke and a twittering and singing filled the glen. Larks with their high trills, desultory pipits, curlews, snipe, ill-fated grouse, lackadaisical plovers made the moor lively with their varied notes. A hawk sailed high, bent on some morning foray, and so clear was the air that it was possible to see the motion of his wings. The whole hillside seemed alert with life; only the black ashes of our fire were left to remind us of the silent dark.

The road went down by the babbling stream, among heather and bog, till the waters grew quieter and green fields appeared and larks were commoner than curlews. Then past banks of harebells and white yarrow and great red clover, and beech-hedges with leaves just tinged with the red of autumn. The sweet-scented moorland hay lay in swathes by the water-side, and there was a gallant show of yellow corn-sheaves above the stubble. Late-flowering meadowsweet lined the ditches; sneezewort, ragweed, and many flowers of unlovely names but rare colors made a gay little world by the roadside. In front lay home-

steads among trees, and lowland meadows and still waters, a rich country, smiling and peaceful; but the choicer scene was behind, where the giant hills, purple and gray and black, lifted their foreheads to the pure skies.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

M. PASTEUR.—It is difficult for us to write about M. Pasteur. It is impossible not to respect a man so devoted to an intellectual pursuit, that he gave his whole life to it, worked on energetically in the face of tormenting bodily disease, died in harness, despised fame, was careless of money, and never displayed one trace of that tormenting envy or jealousy of others, which is the curse of the intellectual Southern European. It is impossible, we say, not to respect him, yet impossible for us not to ask whether his life was, or was not, as all his admirers assume it to have been, beneficial to mankind. We set aside for the moment, in presence of his open grave, all questions as to the reality of his scientific triumphs, and admit, not only that he was an original discoverer in chemistry, but that he advanced medical science; not only that he saved the silkworm industry, but that he first clearly demonstrated the possibility of that method of antiseptic surgery, the prevention of germ-disease in wounds, which Sir James Lister utilized with such splendid results; that he showed the way to the cure of anthrax in animals, and perhaps—for this is admitted to be doubtful even by his worshippers—indicated to future surgeons the road to a certain cure of hydrophobia; and still we should ask whether his disservice to humanity had not outweighed his services. This disservice was that his teaching, his example, both real and reputed, seriously impeded the spread of the new mode of viewing man's responsibility to animals, which in our judgment is essential to the full development of his better and larger nature. If he is not bound to pity the beasts, who can give back no gratitude and derive no profit from the lessons of experience, then pity is but a subtle form of selfishness, born of a hope to be preserved from sufferings which we also may experience in our turn. We lay aside all considerations of positive obligation to the brute creation, and only plead, as a Greek or Roman once awakened might have done, for the enlargement of human perceptions and human sympathy—that is, of the moral capacity of the human race. Consciously or unconsciously, or in

both ways, M. Pasteur, by his attitude as by his occasional success, resisted this development, and thus did an amount of mischief enormously enhanced by his special position as a Frenchman. He was among the Latin races the representative man of science, and it is among the Latin races that it is so difficult to extend the conception of obligation toward the animal kingdom. It may be from their comparative nearness to the old pagan world; it may be because the only Church they believe teaches, or, let us say in charity, tolerates, an evil doctrine on the subject; or it may be because in the Latin races there is a survival of the spirit of cruelty; but whatever the reason, those races are apparently unteachable as regard animals. Not only do they not grow more humane, they retrograde. This very week the Provençals are insisting that the right to exhibit bull-fights, with bulls killed in the arena, shall be tolerated in their cities, and that no one shall be elected Municipal Councillor who will not resign if the Assembly refuses its permission to revive that barbarism. This does not mean that bulls are to be slaughtered in fight by the sword, which might, in a population of duellists, easily be defended, but that dozens of wretched horses, unable to fight, and unarmed for the contest either by nature or by man, shall die involuntarily and hideously to facilitate a bloody sport for men who risk nothing and only enjoy the throbbing of their blood as did spectators in the old arena. To make such men humane is nearly impossible, and when a man of science like M. Pasteur declares that the suffering of beasts is indispensable to research for the benefit of human beings, their sympathies close up, and they regard the argument for pity as if it were uttered in some dialect they did not understand. They do not rage, they do not ridicule, they do not reply, they simply pass on as the Italians do, uncomprehending and unregarding. The Church is silent, and human wisdom is on the side of callousness.

But M. Pasteur's virtues? We have no intention of questioning one of them. His friends, who must have known, all say the same thing—that he was a Christian in intellectual opinion, differing therein from the great majority of Frenchmen of science; that he was unusually unselfish; that he was modest to a fault, hardly comprehending that his world thought him great; and that he was to all human beings around him, kindness it-

self. We have no means of disputing the testimony, and no wish to do it if we had; for we know well that all these things might have been said of many other men in whom a sovereign passion for the end had blunted all human instincts as to means. Most of the early Inquisitors were good men convinced that human beings must be driven into the path of salvation, and as prepared to suffer, as to inflict, martyrdom for the faith which alone, as they thought, stood between mankind and an eternal doom. There must be before the eighteenth century have been hundreds of good judges who ordered witnesses to the torture with a single eye to the suppression of crime. The men in the Southern States who maintained obedience by the discipline of the scourge were not all of them, not even a majority of them, possessed by any demon of cruelty. They simply willed the end, and strode on toward it as regardless of suffering as great soldiers are of life. That is the position of all the continental advocates of vivisection, who quoted M. Pasteur's opinion and his successes, real or imaginary, as conclusive justification for their callousness. We shall be told, of course, that we are quoting cases of cruelty to human beings, and that therefore our view is invalid; but the very foundation of our habitual argument is that the difference is not one of kind but only of degree—that although the torture of a dog is less criminal than the torture of a child, it is to be denounced in its degree for precisely the same reasons. To those who cannot feel that, our words will seem meaningless, or merely sentimental; but those who can will, like ourselves, be unable to join in erecting an altar to M. Pasteur. The total effect of him was much suffering as well as much relief.

We wonder if the world grows more humane toward the animals as time goes on; and should like some evidence from America and the colonies. It does in England unquestionably, the change, not only in practice but in feeling, within the last half century being most marked. Cruelty now takes the form of overwork, and there is no part of the island where the officers of "the society" have any reason to fear popular resistance to their efforts to protect the brute creation. But we do not feel by any means sure of the Continent. The belief in science increases there too fast; and the hatred of disease, and the absorption of all pity into the single feeling of horror at the consequences of want of

pecuniary means. The immense spread, which is immediately at hand, of mechanical contrivances for locomotion will sever the strongest link between men and animals, while the other one, the necessity of milk, will be met by the sale of an article prepared on the slopes and in the valleys where citizens, at all events, will never see the beasts. With horses banished by electric traction, cows relegated to distant pastures, and dogs condemned as the possible sources of rabies, animals stand some chance at least of being forgotten, or of being thought of with as little pity or kindness as men feel for the deer in South Africa, or the wild horses in South America. The masses rarely pity where they do not see, and we should not be surprised if a century hence the whole body of feeling for animals, which has helped to soften and civilize the Englishman, had imperceptibly disappeared among continentals. The world will not be the better for that, though it is possible the domesticated animals may. They will be happier, for the most part, if forever asleep, than in the lives which a large proportion of them are now condemned to lead. The men of science could protect them from their worst wrong, but, alas! they have given themselves to establish truth, as did also the Inquisitors, and the animals must suffer for the general good of mankind, as did also the heretics. Perhaps the world may grow better, and the torture of a beast become as impossible as the burning of a misbeliever; but the signs of it, as yet, are but few and faint. The continental world unites in honoring M. Pasteur, without caring to give a thought to the means by which much of his knowledge was acquired.—*Spectator*.

THE EFFECT OF THE MOON ON A STAMMERER.—Facts are always worth recording, and we publish the following note because it contains an interesting fact, which is, moreover, in accordance with other observations. The note came to us from Mr. Mata Prasad, Benares:—"It was quite accidentally observed, by a stammering friend of mine, during the months of May and June last, that on moonlight nights he stammered more than on dark nights, and when he slept exposed to the rays of the moon during the month of June he found that he stammered the most on days succeeding full moons, while a day just after the new moon, and a day before, he had not a single attack of the fit."

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